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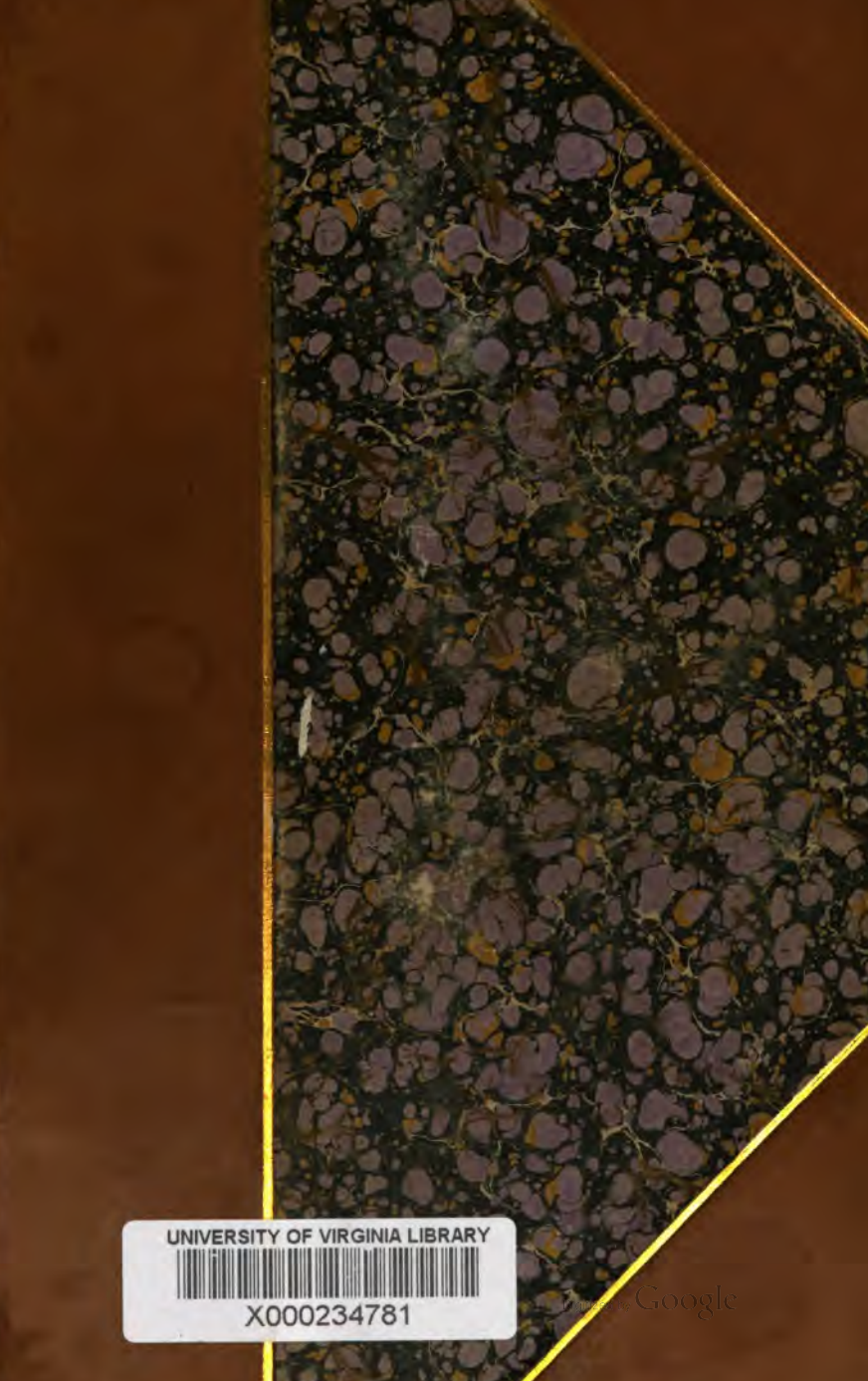
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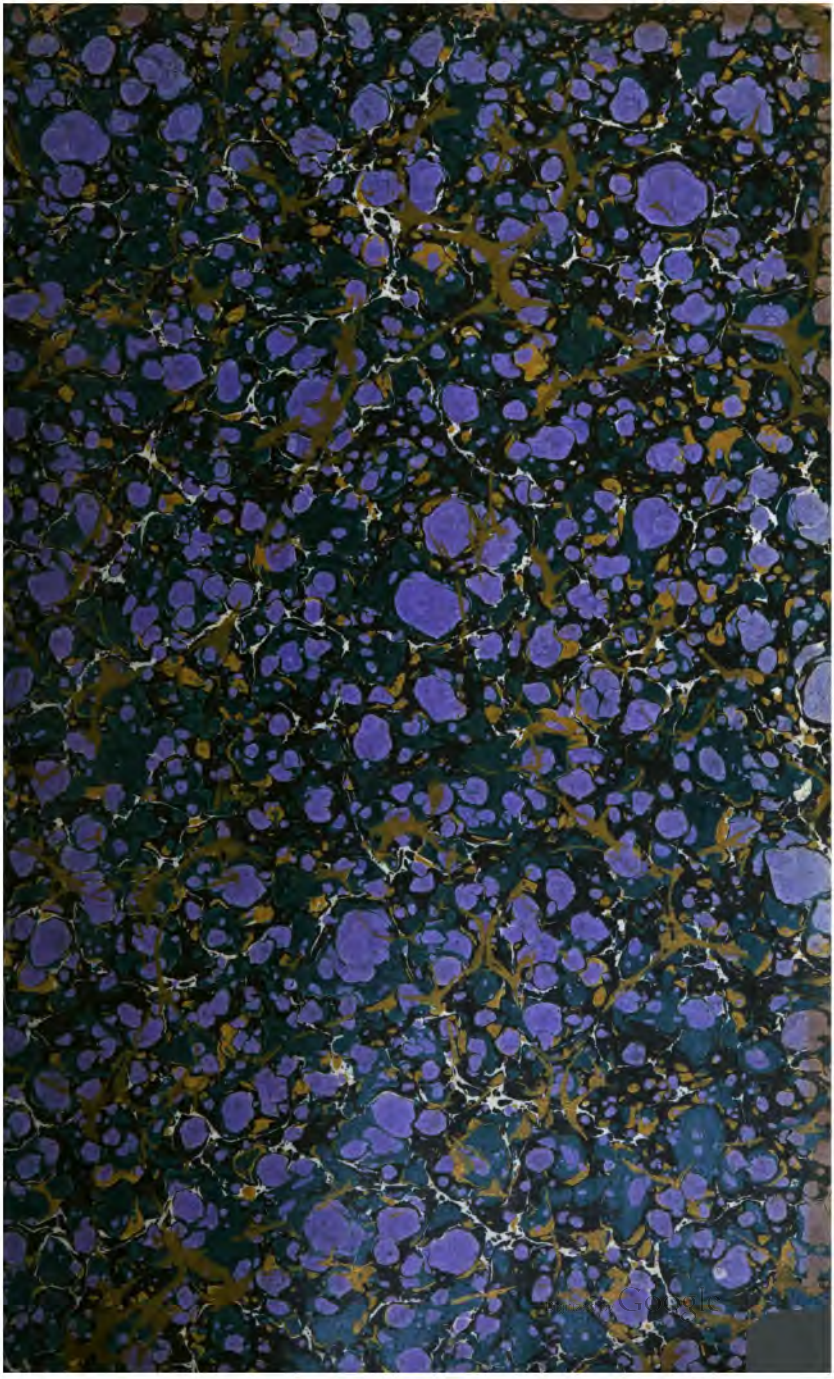

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GOETHE'S FAUST

IN TWO PARTS.

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GOETHE'S FAUST

IN TWO PARTS.

TRANSLATED BY

ANNA SWANWICK,
TRANSLATOR OF ÆSCHYLUS, ETC.

LONDON: GEORGE BELL AND SONS, YORK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.
1883.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

HAVING been invited by my publisher to complete my version of 'Faust,' by translating the second part, I willingly applied myself to the task, and at the same time availed myself of the opportunity thus afforded to revise my translation of the first part, which was published more than a quarter of a century ago.

No one can be more fully sensible of the shortcomings of a translation than the translator; nevertheless I cannot subscribe to the opinion which has recently found several powerful advocates, namely, "that verse translations of good poetry are a mistake," and consequently that prose is the most appropriate medium for its reproduction.

Mr. Hayward informs us, in his recent volume on Goethe,* that "there are now more than forty English translations of 'Faust' in verse, many by persons of taste, cultivation, and accomplishment; but the highest praise that can be justly claimed for the best is, that they approximate to the original in parts. The cause of such a succession of failures may be found in the nature of the task." Mr. Lewes, with reference to the inadequacy of metrical translation, says, "A translation may be good as a translation, but it cannot be an adequate reproduction of the original. It may be a good poem, it may be a good imitation of another poem, it may be better than the original, but it cannot be an adequate reproduction, it cannot be the same thing in another language, producing the same effect on the mind. And the cause lies deep in the nature of poetry."

This is perfectly true, and were the original accessible to all, translation would, of course, be superfluous. The choice lies, however, not between the original and a translation, but between

* Foreign classics for English readers.

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prose and verse, as the most suitable medium for the reproduction of poetry. Those who inveigh against poetical translation speak of "the sacred and mysterious union of thought and verse, twin-born and immortally wedded from the moment of their birth." The natural relation thus recognised as existing between thought and verse in original composition, does not, it appears to me, cease when the poetic thought, instead of springing from the depths of the creative spirit, is derived from a foreign source; and as the seed, if it take root, and spring forth anew, must produce a flower, "like to the mother plant in semblance," so the poetic thought can only find adequate expression in tones which harmonize with the music of the original verse.

A poet, in describing the pleasure attending the exercise of the creative faculty, exclaims, "Oh! to create within the soul is bliss!" A faint echo of this emotion accompanies the endeavour to body forth the conceptions of the inspired master and, under such circumstances, the metrical form suggests itself spontaneously, as in original composition.

That the task of poetical translation is not entirely futile is proved by many noteworthy examples; Mr. Lewes himself, in speaking of the translation of Shakespeare by Tieck and A. W. Schlegel, after alluding to its shortcomings, adds: "It is nevertheless a translation which, on the whole, has perhaps no rival in literature, and has served to make Shakespeare as familiar to the Germans as to us." Can we imagine that the same effect would have been produced by the most perfect translation in prose?

At the present time when, in consequence of the growing interest in scientific pursuits, and from other causes, less time than heretofore is devoted to the study of the ancient classics, and when, from the wide diffusion of education, a taste for literature is awakened in many individuals, to whom all languages, except their own, are a sealed book, the question as to the true ideal to be aimed at in translation becomes a very important one.

That we already possess some poetical translations which rank as master-works is universally recognised, and I cannot but think that, instead of inveighing against metrical translation as a mistake, it would be advisable to encourage the hope that eventually every great work of genius, of every age and every clime, may be made accessible to the English reader in a translation which shall

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approximate to the original, as nearly as possible, in form as well as in spirit.

This is the ideal at which I have aimed in my translation of 'Faust.' I am, however, deeply sensible how far I have fallen short of its realisation.

My introduction is based upon Kuno Fischer's interesting work, entitled 'Goethe's Faust, Ueber die Entstehung und Composition des Gedichts,' to which I must refer for a fuller exposition of the topics therein discussed. The sketch of the poet's life which I have introduced, as illustrating his great master-work, is compiled from the 'Autobiography' (*Dichtung und Wahrheit*), Bohn's edition; Lewes's 'Life of Goethe,' 'Goethe, Vorlesungen von Herman Grimm,' and 'Goethe,' by Mr. Hayward.

The explanatory annotations at the end of the volume are for the most part abridged from the 'Erläuterungen zu Goethe's Faust, zweiter Theil,' appended to the edition of the poem published by Moriz Carrière in 1869. I am also indebted for some suggestions to Düntzer's 'Würdigung des Goethe'schen Faust,' and to Hermann Küntzel's work, 'Der zweite Theil des Goethe'schen Faust, neu und vollständig erklärt.'

I beg to express my acknowledgments to Mr. Theodore Martin for placing at my disposal his "selections from the second part of Faust," to which I am indebted for several valuable suggestions. I have also to thank Mr. Kegan Paul for his kindness in looking over my manuscript.

I am acquainted with four translations of the second part of 'Faust,' all of which I have occasionally consulted; they are, an anonymous translation, published by William Pickering in 1842, and those of Leopold F. Bernays, Dr. Anster, and Mr. Bayard Taylor.

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INTRODUCTION.

GOETHE'S 'Faust' has been likened by Kuno Fischer to Dante's poem of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise; sprung, as he says, from the innermost genius of the Italian people, this poem, transcending its national limits, may be regarded as the poetical reflex of the middle ages. Goethe's 'Faust' bears a similar relation to the genius of the German people; giving complete expression to their innermost characteristics, it has become their 'Divina Commedia.'

Genuine poetical material, he adds, is not artificially produced; it obeys the laws of living organisms, is transmitted from generation to generation, and bears the impress of each succeeding age; thus the Faust-legend had lived in the spirit of the German people for two hundred years before its adoption by Goethe; a slight sketch of its history may throw light upon his poem in which it has found its latest development.

The Faust-legend was a continuation of the Magus-legend, which arose in ancient times from the deification of the powers of nature; in accordance with this conception, philosophers, who penetrated more deeply than ordinary mortals into the mysteries of nature, were believed to be endowed with supernatural powers, and were regarded with veneration, as wonder-workers, or magi.

With the advent of Christianity, the divinities of the ancient world were transformed into demons, and became associated in the popular imagination with Satan; hence, under its influence, magic became invested with a diabolical character, and was reprobated as a league with the powers of evil; at the same time the church, being more potent than hell, could, it was supposed, offer an infallible antidote to its machinations. This power was forfeited at the Reformation, when the Pope, in accordance with the Protestantism of the age, was regarded as Antichrist; the church, divested of its sacred character, could no longer offer a refuge to the votary of

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magic, and hence, the bond-slave of Satan, at the expiration of the appointed term, inevitably became his prey; thus, in the 16th century a profoundly tragical character was impressed upon the mediæval legend, which was also modified by the Renaissance. After a sleep of nearly a thousand years the spirit of Greece revived with the discovery of the ancient classics, and combined with the Reformation to create in the popular mind a strong revulsion from many of the characteristic figures of the mediæval world; to such an age, what could be an object of more intense desire than to gaze upon the matchless forms of classical antiquity? Magic, in league with the Renaissance, fulfilled this wish; thus Faust, the magician of the period, in the presence of Charles V., summons from Hades Alexander the Great and Roxana; he allows his students at Erfurt to gaze upon the heroes of the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey,' and at last—the greatest of his achievements—he conjures the Grecian Helena to the upper world; the magic of beauty conquers the magician; overpowered by love, he marries the shadow of the Grecian heroine; this marriage with a heathen was regarded by the superstitious feeling of the age as the most heinous crime, and its perpetrator was consigned remorselessly to hell.

The marriage with Helena forms the fundamental theme of the second part of 'Faust'; Goethe, in treating this element of the ancient legend, has modified it in accordance with the genius of an age enlightened by Winckelmann and inaugurated by Lessing. In his symbolical treatment of the subject, Helena typifies the perfect realization of ideal beauty, and, in accordance with this conception, Faust's union with her is represented not as leading to the abyss of hell, but as an upward step in the path of spiritual regeneration.

In the 16th century the Magus-legend became associated with Faust, who may be considered first as an historical, and then as a legendary personage, and finally as the hero of German popular literature. Magic, notwithstanding its supposed diabolical character, being held in high esteem in the 16th century, its votaries formed a numerous class, embracing men of every variety of culture, from students like Agrippa and Paracelsus, down to the mountebank and quack. One of these individuals, in whose person the features of popular magic were strikingly exhibited, left behind him an enduring name which became associated with the mediæval Magus-legend.

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This individual was John Faust, the townsman and contemporary of Melancthon; from 1516 to 1525 he resided with his friend the abbot of Maulbronn, where the Faust-kitchen and Faust-tower still exist; he subsequently appeared at Wittenberg, where he was earnestly exhorted by Melancthon on account of his magical arts; escaping thence by flight, from impending imprisonment, he wandered through the world, and finally ended his life in a village of Würtemberg. While residing in Wittenberg he boasted that the defeat of the imperial army in Italy was the result of his magical arts; the devil was said to have accompanied him in the form of a black hound.

To guard against misconception, it may be remarked that John Faust, the hero of the Magus-legend, has nothing in common with John Fust, the printer of Mainz, with whom, without any historical justification, he became subsequently identified.

During the latter half of the 16th century a variety of magical incidents gathered round the person of the popular favourite; who thus became transformed from an historical to a legendary personage. Among many examples, the following may be selected as having special interest with reference to Goethe's 'Faust.' In a work published by Lercheimer, a disciple of Melancthon, in 1585, he relates that, at the court of Heidelberg, a wandering and unnamed magician had wrought a notable miracle; he had caused vines to spring from the table, and had commanded the guests severally to apply their knives to the stalk of a grape-cluster, but not to cut till he should give the order; he then left the room; on his return each guest held under his knife, not a grape-cluster, but his own nose. A year later this story is related of Faust, without any indication of place. Subsequently it is amplified, and is transferred to a festival at Erfurt. The guests regret that Faust, who is then at Prague, is not among them; he suddenly appears, transported by magic, is joyfully welcomed and liberally entertained; wishing in turn to treat the company, he causes holes to be bored in the table, from which flows the noblest wine. In one of the oldest Faust-books, it is related that Faust had ridden out of the cellar on a wine-cask, which, till then, nobody had been able to move; this incident was localized in Auerbach's cellar at Leipzig, where the picture of Faust's exit upon the wine-cask, bearing the date 1525, still exists. These various incidents assigned by tradition

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to different localities, Heidelberg, Erfurt, Leipzig, Goethe combines into one scene, where however it is not Faust, but Mephistopheles who plays the part of conjuror. The oldest Faust-book, of which many versions were subsequently published, appeared in Frankfort, 1587; it contains the crude materials of Goethe's 'Faust;' and is impressed with the various features of the mediæval legend; the diabolic and the tragic, the grand and the burlesque.

The hero, a peasant's son, comes as a student to Wittenberg, where he surpasses all his companions; he yearns for forbidden knowledge, buries himself in magical books, and places the Scriptures behind the door; he dislikes the title of theologian and styles himself doctor of medicine, astrologer, and mathematician. Notwithstanding its horror of magic, the pious popular book betrays also genuine admiration for the intellectual ardour of the bible-contemning youth: "He took to himself eagle's wings, and wished to explore all grounds in heaven and upon earth." Then follows his compact with the devil: "In that hour," says the old Faust-book, the godless man fell away from God, and this fall was nothing more than his own pride, despair, and temerity; it was with him as with the giants of whom the poets relate that they piled mountain upon mountain, and wished to make war against God." This allusion to the Titans, in the earliest Faust-book, offers another example of the influence exercised by the Renaissance over the intellectual life of the period. After residing eight years at Wittenberg, Faust, accompanied by Mephistopheles, makes the great tour, in the course of which they appear in Rome and Constantinople. At a students' banquet at Wittenberg he invokes the Grecian Helena, whom he marries, and who bears him a son. As the end approaches he is seized with remorse, and is overwhelmed with agony at the prospect of his inevitable doom. Mephistopheles, meanwhile, certain of his prey, derides his horror-stricken victim. Faust passes the last day of his life with his friends in a village near Wittenberg, where, amid the raging of the elements, his final doom is consummated. With his death Helena and her son disappear from the scene.

In the year 1590 the German Faust-book was translated into English, and almost immediately afterwards appeared the "Tragical History of Dr. Faustus," by Marlowe, who, in accordance with the genius of the age, has simply dramatised the popular legend, the tragical element of which is brought out with wonderful power in the

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closing scene. At a somewhat later date another version of the story was introduced upon the Spanish stage by Calderon de la Barca.

At this period the German theatre was dominated by a degenerate classical taste; French plays were preferred to those of native growth, and hence 'Faust,' though produced upon the German stage, did not hold its ground, but was degraded to a puppet-show play, the sight of which, in his childhood, so powerfully affected the imagination of Goethe. The ages, it has been truly said, are mirrored in their legends. A new age has now arrived, an age of spiritual new-birth; it looks with the eyes of Lessing into the Faust-legend, and a change passes over the features of the magician. That great critic opposed the prevailing taste for the artificial productions of the French school, and referred his countrymen to the grand works of original genius, more especially to the plays of Shakespeare. He called their attention also to the native dramas, which had been banished from the stage, and declared, with reference to the 'Faust' drama, "it has many scenes which only a Shakespearian genius could have conceived."

Lessing not only indicated 'Faust' as a grand subject for dramatic treatment, he himself laid his hand to the work, which, however, he never completed; one scene of his drama alone remains. From the testimony of two of his friends, Blankenburg and Engel, we obtain, however, important information as to the main idea embodied in Lessing's 'Faust.'

In an ancient dome, at midnight, the devil had assembled the spirits of hell to a carnival, at which each relates his individual achievements; one declares: "I have done nothing; I have only conceived a thought more devilish than the deeds of the others; I will rob God of his favourite, a youth devoted to the pursuit of truth, and for its sake renouncing every other passion." Satan exults in anticipation over the accomplishment of his design. Then a voice proclaims from on high:—"Ye shall not prevail!"

These words indicate a new epoch in the development of the Faust-legend, which adapts itself, as formerly to the genius of the 16th, so now to that of the 18th century. The contempt for antiquated and worn-out forms, the craving for originality, the passionate thirst for higher knowledge, which characterised the new epoch, found their counterpart in the hero of the popular legend: "He took to himself eagle's wings, and wished to explore all grounds in

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heaven and upon earth." How Lessing would have carried out his conception can never be known; so far, however, is certain; Faust is to be saved! The triumph of hell over such a spirit is only apparent; a mind thirsting for truth is no prey for Satan. In order to bring the magician of the popular legend into harmony with the spirit of the age, the great magician of German literature must appear, to whom it was given to fashion men after his image. When Lessing directed attention to Faust, Goethe was in his tenth year; a decade later, and the time approaches when the conception of Faust will begin to take possession of his soul.

It has been remarked by Mr. Lewes, "that all Goethe's works are biographical; are parts of his life, and expressions of the various experiences he underwent, and the various stages of culture he passed through."* This is eminently true of 'Faust,' and hence it may be desirable for its elucidation, to give a brief sketch of the poet's life.

The trite aphorism that "the child is the father of the man" has never perhaps had a more striking illustration than in Goethe; and as in Faust, we have an idealized portrait of the great poet, a cursory allusion to a few characteristics of his childhood may form a fitting prelude to the consideration of the poem.

Many of the most striking and apparently opposite tendencies of Goethe's nature, subsequently impersonated in the creations of his genius, manifested themselves almost in his infancy. Thus his innate love of the beautiful and disgust at its opposite, displayed itself in his third year, when he was moved to tears by the sight of an ugly child. He tells us how, when a boy, he flew past the meat stalls in perfect horror, while it was his special delight to promenade on the great bridge over the Maine, where the beautiful river above and below the bridge attracted his eye, and the gilt weather-cock on the bridge-cross glittered in the sunshine.

To the student of Faust, who remembers the magnificent description of the sunset, in the first part, it is interesting to read of the boy's experience in the so-called garden-room, commanding a pleasant prospect over an almost immeasurable extent of neighbours' gardens. "There," he says, "I commonly learned my lessons, and watched the thunderstorms, and could never look my fill at the setting sun, which went down directly opposite my window."

* See also Goethe's Autobiography (*Dichtung und Wahrheit*), vol. i. p. 240. (Bohn's ed.)

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His dramatic proclivities, together with his marvellous creative faculty, also manifested themselves in early childhood. Never to be forgotten was the last Christmas gift of his grandmother, a puppet theatre, "whereby an imagined world of enchantment was opened to the four-year-old child;" he himself tells us how "the marionette fable of Faust, murmured with many voices in his soul." We also learn from his autobiography how, when weary of the original drama to which the puppets had been specially adapted, other pieces were attempted with changed dresses and decorations; and how, when he and his companions had out-grown the puppets, his fancy and technical skill were exercised in making arrangements for the plays and tragedies in which they were themselves the performers. His precocious power of story-telling was also exercised for the delight of his companions, and the specimen which he gives of these boyish productions, in 'The New Paris,' exhibits the same blending of the real and the ideal which characterised his mature creations, and shows us how, "in accordance with the instincts of his nature, he learned to work up his visions and conceits into artistic forms."

In his sixth year his peace of mind was deeply disturbed by tidings of the Lisbon earthquake; God the Creator and Preserver of heaven and earth, in thus consigning the just and the unjust to the same destruction, had not manifested Himself, by any means, in a fatherly character. In vain the young mind strove to resist these impressions; he began to settle into a serious disbelief in the benignity of Providence. Gradually his doubts subsided; he listened in the family circle to discussions respecting the different religious sects, all of whom were animated by the same purpose of approaching the Deity, especially through Christ, more closely than seemed possible under the forms of the established religion. He came to the thought that he also might immediately approach the great God of Nature, whose earlier manifestations of wrath had been long forgotten in beauty of the world. The boy could ascribe no form to the Deity; he therefore sought him in his works, and resolved, in the good Old Testament fashion, to build him an altar. Natural productions were set forth as images of the world, over which a flame was to burn, typifying the aspirations of man's heart towards his Maker. Ores and other natural productions were arranged on a music-stand, in the form of a four-sided pyramid; a fumigating pastille was placed on the apex; the sun glittered above the roofs, a burning

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glass was applied, and thus was the worship consummated by a priest of seven years old, alone in his chamber." We see here, in embryo, as it were, in the child's mind, the curious dualism which characterised the poet, and which found its most typical expression in his great master-work, 'Faust.' The reasoning, doubting, denying intellect finds there impersonation, as well as the heaven-aspiring soul. The tendency to symbolic mysticism moreover, which has found such beautiful expression in the concluding scene of the second part of 'Faust,' thus manifested itself in the worship of the seven-year-old child.

Faust's passionate thirst for knowledge, which sought gratification in all directions, and strove to unveil the hidden mysteries of nature, had also its prototype in the juvenile Goethe. For an account of the various modes in which he sought to gratify, what he has himself styled, his voracious appetite for knowledge, the reader is referred to the earlier pages of his autobiography. One example of this many-sided curiosity must suffice: an armed loadstone, sewed up in scarlet cloth, was, he tells us, destined one day to experience the effects of his spirit of investigation. The secret attractive force exercised by the instrument excited his wonder and admiration; desiring to arrive at some revelation of the mystery, he tore away the external covering; "the parts were scattered, and I lost," he says, "the wondrous phenomenon at the same time with the apparatus."

His susceptibility to the tender passion, which formed so striking a characteristic of his nature, and which so powerfully influenced his subsequent career, manifested itself even in his boyhood. He tells us how, before his fifteenth year, he experienced for the first time the joys and sorrows of love. The story of his intercourse with Gretchen, whose name he has immortalised in 'Faust,' is circumstantially related in his autobiography; the mental anguish, together with the physical prostration which followed the destruction of his romance, bear witness to the intensity of his feelings; I have no doubt that here, as in many subsequent episodes of his life, he has embodied some passages of his own experience in 'Faust,' where situations and images appear which remind us of his intercourse with Gretchen.

Thus he tells us how her form, from the moment in which he first beheld her, followed him in every path: as he could find no pretext

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to see her at home, he went to church for love of her, and there gazed his fill. "When the congregation left the church," he adds, "I did not venture to accost her, much less to accompany her, and was perfectly delighted if she seemed to have returned my greeting with a nod." Surely we have here the germ of the scene in which Gretchen, on leaving the cathedral, is unceremoniously accosted by Faust. Moreover when, at length, Goethe visits Gretchen's home, she sits at the window spinning; and the relation which subsequently sprang up between them—the maiden anxious to learn, and the youth inclined to teach—suggests what appears to him the most beautiful union between two human beings, when the maiden looks up to her lover as the creator of her spiritual existence; which is precisely Gretchen's attitude towards Faust.

"At length the arrow, with its barbed hooks, was torn out of his heart, and the question then was how the inward sanative power of youth could be brought to his aid." He fled to the woods, and in the remotest depth of the forest sought out a solemn spot, where the noblest oaks and beeches formed a large, noble, shaded space. Here he gradually experienced the healing ministrations of nature; and when the undefined feelings awakened by his sacred grove could no longer satisfy him, he found relief in his artistic proclivities, and copied from nature the various objects by which he was surrounded.

The wonderful susceptibility to the influences of nature, revealed in this experience of boyhood, formed one of the most striking characteristics of the man, and has also found expression in his great master-work. After the heart-rending emotions experienced by Faust in the prison-scene with Gretchen, at the end of the first part, he reappears in the opening scene of the second part with his lacerated spirits healed and harmonised by the soothing influences of nature, typified by Ariel and his elfin choir; and in the artistic realization of ideal beauty, he finds a worthy object for his renovated powers.

Having thus followed our poet through his childhood and boyhood, and having noticed some characteristics and experiences in their relation to 'Faust,' we must now follow him to Leipzig, whither he repaired at the age of sixteen, to enter upon his college life.

At that time the influence of a degenerate French taste, against which Lessing had already uplifted his powerful voice, completely dominated the social and intellectual life of Leipzig. Gottsched, the pedantic upholder of French culture, characterised by Goethe

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as a respectable old grandfather, held a prominent position at the university; while the monotonous system of routine which there prevailed is described by Herman Grimm, as a continuous vegetation hedged round by reverence.

It is not surprising that Goethe's earliest literary productions should bear the stamp of his uncongenial environment; his poetical career was inaugurated by a series of songs, in the prevailing French style, composed for music, and by the composition of his earliest extant drama, 'Die Laune des Verliebten' (translated under the title of 'The Wayward Lover'). This drama was founded upon his relation with Anna Kathrina Schönkopf, the attractive daughter of his host and hostess, whose affections, according to his own account, he won and afterwards forfeited by his own foolish jealousy and caprice. A second drama, 'Die Mitschuldigen' ('The Fellow-Culprits'), was also sketched at this period; the experiences embodied in these two pieces furnish, however, no elements for 'Faust;' the feature of his Leipzig residence which has there stamped itself with the greatest prominence is the dissatisfaction awakened by the college lectures on philosophy, logic, and jurisprudence.

"At first," he tells us, "I attended my lectures assiduously and faithfully; but the philosophy would by no means enlighten me. In the logic, it seemed strange to me that I had so to tear asunder, isolate, and, as it were, destroy those operations of the mind which I had performed with the greatest ease from my youth upwards, and this in order to see into the right use of them. Of the world, and of God, I thought I knew about as much as the Professor himself. . . . It was soon quite as bad with the law lectures; for I already knew just as much as the Professor thought good to communicate to us. My stubborn industry in writing down the lectures at first, was paralysed by degrees, for I found it excessively tedious to pen down once more that which I had repeated often enough to retain it for ever in my memory." We have here the experience which subsequently embodied itself in the celebrated scene between Mephistopheles and the Student.

To this period must also be referred some elements in the portraiture of Faust himself. Goethe has informed us how, in preparing for his first communion, his religious aspirations had been paralysed by the dry, spiritless routine to which he was subjected. "I received absolution," he says, "and withdrew neither warm nor cold;

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and the next day accompanied my parents to the Table of the Lord." He then describes the powerful impression produced upon his imagination by the text, that one who unworthily partakes of the Sacrament, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself. Every fearful thing which he had read in the histories of the middle ages, and even in the Bible itself, about the judgments of God, formed itself into the most frightful combinations, and produced a painful hypochondriacal condition which accompanied him to Leipzig. There, however, he became ashamed of his doubts, and at last, he says, "I completely left behind me this strange anguish of conscience, together with church and altar." "And thus, by degrees, the epoch approached when all authority was to vanish from before me, and I was to become suspicious—nay, to despair even, of the greatest and best individuals whom I had known or imagined." This fragment of his great confession finds an echo in some passages of 'Faust.'

We must not bid farewell to his Leipzig experiences without adverting to his art studies, which he there carried on with zeal and enthusiasm. He became the pupil of Oeser, the director of the Drawing Academy, who taught him that "the Ideal of Beauty is simplicity and repose." He studied the writings of Winckelmann and the 'Laocoon' of Lessing. Alluding to the distinction there pointed out between plastic and speaking art (*Bildende und Redende Kunst*), he says: "All the consequences of this splendid thought were illumined to us as by a lightning flash." There was awakened within him an intense desire to visit the picture-gallery at Dresden; thither he repaired, and on entering the sanctuary, his astonishment surpassed every expectation he had formed. He had likewise the opportunity at Leipzig of examining many valuable art collections; "and so the university," he says, "where I neglected the ends both of my family and myself, was to ground me in that in which I afterwards found the greatest satisfaction of my life."

Owing to a variety of causes his health gave way, and one summer night (1768) he awoke with a violent hæmorrhage. Medical assistance was called in; for many days he wavered between life and death, "and even the joy of convalescence was embittered by the discovery of a tumour which formed in the left side of his neck, and which troubled him for a considerable time." Thus with shattered health he left Leipzig in September 1768, and returned to his native city. Among the remembrances which he carried with

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him from Leipzig, that of Auerbach's cellar, with its celebrated Faust-picture, must not be forgotten.

The domestic circumstances attending his return, his father's coldness, and impatience at the slowness of his recovery, together with the devoted affection of his sister, are mentioned in the autobiography. Of more interest, however, as bearing upon 'Faust,' was his intimacy with Susanna Katharina von Klettenberg, the central figure among his mother's pious friends, a woman in whom religious enthusiasm and high culture were associated with distinguished rank and charm of demeanour, and from whose letters and conversations arose "the confessions of a beautiful soul," which appeared in 'Wilhelm Meister.' The religious mysticism to which he was thus introduced was closely allied to alchemy, to the study of which he was at this time led to devote himself. The family physician, who belonged to the Pious Separatists, was addicted to alchemy, and hinted at the possession of an universal medicine of magical virtue, which was only to be administered in cases of extreme danger. To excite belief in the possibility of such a remedy, he recommended to his patients certain chemico-alchemical books, intimating that an acquaintance with the hidden resources of nature was necessary in order to produce this valuable panacea. Fräulein von Klettenberg had listened to these enticing words. She had secretly studied Welling's 'Opus Mago-Cabalisticum,' and small excitement, the poet tells us, was needed to inoculate him also with this disease. The works of Theophrastus, Paracelsus, and Basilius Valentinus, together with those of Helmont, Starkey, and other alchemists were studied, and thus were spent the evenings of a long winter, during which he was compelled to keep his chamber. A crisis in his malady having arisen, the mysterious remedy, a crystallised salt dissolved in water, was administered, and from that moment the disease took a favourable turn. His faith in the physician was thus enhanced, and he was stimulated to renewed industry in his alchemic investigations. In his little attic he provided himself with glasses, retorts, and other necessary apparatus, where the strange ingredients of the macrocosm and microcosm were handled in a mysterious manner, and where he busied himself especially in preparing the so-called Liquor Silicum. Thus without reference to the composition of 'Faust,' he familiarised himself with the arts and the nomenclature employed by the mediæval necro-

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mancers, whose writings, he tells us, could trace their pedigree in a direct line up to the Neo-Platonic philosophy. In the light of that philosophy nature was regarded not as the object of methodical study, but as a mystery, as a volume closed to earthly senses, for the interpretation of which a key was required as mysterious as the volume itself; he who could unveil these mysterious powers and make them available was a master over the spirits, a magician. This magic was an object of belief in the middle ages, and finds expression in the words of Faust:—

> Unlock'd the spirit world doth lie;
> Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead!
> Up, scholar, lave, with courage high,
> Thine earthly breast in the morning-red!

Goethe tells us that while studying the works of the alchemists he was particularly pleased with "the 'Aurea Catena Homeri,' in which nature, though perhaps in fantastical fashion, is represented in a beautiful combination." This conception of the universe could not find more adequate expression than in the words of Faust, when in one of the magical cabalistic books he contemplates the sign of the universe:—

> How all things live and work, and, ever blending,
> Weave one vast whole from being's ample range!
> How powers celestial, rising and descending,
> Their golden buckets ceaseless interchange!
> Their flight on rapture-breathing pinions winging,
> From heaven to earth their genial influence bringing,
> Through the wide sphere their chimes melodious ringing.

The religious mysticism to which Goethe was introduced by Fräulein von Klettenberg has, like magic, its root in the Neo-Platonic philosophy. Nowhere could the divine life, operative in external nature, be grasped so immediately as in the depths of the human soul; here also is chemistry needed to purify the gold of the spirit from the dross of lower desires and passions.

Both forms of theosophy sought to discover the soul's way to God; magic, through external nature; mysticism, through the human soul; the first course was pursued by Paracelsus, the second by Jacob Böhm; this magic and this mysticism find expression in

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the beginning and the end of 'Faust.' In the opening scene the magician, after standing enraptured before the vision of the universe, exclaims in despair :—

> A wondrous show! but ah! a show alone!
> Where shall I grasp thee, infinite nature, where?

The Mystical Chorus at the end of the poem solves the riddle; in the divine love, symbolically represented in the Mater Gloriosa, he contemplates the unveiled secret of the universe:

> All of mere transient date
> As symbol showeth;
> Here the inadequate
> To fulness groweth;
> Here the ineffable
> Wrought is in love;
> The ever-womanly
> Draws us above.

The period was now approaching when the genius of the great poet was to reach its full development. As his health and youthful spirits were restored, he gladly acceded to his father's intention of sending him to Strasburg, there to prosecute his studies, and eventually to take his degree.

He arrived there April 2nd, 1770, and on alighting from the diligence repaired immediately to the minster. "Many thousands since then have ascended to the platform of the tower, and read Goethe's name, which is there inscribed, and like him have gazed from the summit upon the beautiful region in which he was about to take up his abode."

Deeply significant was the brief period of his sojourn in Strasburg; the French language, to which he had addicted himself from his youth, was abandoned, and he turned with earnestness to his mother tongue; his multifarious studies, scientific, literary, mystical, and cabalistic, were pursued with incredible ardour; the development of his own originality awakened his sympathy with whatever was original and characteristic in every department of human effort; at no period of his life could he have been more susceptible to the influence of Herder, who arrived in Strasburg in the winter of 1770. Goethe was then one-and-twenty years of age; there was a ferment

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within him; he needed a master; one who should help him to find out his true life-career. In approaching Herder he, for the first time, came in contact with a really great man, to whom he could look up as his superior in culture and attainment.

Herder's mind has been compared to a mirror, in whose depths was reflected the entire history of humanity. Under his influence Goethe recognised that poetry is a gift to the world and to nations, not the private inheritance of a few refined and cultivated men. A new world was thus opened to him; the poetry of the East, the Old Testament, national songs, Homer, Ossian, Shakespeare; the full power of the great English dramatist especially was now experienced by him for the first time. "The first page," to quote a lecture delivered by him at this period, "made me his for life; and when I had perused an entire play, I stood like one born blind, to whom sight, by some miraculous power, had been restored in a moment." His own creative energies were stirring within him. "Two subjects," he says, "had rooted themselves within me, and were, little by little, moulding themselves into poetic form. These were Götz von Berlichingen and Faust. The biography of the former had seized my inmost heart. The figure of a rude, well-meaning self-helper, in a wild anarchical time, awakened my deepest sympathy. The significant puppet-show fable of the latter resounded and vibrated many-toned within me. I, too, had wandered into every department of knowledge, and had early enough been led to see its vanity. Real life, too, I had tried under various aspects, and had always returned more unsatisfied and troubled." Here, if anywhere, as Mr. Lewes says, we have the key to Faust. "Three forms rise up from out the many influences of Strasburg into distinct and memorable importance: Frederika, Herder, the Cathedral. An exquisite woman, a noble thinker, and a splendid monument, led him into the regions of Passion, Poetry, and Art."*

For the charming Sesenheim Idyl, the reader is referred to the pages of the autobiography; the portrait of Frederika there sketched with such masterful and loving care, is declared by Herman Grimm to be, not a transcript from nature, but rather the portrait of an ideal being, suggested to the poet's imagination by the remembered image of his beloved one. Who, in such a case, can separate

* Lewes's 'Life of Goethe.'

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poetry and truth? Suffice it to say that tender feeling and glowing passion breathe through the verses which she inspired, which have been collected into a volume entitled 'The Little Sesenheim Song-book.' We must not linger amid the groves and gardens of Sesenheim, or follow through its varied episodes the growth and development of their natural affection, but pass at once to the concluding scene. As the time approached for his departure from Strasburg, they both felt that their romance was drawing to a close. Amid the pressure of engagements which occupied the last days of his sojourn there, "I could not," he says, "fail to see Frederika once more. Those were painful days, the memory of which has not remained with me." He went to bid her farewell. "When I held out my hand to her from my horse," he says, "the tears were in her eyes, and I felt sad at heart." On his return to Frankfort he wrote to her; "Frederika's answer to the letter in which I had bidden her adieu," so we read in the autobiography, "tore my heart. I now, for the first time, became aware of her bereavement, and saw no possibility of alleviating it. She was completely present to me; I felt that she was wanting to me; and, what was worst of all, I could not forgive myself for my own misfortune. Gretchen had been taken away from me; Aennchen had left me; now, for the first time, I was guilty. I had wounded the most beautiful heart to its very depths; and the period of a gloomy repentance, with the absence of a refreshing love, to which I had grown accustomed, was most agonising, nay, unsupportable." I quote this passage because it appears to me to have a direct relation to the Gretchen episode in Faust. On the 17th of March, 1832, five days before his death, Goethe addressed a letter to Wilhelm von Humboldt, in which he says, "More than sixty years ago the conception of 'Faust' lay clearly before my youthful mind." We are thus carried back to the year 1772, when he had just returned ftom Strasburg to Frankfort. He tells us, in his autobiography, that he had contracted a practice from which he could not deviate his whole life through, of converting everything that gladdened or troubled, or otherwise occupied him, into a poem; hence, all his poems are only fragments of a great confession. We have seen how the images of Gretchen and Frederika at this period haunted his imagination, and we can, I think, trace the influence of both in the heroine of Faust. The name, and some of the situations, may have been suggested by

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his earlier experience, while the image of Frederika, the remorse awakened by his desertion of her, together with the vivid realisation of her grief, which brought her to the brink of the grave, would stimulate his imagination, and embody themselves in that wonderful creation, which, in association with Faust, takes rank among the undying masterworks of genius. Antigone, Iphigenia, Ophelia Imogen, must, in regard to inner life-power, yield the preference to Gretchen. Though English readers may not feel disposed to subscribe to this opinion of Herman Grimm, we must all acknowledge that the anguish of bereavement has nowhere found more pathetic expression than in Gretchen's song at her spinning-wheel. The terrible scene in the cathedral, with which the first published fragment concludes, reminds us of the profound impression produced upon his mind by the contemplation of the minster. He studied it so long and so affectionately that the structure of the venerable pile became clear to him, not only as a whole, but also in the individual parts. In spirit he saw four higher spires ascending above the volutes of the tower, with a higher one in the centre, where the clumsy cross now stands. To the astonished question of the official, placed over the public edifices: "Who had told him so?" he replied, "The tower itself;" and added, "I have observed it so long and so attentively and have shown it so much affection, that it at last resolved to make me this open confession." "It has not misinformed you," replied the official; "we still have among our archives the original sketches, which say the same thing, and which I can show you." We can well understand, after reading the above, how, in connection with his studies for Götz von Berlichingen and Faust the minster could, as he tells us, stand as a back-ground to such poetical conceptions.

It is impossible to think of Faust without at the same time calling up the image of Mephistopheles, and it is interesting to consider the sources from which Goethe drew this wonderful conception.

Like most of the creations of his genius, it doubtless embodies one side of his own nature; and thus, in Faust and Mephistopheles, we have the crowning example of that dualism in the poet's mind which has found expression also in Antonio and Tasso, in Edward and the Captain, and in Jarno and Wilhelm. Nevertheless, we must look abroad for various distinctive features which characterise

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Mephistopheles, and most commentators, following the poet's own suggestion, have regarded Johann Heinrich Merck as the germ of the character. There is, however, probability in the hypothesis of H. Grimm, that Herder has also supplied some elements for this memorable figure; and if so, we have here another example of the manner in which Goethe occasionally, in his poetic creations, fused two distinct individualities into one.

The supercilious tone which Herder invariably assumed towards Goethe, together with his bitter, biting, contradictory humour, which he was at no trouble to control, aroused a feeling of discontent in Goethe, which was continually at strife with the reverence awakened by his vast knowledge, which opened to the younger poet wide views of things of which he had never before dreamed. Herder, we are told, poured forth his ideas with the richest prodigality; no one, however, who received his precious gifts was spared the sarcastic bitterness with which they were accompanied. Goethe moreover recognised in Herder, for the first time, the terrible power of cold, unsparing criticism. These and other characteristics of Herder may have supplied some elements for the conception of Mephistopheles, to whom Goethe may also have transferred some of the sharp, sarcastic features which distinguished Merck, with whom he became acquainted after his departure from Strasburg. Nevertheless, highly as that remarkable man was prized by Goethe, he was not, according to Grimm, sufficiently significant to have furnished material for a figure which looked down upon everything from so great a height as did Mephistopheles. I must not pursue the subject, but refer the reader to the pages of H. Grimm, where it is discussed at greater length.

On returning to Frankfort, after parting from Frederika, Goethe was possessed by a feeling of spiritual unrest; the walls of his chamber imprisoned him; he wandered under the open sky, in the valleys, on the heights, in the fields, and in the woods; among his friends he got the name of "the wanderer"; during his rambles he composed and sang strange hymns and dithyrambs; one of these, 'The Wanderer's Storm-Song,' chanted aloud amid the raging of the elements, gives expression to these feelings, and inaugurates the advent of his "Sturm und Drang" period. In November 1771 he dramatised the history of Gottfried von Berlichingen with the "iron hand," the predatory Burgrave of the sixteenth century. The

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spirit of revolt against authority and tradition, which at this period characterised alike Goethe and his age, found its prototype in the turbulent baron, whose figure so powerfully impressed the poet's imagination.

In the spring of 1772 he repaired to Wetzlar, and during the summer of that year he lived through the experience which subsequently found expression in the 'Sorrows of Werther,' a prose poem, the composition of which forms a crisis in his artistic development. The stormy impulses were quelled, the wanderer was transformed into the creative artist, who henceforth entered into the full possession of his genius. The three years which intervened between his departure from Wetzlar, November 11, 1772, and his arrival at Weimar, November 7, 1775, are the most productive period of his life. 'Werther' was written in the beginning of the year 1774. "Through this composition I had," he says, "more than through any other, saved myself out of a stormy element; I felt myself as after a general confession, again joyous and free and prepared for a new life." "The surest foundation of my independence I found in my creative activity; for several years it had never failed me; at that time, let a subject be proposed, I was at once prepared and ready." "This indwelling poetical faculty belonged to me as my own, and in thought I made it the basis of my own existence." This self-dependence, based upon creative power, transformed itself into an image, in which Goethe personified and contemplated himself: Prometheus, the man-creating Titan. Such a poet may well be styled the Magician of German poetry, he who could say of himself, I possess a panacea, which is ever at my service, the art, namely, of transmuting reality into poetry.

The hour has now arrived when he is to fashion the magician of the popular legend after his own image. This Prometheus-Goethe is Faust.

"Here I sit and shape
Men in my image,
A race like myself!"

We obtain an interesting glimpse of Goethe at this period, during a brief sojourn at Cologne, whither he was accompanied by his most congenial friend, Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi. They revelled in the interchange of thought. At night Goethe sought his friend; they stood together at the window; the moonlight trembled on

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the waters of the Rhine, and Goethe recited the ballads which he had then composed, one of which is for ever associated with Gretchen—

"There was a king in Thule."

Even Goethe's personal appearance at that time was invested with magical power. In a letter from Heinse to Gleim, written at this period, we read: "Goethe was with us; a beautiful youth of five-and-twenty, full of genius from crown to toe, a heart full of feeling, a spirit full of fire with eagle's wings." Are we not literally reminded of the old Faust-book, and its description of the youthful magician of Wittemberg: "He took to himself eagle's wings, and wished to explore all grounds in heaven and upon earth"?

It was during this period of creative activity that 'Faust' was produced, in its earliest form. What Goethe published as a "Fragment" in 1790, was most probably completed, for the most part, in 1774. On the occasion of Jacobi's visit to Frankfort, early in the year 1775, Goethe communicated to him the scenes of his 'Faust'; and when, sixteen years later, Jacobi had read the Fragment, he wrote to Goethe: "I already knew almost all." It is therefore certain that, in the beginning of the year 1775, the oldest poem, in its essential parts, was complete. Some scenes were added in the course of the year 1775, as we learn from his letters to the Countess Augusta Stolberg, the sister of his friends.

Towards the end of the year 1774, Goethe had been captivated by Anna Elizabeth Schönemann, celebrated in his poems as Lili. She was the daughter of a rich banker in Frankfort, and only sixteen years of age. The alliance was not acceptable to either family; obstacles intervened which seemed to render marriage impossible, and to free himself from an embarrassing situation he had accepted the invitation of the Counts Stolberg to accompany them on their Swiss tour. Signs of the mental unrest consequent upon his relations with Lili appear in his correspondence with the Countess Stolberg. On March 6 he writes to her: "I have drawn, composed a scene; O, if I did not now write dramas, there would be an end of me." On September 17, at night, he writes from Offenbach: "The day passed tolerably. When I arose, it was well with me. I composed a scene of my 'Faust.' I felt somewhat like a rat which has swallowed poison; it

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runs into every hole, drinks all moisture, swallows everything eatable that comes in its way, while within it burns with inextinguishable fire." We are here reminded of the song in Auerbach's cellar:—

"The cook strewed poison for the rat."

Who would have suspected that in Altmayer's satirical allusion to Siebel—"He sees in the swollen rat his own sorry image,"—Goethe had parodied his own troubled state of mind? It may be inferred that the composition of the Auerbach scene falls in September 1775, and has left its trace in the letter to the Countess Stolberg.

The "Sturm und Drang" period is lived through; we stand on the threshold of a new life-epoch of the poet, generally known as his classical period. On November 7, 1775, in his twenty-sixth year, he repaired to Weimar, where he was received most graciously by the principal personages of the Court.

Karl August, the reigning Duke, "eight years younger than Goethe, attached himself to him as to a brother;" his wife, Louise, the reigning Duchess, a truly noble woman, also gave him her friendship, and he was a special favourite with the mother-duchess, Anna Amalia, "who is described by contemporaries as combining a masculine strength of understanding, with feminine gentleness and amiability." "On June 11, 1776, the Duke named him Privy-legation-councillor. In January, 1779, he was charged with the War Commission; in September 1779, he was named Privy Councillor; in April, 1781, he was ennobled by Imperial diploma; and in June, 1782, he undertook provisionally the Presidency of the Chamber."* The practical duties attending these various offices, the distractions of society, together with the arrangement and direction of the private theatricals, which formed a prominent feature of Weimar Court life at that period, left him little leisure for prosecuting his literary labours.

The manuscript of 'Faust' had been brought with him to Weimar, and this poem was one of the first that he read in the presence of the Court. What form the 'Helena' had then assumed, we do not know; it is, however, certain that in 1780 he read it before the Duchess Amalia, and a second time before the Princess of Gotha.

* Quoted from Mr. Hayward's 'Goethe.'

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The conception and composition of other works which belong to the classical period banished 'Faust' to the background. We know also, from many passages in his correspondence, with what intense regret he felt himself obliged, during the early years of his residence at Weimar, to subordinate his literary proclivities to the duties and cares of official life. In 1779 he was occupied with his 'Iphigenia,' which was first written in prose. In writing to the Duke he says: "I let people say what they will, and then I retire into my old fortress of Poetry, and work at my 'Iphigenia.' By this I am made sensible that I have been treating this heavenly gift somewhat cavalierly, and there is still time and need for me to become more economical, if ever I am to bring forth anything."

Tasso was begun in 1780, and on the last day of the same year he wrote to Frau von Stein: "My 'Tasso' moves my pity; it lies upon my desk and looks upon me with friendly glance; but what can I do? I must bake all my wheat into ammunition bread." And again: "O thou sweet Poetry! . . . I withdraw the water as much as possible from these fountains and cascades, and direct it to wheels and irrigation; but before I am aware, an evil genius draws the tap and all gushes and bubbles."

In spite of these occasional outbreaks, the record of his multifarious labours during the first six years of his Weimar residence shows "with what Spartan self-mastery he held his Pegasus fast bound in his stall." Various branches of science meanwhile—mineralogy, astrology, and botany—in connection with his official activity, were pursued with passionate ardour. "How legible the book of Nature becomes to me," he writes, "I cannot express; my long lessons in spelling have helped me, and now my quiet joy is inexpressible." Poetry, however, was his master-passion; he longed for leisure, and to be relieved in some measure from the pressure of official duties, and accordingly, in 1783, we see him occupied with preparations for his projected visit to Italy. Various reasons have been assigned for his sudden departure from Weimar; besides his yearning, natural to a poet, to visit Italy, the land of song, it has been pointed out by Herman Grimm that the natural course of events rendered a temporary absence from the scene of his labours desirable.

Goethe had entered upon his duties as prime minister, and at the same time as educator of a young and inexperienced prince; as the

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development of the latter proceeded, however, the Duke, from year to year, became more independent, and gradually took the reins into his own hands. Goethe's position was thus changed; since, while still burdened with the details of office, the decision of all questions rested with the Duke. Accordingly, with wise forethought, he adapted his life to these altered circumstances; after ten years of manifold activity he departed for Rome, and after an absence of nearly two years he returned, under changed conditions, to begin a new existence at Weimar.

The words addressed by Plutus to the boy-charioteer in the second part of 'Faust' give expression to the sentiments with which Goethe may have looked forward to his departure for Rome, and consequent emancipation from official cares.

> Now from the burden that oppressed thee here
> Thou'rt frank and free; away to thine own sphere!
> Here is it not; distorted, wild, grotesque,
> Surrounds us here a motley arabesque.
> There fly, where on thy genius thou canst wait,
> Lord of thyself; where charm the good, the fair;
> Where clear thy vision in the clear calm air;
> To solitude—there thine own world create!

Four great poetical problems accompanied the poet to Italy; the versification of 'Iphigenia,' and the completion of 'Faust,' 'Egmont,' and 'Tasso.' During his first Roman residence, from October 28, 1786, till February 21, 1787, the first of these problems was solved. After his return from Sicily he wrote, on August 11, 1787, to Herder: "'Egmont' is completed, and may be dispatched at the end of this month. 'Tasso' comes after the new year; 'Faust' upon his mantle shall, as courier, announce my arrival!"

These two poems, however, did not advance. A quarter of a year later he wrote: "There still lie before me two such heavy stones as 'Faust' and 'Tasso.'"

Goethe poetized his own experiences. He experienced nothing that could influence these works. "If they are to progress" ('Faust' and 'Tasso'), we read in a letter written on January 1, 1788, "I must, in the course of this year, fall in love with a princess, in order to complete 'Tasso,' and I must surrender myself to the devil, in order to complete 'Faust,' however little inclination

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I feel for either." At length, it would seem, life comes into 'Faust.' We find in the diary of his Italian journey, March 1, 1788, a very remarkable confession with reference to that poem.

"This has been a prolific week, which in the retrospect appears to me like a month. In the first place the plan of 'Faust' was made, and I hope that this operation has succeeded. Naturally it is another thing to write out the piece now, or fifteen years ago; I think, however, that it will lose nothing, especially as I imagine that I have now recovered the threads. Also in regard to the tone of the whole I am consoled; I have already composed a new scene, and if I were to smoke the paper nobody would be able to distinguish it from the older portion. The old manuscript, as I see it before me, gives me much to think of; it is so yellow with time that it looks like the fragment of an ancient Codex; and as I then, through reflection and imagination, had to transplant myself into an earlier world, so I must now transplant myself to a period of my own bygone experience."

"This memorandum of Goethe," says Kuno Fischer, "I consider most important, as throwing light upon the history of the origin and development of 'Faust.'"

So completely was the poet estranged from the most genial of his youthful works, that the period of its production seemed to him like his own bygone existence; he had lost the threads, and imagines that he has recovered them. In one of the most beautiful localities of Rome, the garden of the Villa Borghese, Goethe composed a scene of Faust. No one, from the locality, would divine the scene: it was the Witches' Kitchen. "I imagine," Fischer, says, "that a second scene must also be referred to the period of his Italian sojourn; namely, Faust's monologue in wood and cavern; in one passage it refers to the Witches' Kitchen, it harmonizes with the plan of the first poem, while both in form and contents it is the fruit of a later period. This monologue, highly important for the critical examination of the work, could not have been produced before his sojourn in Italy.

On June 18, 1788, Goethe returned from his Italian journey to Weimar. The letter which he addressed from Rome to Karl August plainly reveals the new position which it was his intention henceforth to occupy in connection with the Weimar Court. "My relation to affairs," he says, "sprang out of my

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personal relation to you; now let a new relation, after so many years, spring from the former. I can truly say, that in the solitude of these eighteen months I have found my own self again. But as what? As an artist!"

The wise Duke answered this appeal nobly. The poet remained the adviser of his prince, but was relieved from the more onerous duties of office. The direction of the mines, and of all scientific and artistic institutions, he retained; among them that of the theatre.*

On his return to Weimar, 'Faust' and 'Tasso' remained still unfinished. In the July of the following year 'Tasso' was completed. The termination of 'Faust' was not to be thought of. Accordingly, in the seventh volume of the collected edition of his works, this poem appeared as 'A Fragment' (Easter, 1790). Here closes the first period in the history of the composition of 'Faust' (1770–1790).

This fragment consists of the following parts: 1. It opens with Faust's first monologue, the scene with the Earth-spirit, the conversation with the famulus. Then follows a wide gap. 2. It re-commences abruptly, in the midst of the second conversation between Faust and Mephistopheles, with the words of Faust:—

> "The scope of all my powers henceforth be this,
> To bare my breast to every pang,—to know
> In my heart's core all human weal and woe;"

the short monologue of Mephistopheles:—

> "Mortal! the loftiest attributes of men,
> Reason and knowledge, only thus contemn;"

the conversation with the scholar, the preparation for the journey, the Auerbach scene, and the Witches' Kitchen succeed. 3. Then follows the Gretchen tragedy, with the exclusion of the Valentine scene; the fragment ends with Gretchen's words in the cathedral: "Neighbour, your smelling-bottle."

The essential parts were already composed in the beginning of the year 1775; then followed, in the course of the same year, the

* Quoted from Mr. Lewes's 'Life of Goethe.'

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Auerbach scene, thirteen years later the Witches' Kitchen, and "the monologue in wood and cavern," which was introduced into the Gretchen tragedy in a position which required subsequently to be changed.

If we compare the fragment with the later poem which lies before us as the first part, we there find: 1. The dedication, the prologue in the theatre, the prologue in heaven; 2. All the scenes which fill up the wide ensuing gap; namely, Faust's second monologue, the Easter-song, the scene before the gate, the third monologue in Faust's study:—

"Behind me now lie field and plain,"

the conjuration and first appearance of Mephistopheles, the two conversations between Faust and Mephistopheles, down to the passage quoted above; 3. The completion of the Gretchen tragedy, which forms the conclusion of the first part, the Walpurgis-night, the return, the prison scene. Among these scenes, some partly sketched, some more or less carried out and requiring revision, remained in manuscript. We now approach a crisis in the development of Goethe's 'Faust' similar to that which marked the popular legend through the influence of Lessing. During a series of years Goethe had endeavoured to continue his youthful poem, and to bring it to a completion. He had wished to transport himself back into its elements, and for a moment imagined that he had succeeded. It was a self-deception. The poem lived no longer in the poet, and it could not be artificially re-quickened; what separated the two periods was the gulf of years—the difference between Goethe the youth and Goethe in the summit of manly age.

The original poem was the most powerful and fiery outflow of the "Sturm und Drang" period, an epoch from which Goethe had become more and more estranged as he advanced in life. This estrangement rose to repugnance, even to aversion, when the tremendous flood subsequently broke forth a second time with Schiller. In order to quicken 'Faust' anew there was only one method, namely, a fundamental reconstruction of the plan, which, without imitation, should return to the path indicated by Lessing. The impulse thereto came, however, not from Goethe himself, so strong at that time was his repulsion from this poem. He was, moreover, completely engrossed by other objects—official duties, scientific studies, poetical labours.

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He undertook the direction of the Court Theatre, accompanied the Duke on his campaign in France; during the siege of Mainz he lived in his botanical, optical, and anatomical observations. After his 'Roman Elegies' follow his epic poems, 'Reineke Fuchs,' 'Hermann and Dorothea,' 'Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre. He conceived the plan of a great epic, 'William Tell,' which was to be the fruits of his third Swiss journey in the year 1797. In the middle of this year falls the epoch of 'Faust's' resurrection, the turning-point which has made this poem the German 'Divina Commedia.' The first reminder of the forsaken 'Faust' came from the poet who had commenced his career as the most powerful leader of that "Sturm und Drang" period, upon which Goethe already looked down, as upon a "Dunst- und Nebelweg" (a fog and vapour-way). To the poet of 'Iphigenia' and 'Tasso,' Schiller's youthful works, dramas like the 'Robbers' and Fiesco,' must have appeared as a relapse into that spiritual ferment which in the course of his development he had outlived and subdued. In the estrangement which he felt from his own 'Faust,' some of the same motives were operative, which formed the gulf between himself and Schiller. This gulf was eventually bridged over, and a relation of the rarest and purest kind was established between the two poets, a league of personal friendship, reciprocal encouragement, and combined productivity. They were the last ten years of Schiller's life. With a fulness of noble and grateful remembrance Goethe, in the epilogue to 'The Bell,' has celebrated this period, and the memory of his exalted friend.

This was the poet who reminded Goethe of his 'Faust,' and who with his counsel was present at the resurrection and transformation of the poem. Soon after their first personal intercourse, Schiller, in a letter written in November, 1794, touches upon this subject:— "With true longing would I read the fragments of your Faust which are still unprinted, for I confess to you that which I have read of this piece appears to me like the Torso of Hercules. There reign in these scenes a power and a fulness of genius which unmistakeably reveal the master, and I would follow as far as possible the great and bold nature which breathes therein." We are reminded of what Lessing had formerly felt respecting the old German Faust-drama:—"There are scenes therein which only a Shakespearian genius could have conceived." So Schiller now feels

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respecting Goethe's 'Faust.' And how does Goethe reply? On December 2, 1794, he writes:—"Of 'Faust' at present I can communicate nothing; I do not venture to untie the packet which contains it. I could not transcribe without remodelling it, and thereto I feel within me no courage. Can anything prevail with me at some future time to undertake the work, it is your sympathy." In the August of the following year he promises "something from 'Faust'" for the December number of the 'Horen,' and Schiller repeats his entreaty August 17, 1795. This something remained unprinted. Goethe cannot yet bring himself to approach this subject. "It is with me in this matter," he says, "as with a powder which has precipitated itself from a solvent; so long as you shake, it seems once more to unite; as soon as I am left to myself, it subsides gradually to the bottom."

At length there comes a disposition favourable to 'Faust,' it is awakened amid the poetical efforts wherein the two friends worked in rivalry for the 'Musenalmanach.' "Our ballad-study, wrote Goethe, June 22, 1797, "has again brought me upon this 'Dunst- und Nebelweg.' The plan itself," such are his words, "is only an idea. I have now undertaken this idea and its realization, and am tolerably in harmony with myself respecting it." He desires now the counsel of his friend. Schiller, in a sleepless night, may think the matter over and communicate to him the demands which he should make upon 'Faust' as a whole. "Relate and interpret to me, like a true prophet, my own dream." Schiller writes in reply: "I will endeavour to recover your threads, and if this does not succeed, I will realize to myself as if I had accidentally found the fragments of 'Faust,' and were required to carry them out." "Because the fable passes and must pass into the formless, it will be necessary to pass from the object to the idea. In short, the demands upon 'Faust' are at the same time philosophical and poetical, and you may turn as you will, the nature of the subject will impose upon you a philosophical treatment." Schiller rightly adds to these words: "In this I do not certainly say to you anything new." The philosophical *reconstruction* was already in progress. During the days of this interchange of ideas with Schiller, Goethe composed the prologue in heaven, the dedication, the prologue in the theatre, and also the intermezzo of 'Oberon and Titania's Marriage.' The prologue in heaven embodies the fundamental idea which underlies

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the new Faust-poem; this new poem had now to be combined with the already-published fragment, while the latter had to be expanded and brought into harmony with the later portion of the work. At this time his interest in art was again reawakened, and he wrote his admirable Essay on the Laocoon. On the 1st of July, 1797, he wrote to Schiller that he had made some progress with the revision of 'Faust,' but that "architecture had exorcised these airy phantoms." In the same month he made his third tour in Switzerland, where he collected material for an epic on William Tell, to which he felt more strongly drawn than to 'Faust.' The project of the epic was, however, abandoned; "he handed it over to Schiller for his drama on that subject, giving him, at the same time, his idea of the character of Tell, and the studies of localities."

In the spring of 1798, Schiller again recalled his attention to 'Faust;' it was resumed in 1800, and early in the following year the long-meditated task was completed.

The concluding scenes of the second part were probably composed at the same time. These scenes may be characterised as the gospel of man's redemption through noble work; they carry out the fundamental idea underlying the prologue in heaven, namely, the final deliverance of Faust from the power of Mephistopheles. The first part as it now lies before us appeared in Easter, 1808. Here ends the second period in the development of Faust (1700–1808).

After Schiller's death Goethe appeared to have abandoned the prosecution and completion of the poem. How profoundly he was affected by that event is seen from his correspondence: "The half of my existence is gone from me," he wrote to Zelter. "My diary," he says, "is a blank at this period; the white pages intimate the blank in my existence. In those days I took no interest in anything."*

On the resumption of his literary activity, other works occupied his attention; it will be sufficient to mention 'The Natural Daughter,' 'The Wander-year,' 'The Elective Affinities,' 'The Autobiography,' 'The West-Oestliche Divan.'

Half a century had elapsed since the original conception of the poem, when in July 1824 Goethe applied himself to its continuation and completion. In the centre of the second part stands the

* Quoted from Lewes's 'Life of Goethe.'

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'Helena.' This poem was commenced at an early period of the poet's life, some scenes having been read by him to the Duchess Amalia in 1780; it was resumed in the summer of the year 1800, during a residence at Jena, and was so far carried forward that he could read a succession of scenes to Schiller. For a quarter of a century the poem was laid aside, and then in the first months of the year 1826, under the impression produced by the Greek Liberation War, was suddenly brought to a conclusion. It was published the following year, under the title: 'Helena, Classical-romantic Phantasmagoria, Interlude to Faust.' The last act had been already composed; when Sulpiz Boisserée, during the August of 1815, in constant intercourse with Goethe, inquired respecting the termination of 'Faust,' the poet answered: "I say it not, I dare not say it, but it is already finished, and in very good and grand style, out of the best period." A year after the publication of the 'Helena' a second fragment appeared, containing the opening scene of the second part, and a considerable portion of the first act. Early in the year 1831 he could announce to his friends that the first and second acts were completed. The work had been interrupted by the sorrow of bereavement; the death of the Duke, "whom he affectionately styled, his brother in arms," July 14, 1828, was followed by that of his only son, who, October 30, 1830, died in Rome. This blow nearly cost him his life. A violent hæmorrhage in the lungs was the result. One problem still remained, the completion of the fourth act of 'Faust.' In the deepest retirement of his garden-house he applied himself to the task, and on July 20, 1831, the great work was finally achieved.

If from the history of 'Faust' we turn to its contents, we shall find that it consists of two poems, each of which, though welded together by the genius of the poet, bears the impress of its own individuality. In Faust's monologue in the vaulted chamber we recognize the features of the mediæval magician; soon, however, an element unknown to the popular legend blends with the familiar type. This new element characterised the German "Sturm und Drang" period, whose motto was (Urnatur gegen Unnatur), the natural against the unnatural; faith in Nature had gone forth like a new gospel proclaimed by the fiery genius of Rousseau. Faust once more reflects the genius of the age, and, in his passionate revolt against empty book-learning, worn-out creeds, and rotten formulas,

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yearns for more direct communion with Nature. He opens the mysterious volume of Nostradamus, and gazes with sympathetic admiration upon the harmonious working of celestial powers revealed to his spiritual gaze. His rapture, however, endures but for a moment; contemplation alone cannot satisfy the craving of his soul:—

"Where shall I grasp thee, infinite Nature, where?"

He sees the sign of the Earth-spirit, and exclaims:—

"Earth-spirit, thou to me art nigher,
E'en now my strength is rising higher,
E'en now I glow as with new wine;
Courage I feel, abroad the world to dare,
The woe of earth, the bliss of earth to bear,
To mingle with the lightning's glare,
And mid the crashing shipwreck not despair."

With passionate eagerness he invokes the Earth-spirit; the genius of nature and of humanity; his invocation is no cabalistic formula; it is the resistless power of the human will, possessed by a vehement desire, which presses on to its fulfilment. The spirit responds to his appeal and reveals himself in such fulness of fiery splendour that, for the moment, Faust shrinks back appalled. In the consciousness of inherent power, however, he quickly mans himself, and stands face to face with the spirit:—

"Shall I yield, thing of flame, to thee?
Faust, and thine equal, I am he."

He yearns to live the life of the Earth-spirit, to come under the sway of mighty passions, to heap upon his bosom the bliss and woe of humanity. The egotist, however, who would plunge into the sea of life, in order to quench his individual thirst, does not seize the world, but is seized by it, is carried away by the current, and cast helpless to the ground. Blinded by self-will he becomes possessed by that demoniacal arrogance which bids defiance to the everlasting laws; the necessary issue of this conflict is tragic fate; this arrogance and this fate are the Hybris and the Nemesis of the ancients. This fate Faust is to experience till, shattered in his inmost being, he exclaims: "Would I had ne'er been born!" This was the fun-

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damental theme of the first Faust-tragedy, which did not exclude the idea of the hero's final restoration. Of the Earth-spirit we find no trace in the later poem; though appearing only in the opening scene of the original poem, it was evidently intended by the poet that he should play a more important part; this is manifest from Faust's monologue in the wood; the exalted spirit there invoked is the Earth-spirit; he had bestowed upon Faust everything for which he had implored, had satisfied the very wish which, on his first appearance, he had refused. The Mephistopheles of the earlier poem is, moreover, no devil in the diabolical sense, such as is introduced in the prologue in heaven; he is a demon given as a companion to Faust by the Earth-spirit, whose commission he fulfils; this subordinate character of Mephistopheles appears also in the scene towards the conclusion of the first part, where Faust is hastening from the Brocken to deliver Gretchen. He may be regarded as the impersonation of that selfish egoism which sneers, in utter unbelief, at the higher aspirations of the human soul.

If we now turn to the prologue in heaven, with which, in the middle of the year 1797, Goethe began the recomposition of his work, we shall find in the words addressed by the Lord to Mephistopheles the fundamental theme of the new poem.

> "Divert
> This mortal spirit from his primal source;
> Him canst thou seize, thy power exert,
> And lead him on thy downward course,
> Then stand abash'd, when thou perforce must own,
> A good man, in the direful grasp of ill,
> His consciousness of right retaineth still."

This theme, of everlasting interest, the probation, fall, and ultimate restoration of the struggling human soul, pervades the poem, underlying its varied and complicated elements. The insatiable thirst for knowledge had formed a characteristic feature of the mediæval Faust, the celestial voice, in Lessing's prologue, proclaiming to the devils, "Ye shall not prevail," had stamped the thirst for truth as a divine, not a diabolical impulse: in the words above quoted, Goethe recognizes conscience as one of the deepest instincts of the human soul; the inward compass pointing to the True and Right, which, notwithstanding its aberrations, can never be ulti-

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mately diverted from the pole. The varied energies, intellectual and moral, which are the birthright of humanity, can, however, only have free scope amid the manifold trials and temptations of this world; this thought necessitates the introduction of the tempter. Here Goethe returns to the popular tradition; Mephistopheles is introduced as Satan, who is permitted by the Lord of Heaven to endeavour to divert the spirit of Faust from its original source, and to lead it on the downward way.

Faust, baffled in his attempt to solve the problem of the universe, curses in his despair the lofty aspirations of his higher nature; he yields to the tempter and, in the vain desire to still the craving of his soul, plunges into the depths of sensual gratification. He is permanently lost, however, only on one condition; namely, the subjugation of the higher to the lower elements of his being, the permanent triumph of self-indulgence over aspiration and effort. Hence in Goethe's poem Faust's ultimate doom appears uncertain to the last, and not, as in the popular tradition, predetermined at the expiration of a given term. With regard to signing the compact with a drop of blood Goethe is careful sharply to define the difference between the popular tradition and his own poem. Here the compact is not fearful but absurd; its object being Faust's inmost nature, if he loses the wager he has lost himself, and all is over; it is ridiculous to promise with signature and seal that something shall happen which has already come to pass. When at the close of life he appears verbally to have lost the wager, he has in reality won it. His satisfaction consists, not in the gratification of his lower appetites, but in a nature elevated through the exercise of its noblest powers. He finds happiness in redeeming from the elements an extended region which, through his exertion, is transformed into a sphere for human activity and well-being.

He has found his true vocation in labouring for humanity, and in imagination contemplates with joy the harvest which he has sown, and which others will reap.

Mr. Lewes also recognizes "that the solution of the Faust problem is embodied in his dying speech: the toiling soul, after trying in various directions of *individual* effort and *individual* gratification, and finding therein no peace, is finally conducted to the recognition of the vital truth that man lives for man, and that only in as far as he is working for humanity, can his efforts bring permanent happi-

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ness" Such a consummation is no triumph for the devil. Faust has won immortality, and is borne aloft by angels with the triumphant song:—

"Saved is this noble soul from ill,
Our spirit-peer. Who ever
Strives forward with unswerving will,
Him can we aye deliver;
And if with him celestial love
Hath taken part,—to meet him
Come down the angels from above;
With cordial hail they greet him."

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THE INTERMEZZO.

[*Page* 150.]

As without some key this scene is utterly incomprehensible to the English reader, a brief notice of some of the allusions it contains is here subjoined; they are dwelt upon at greater length in Düntzer's work.

It may be regarded as a kind of satirical *jeu d'esprit*, and consists of a series of epigrams, directed against a variety of false tendencies in art, literature, religion, philosophy, and political life.

The introductory stanzas are founded upon the Midsummer Night's Dream, and Wieland's Oberon. To celebrate the reconciliation of the fairy king and queen a grotesque assemblage of figures appears upon the stage. Common-place musicians, and poetasters, having no conception that every poem must be an organic whole, are satirised as the bagpipe, the embryo spirit and the little pair. Then follows a series of epigrams, having reference to the plastic arts, and directed against that false pietism and affected purity which would take a narrow and one-sided view of artistical creations. Nicolai, the sworn enemy of ghosts and Jesuits, is introduced as the inquisitive traveller, and Stolberg, who severely criticised Schiller's poem, "The Gods of Greece," is alluded to in the couplet headed "Orthodox."

Hennings, the editor of two literary journals, entitled the Musaget, and the Genius of the Age, had attacked the Xenien, a series of epigrams, published jointly by Goethe and Schiller; Goethe, in retaliation, makes him confess his own unfitness to be a leader of the Muses, and his readiness to assign a place on the German Parnassus to any one who was willing to bow to his authority.

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Nicolai again appears as the inquisitive traveller, and Lavater is said to be alluded to as the crane. The metaphysical philosophers are next the objects of the poet's satire; allusion is made to the bitter hostility manifested by the contending schools, the characteristics of which are so well known that it is needless to dwell upon them here. The philosophers are succeeded by the politicians; "the knowing ones," who, in the midst of political revolutions, manage to keep in with the ruling party, are contrasted with those unfortunate individuals who are unable to accommodate themselves to the new order of things. In revolutionary times also, parvenus are raised to positions of eminence, while worthless notabilities, deprived of their hereditary splendour, are unable to maintain their former dignified position. "The massive ones" typify the men of the revolution, the leaders of the people, who, heedless of intervening obstacles, march straight on to their destined goal. Puck and Ariel, who had introduced the shadowy procession, again make their appearance, and the fairy pageant vanishes into air.

What relation this fantastic assemblage bears to Faust is not immediately obvious, unless, indeed, as Düntzer suggests, the poet meant to shadow forth the various distractions with which Mephistopheles endeavours to dissipate the mind of Faust, who had turned with disgust from the witch-society of the Brocken.

N.B.—*For Annotations to the* SECOND PART *of* "FAUST," *see page* 419.

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DEDICATION.

Dim forms, ye hover near, a shadowy train,
As erst upon my troubled sight ye stole.
Say, shall I strive to hold you once again?
Still for the fond illusion yearns my soul?
Ye press around! Come then, resume your reign,
As upwards from the vapoury mist ye roll;
Within my breast youth's throbbing pulses bound,
Fann'd by the magic air that breathes your march around.

Shades fondly loved appear, your train attending,
And visions fair of many a blissful day;
First-love and friendship their fond accents blending,
Like to some ancient, half expiring lay;
Sorrow revives, her wail of anguish sending
Back o'er life's devious labyrinthine way,
The dear ones naming who, in life's fair morn,
By Fate beguiled, from my embrace were torn.

They hearken not unto my later song,
The souls to whom my earlier lays I sang;
Dispersed for ever is the friendly throng,
Mute are the voices that responsive rang.
My song resoundeth stranger crowds among,
E'en their applause is to my heart a pang;
And those who heard me once with joyful heart,
If yet they live, now wander far apart.

A strange unwonted yearning doth my soul,
To yon calm solemn spirit-land, upraise;
In faltering cadence now my numbers roll,
As when, on harp Æolian, Zephyr plays;
My pulses thrill, tears flow without control,
A tender mood my steadfast heart o'ersways;
What I possess as from afar I see;
Those I have lost become realities to me.

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PROLOGUE FOR THE THEATRE.

MANAGER. DRAMATIC POET. MERRYMAN.

MANAGER.

Ye twain, whom I so oft have found
True friends in trouble and distress,
Say, in our scheme on German ground,
What prospect have we of success?
Fain would I please the public, win their thanks;
Because they live and let live, as is meet.
The posts are now erected and the planks,
And all look forward to a festal treat.
Their places taken, they, with eyebrows rais'd,
Sit patiently, and fain would be amaz'd.
I know the art to hit the public taste,
Yet so perplex'd I ne'er have been before;
'Tis true, they're not accustom'd to the best,
But then they read immensely, that's the bore.
How make our entertainment striking, new,
And yet significant and pleasing too?
For to be plain, I love to see the throng,
As to our booth the living tide progresses;
As wave on wave successive rolls along,
And through heaven's narrow portal forceful presses;
Still in broad daylight, ere the clock strikes four,
With blows their way towards the box they take;
And, as for bread in famine, at the baker's door,
For tickets are content their necks to break.
Such various minds the bard alone can sway,
My friend, oh work this miracle to-day!

POET.

Oh speak not of the motley multitude,
At whose aspect the spirit wings its flight;
Shut out the noisy crowd, whose vortex rude
Still draws us downward with resistless might.
Lead to some nook, where silence loves to brood,
Where only for the bard blooms pure delight,

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Where love and friendship, gracious heavenly pair,
Our hearts true bliss create, and tend with fostering care.
What there up-welleth deep within the breast,
What there the timid lip shap'd forth in sound,
A failure now, now haply well expressed,
In the wild tumult of the hour is drown'd;
Oft doth the perfect form then first invest
The poet's thought, when years have sped their round;
What dazzles satisfies the present hour,
The genuine lives, of coming years the dower.

MERRYMAN.

This cant about posterity I hate;
About posterity were I to prate,
Who then the living would amuse? For they
Will have diversion, ay, and 'tis their due.
A sprightly fellow's presence at your play,
Methinks, should always go for something too;
Whose genial wit the audience still inspires,
Is not embittered by its changeful mood;
A wider circle he desires,
To move with greater power, the multitude.
To work, then! Prove a master in your art!
Let phantasy with all her choral train,
Sense, reason, feeling, passion, bear their part,
But mark! let folly also mingle in the strain!

MANAGER.

And, chief, let incidents enough arise!
A show they want, they come to feast their eyes.
When stirring scenes before them are display'd,
At which the gaping crowd may wondering gaze,
Your reputation is already made,
The man you are all love to praise.
The masses you alone through masses can subdue,
Each then selects in time what suits his bent.
Bring much, you somewhat bring to not a few,
And from the house goes every one content.
You give a piece, in pieces give it, friend!
Such a ragout, success must needs attend;
'Tis easy to serve up, as easy to invent.

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A finish'd whole what boots it to present!
'Twill be in pieces by the public rent.

POET.

How mean such handicraft as this you cannot feel!
How it revolts the genuine artist's mind!
The sorry trash in which these coxcombs deal,
Is here approved on principle, I find.

MANAGER.

Such a reproof disturbs me not a whit!
Who on efficient work is bent,
Must choose the fittest instrument.
Consider! 'tis soft wood you have to split;
Think too for whom you write, I pray!
One comes to while an hour away;
One from the festive board, a sated guest;
Others, more dreaded than the rest,
From journal-reading hurry to the play.
As to a masquerade, with absent minds, they press,
Sheer curiosity their footsteps winging;
Ladies display their persons and their dress,
Actors unpaid their service bringing.
What dreams beguile you on your poet's height?
What puts a full house in a merry mood?
More closely view your patrons of the night!
The half are cold, the other half are rude.
One, the play over, craves a game of cards;
Another a wild night in wanton joy would spend.
Poor fool, the muses' fair regards
Why court for such a paltry end?
I tell you, give them more, still more, 'tis all I ask,
Thus you will ne'er stray widely from the goal;
Your audience seek to mystify, cajole;—
To satisfy them—that's a harder task.
What ails thee? art enraptured or distressed?

POET.

Depart! elsewhere another servant choose!
What! shall the bard his godlike power abuse?
Man's loftiest right, kind nature's high bequest,
For your mean purpose basely sport away?

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Whence comes his mastery o'er the human breast,
Whence o'er the elements his sway,
But from the harmony that, gushing from his soul,
Draws back into his heart the wondrous whole?
When round her spindle, with unceasing drone,
Nature still whirls th' unending thread of life;
When Being's jarring crowds, together thrown,
Mingle in harsh inextricable strife;
Who deals their course unvaried till it falls,
In rhythmic flow to music's measur'd tone?
Each solitary note whose genius calls,
To swell the mighty choir in unison?
Who in the raging storm sees passion lour,
Or flush of earnest thought in evening's glow,
Who, in the springtide, every fairest flower
Along the loved one's path would strow?
From green and common leaves whose hand doth twine,
The wreath of glory, won in every field?
Makes sure Olympos, blends the powers divine?—
Man's mighty spirit, in the bard reveal'd!

MERRYMAN.

Come then, employ your lofty inspiration,
And carry on the poet's avocation,
Just as we carry on a love affair.
Two meet by chance, are pleased, they linger there,
Insensibly are link'd, they scarce know how;
Fortune seems now propitious, adverse now,
Then come alternate rapture and despair;
And 'tis a true romance ere one's aware.
Just such a drama let us now compose.
Plunge boldly into life—its depths disclose!
Each lives it, not to many is it known,
'Twill interest wheresoever seiz'd and shown;
Bright pictures, but obscure their meaning:
A ray of truth through error gleaming,
Thus you the best elixir brew,
To charm mankind, and edify them too.
Then youth's fair blossoms crowd to view your play,
And wait as on an oracle; while they,
The tender souls, who love the melting mood,

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Suck from your work their melancholy food;
Now this one, and now that, you deeply stir,
Each sees the working of his heart laid bare;
Their tears, their laughter, you command with ease
The lofty still they honour, the illusive love,
Your finish'd gentlemen you ne'er can please;
A growing mind alone will grateful prove.

POET.

Then give me back youth's golden prime,
When my own spirit too was growing,
When from my heart th' unbidden rhyme
Gush'd forth, a fount for ever flowing;
Then shadowy mist the world conceal'd,
And every bud sweet promise made,
Of wonders yet to be reveal'd,
As through the vales, with blooms inlaid,
Culling a thousand flowers I stray'd.
Naught had I, yet a rich profusion;
The thirst for truth, joy in each fond illusion.
Give me unquell'd those impulses to prove;—
Rapture so deep, its ecstasy was pain,
The power of hate, the energy of love,
Give me, oh give me back my youth again!

MERRYMAN.

Youth, my good friend, you certainly require
When foes in battle round you press,
When a fair maid, her heart on fire,
Hangs on your neck with fond caress,
When from afar, the victor's crown,
Allures you in the race to run;
Or when in revelry you drown
Your sense, the whirling dance being done.
But the familiar chords among
Boldly to sweep, with graceful cunning,
While to its goal, the verse along
Its winding path is sweetly running;
This task is yours, old gentlemen, to-day;
Nor are you therefore in less reverence held;
Age does not make us childish, as folk say,
It finds us genuine children e'en in eld.

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MANAGER.

A truce to words, mere empty sound,
Let deeds at length appear, my friends!
While idle compliments you round,
You might achieve some useful ends.
Why talk of the poetic vein?
Who hesitates will never know it;
If bards ye are, as ye maintain,
Now let your inspiration show it.
To you is known what we require,
Strong drink to sip is our desire;
Come, brew me such without delay!
To-morrow sees undone, what happens not to-day;
Still forward press, nor ever tire!
The possible, with steadfast trust,
Resolve should by the forelock grasp;
Then she will ne'er let go her clasp,
And labours on, because she must.

On German boards, you're well aware,
The taste of each may have full sway;
Therefore in bringing out your play,
Nor scenes nor mechanism spare!
Heaven's lamps employ, the greatest and the least,
Be lavish of the stellar lights,
Water, and fire, and rocky heights,
Spare not at all, nor birds nor beast.
Thus let creation's ample sphere
Forthwith in this our narrow booth appear,
And with considerate speed, through fancy's spell,
Journey from heaven, thence through the world, to hell!

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PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

THE LORD. THE HEAVENLY HOSTS. *Afterwards* MEPHISTOPHELES.

The three Archangels come forward.

RAPHAEL.

Still quiring as in ancient time
With brother spheres in rival song,
The sun with thunder-march sublime
Moves his predestin'd course along.
Angels are strengthen'd by his sight,
Though fathom him no angel may;
Resplendent are the orbs of light,
As on creation's primal day.

GABRIEL.

And lightly spins earth's gorgeous sphere,
Swifter than thought its rapid flight;
Alternates Eden-brightness clear,
With solemn, dread-inspiring night;
The foaming waves, with murmurs hoarse,
Against the rocks' deep base are hurl'd;
And in the sphere's eternal course
Are rocks and ocean swiftly whirl'd.

MICHAEL.

And rival tempests rush amain
From sea to land, from land to sea,
And raging form a wondrous chain
Of deep mysterious agency;
Full in the thunder's fierce career,
Flaming the swift destructions play;
But, Lord, thy messengers revere
The mild procession of thy day.

THE THREE.

Angels are strengthened by thy sight,
Though fathom thee no angel may;
Thy works still shine with splendour bright,
As on creation's primal day.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Since thou, O Lord, approachest us once more,
And how it fares with us, to ask art fain,
Since then hast kindly welcom'd me of yore,
Thou see'st me also now among thy train.
Excuse me, fine harangues I cannot make,
Though all the circle look on me with scorn;
My pathos soon thy laughter would awake,
Hadst thou the laughing mood not long forsworn.
Of suns and worlds I nothing have to say,
I see alone mankind's self-torturing pains.
The little world-gold still the self-same stamp retains,
And is as wondrous now as on the primal day.
Better he might have fared, poor wight,
Hadst thou not given him a gleam of heavenly light;
Reason he names it, and doth so
Use it, than brutes more brutish still to grow.
With deference to your grace, he seems to me
Like any like long-legged grasshopper to be,
Which ever flies, and flying springs,
And in the grass its ancient ditty sings.
Would he but always in the grass repose!
In every heap of dung he thrusts his nose.

THE LORD.

Hast thou naught else to say? Is blame
In coming here, as ever, thy sole aim?
Does nothing on the earth to thee seem right?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, Lord! I find things there in miserable plight.
Men's wretchedness in sooth I so deplore,
Not even I would plague the sorry creatures more.

THE LORD.

Know'st thou my servant, Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The doctor?

THE LORD.

Right.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

He serves thee in strange fashion, as I think.
Poor fool! Not earthly is his food or drink.
An inward impulse hurries him afar,
Himself half conscious of his frenzied mood;
From heaven claimeth he its brightest star,
And from the earth craves every highest good,
And all that's near, and all that's far,
Fails to allay the tumult in his blood.

THE LORD.

Though now he serves me with imperfect sight,
I will ere long conduct him to the light.
The gard'ner knoweth, when the green appears,
That flowers and fruit will crown the coming years.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What wilt thou wager? Him thou yet shall lose,
If leave to me thou wilt but give,
Gently to lead him as I choose!

THE LORD.

So long as he on earth doth live,
So long 'tis not forbidden thee.
Man still must err, while he doth strive.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I thank you; for not willingly
I traffic with the dead, and still aver
That youth's plump blooming cheek I very much prefer.
I'm not at home to corpses; 'tis my way,
Like cats with captive mice to toy and play.

THE LORD.

Enough! 'tis granted thee! Divert
This mortal spirit from his primal source;
Him, canst thou seize, thy power exert
And lead him on thy downward course,
Then stand abash'd, when thou perforce must own,
A good man, in the direful grasp of ill,
His consciousness of right retaineth still.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Agreed!—the wager will be quickly won.
For my success no fears I entertain;
And if my end I finally should gain,
Excuse my triumphing with all my soul.
Dust he shall eat, ay, and with relish take,
As did my cousin, the renownèd snake.

THE LORD.

Here too thou'rt free to act without control;
I ne'er have cherished hate for such as thee.
Of all the spirits who deny,
The scoffer is least wearisome to me.
Ever too prone is man activity to shirk,
In unconditioned rest he fain would live;
Hence this companion purposely I give,
Who stirs, excites, and must, as devil, work.
But ye, the genuine sons of heaven, rejoice!
In the full living beauty still rejoice!
May that which works and lives, the ever-growing,
In bonds of love enfold you, mercy-fraught,
And Seeming's changeful forms, around you flowing,
Do ye arrest, in ever-during thought, !

(*Heaven closes, the Archangels disperse.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*alone*).

The ancient one I like sometimes to see,
And not to break with him am always civil;
'Tis courteous in so great a lord as he,
To speak so kindly even to the devil.

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THE FIRST PART

OF

THE TRAGEDY OF FAUST.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Characters in the Prologue for the Theatre.

THE MANAGER.
THE DRAMATIC POET.
MERRYMAN.

Characters in the Prologue in Heaven.

THE LORD.
RAPHAEL, GABRIEL, MICHAEL } The Heavenly Host.
MEPHISTOPHELES.

Characters in the Tragedy.

FAUST.
MEPHISTOPHELES.
WAGNER, a Student.
MARGARET.
MARTHA, Margaret's Neighbour.
VALENTINE, Margaret's Brother.
OLD PEASANT.
A STUDENT.
ELIZABETH, an Acquaintance of Margaret's.
FROSCH, BRANDER, SIEBEL, ALTMAYER } Guests in Auerbach's Wine Cellar.

Witches, old and young; Wizards, Will-o'-the-wisp, Witch Pedlar Protophantasmist. Servibilis, Monkeys, Spirits, Journeymen Country-folk, Citizens, Beggar, Old Fortune-teller, Shepherd, Soldier, Students, &c.

In the Intermezzo.

OBERON. | ARIEL.
TITANIA. | PUCK, &c. &c.

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Night.

A high vaulted narrow Gothic chamber.

FAUST, *restless, seated at his desk.*

FAUST.

I have, alas! Philosophy,
Medicine, Jurisprudence too,
And to my cost Theology,
With ardent labour, studied through.
And here I stand, with all my lore,
Poor fool, no wiser than before.
Magister, doctor styled, indeed,
Already these ten years I lead,
Up, down, across, and to and fro,
My pupils by the nose,—and learn,
That we in truth can nothing know!
This in my heart like fire doth burn.
'Tis true, I've more cunning than all your dull tribe,
Magister and doctor, priest, parson, and scribe;
Scruple or doubt comes not to enthrall me,
Neither can devil nor hell now appal me—
Hence also my heart must all pleasure forego!
I may not pretend, aught rightly to know,
I may not pretend, through teaching, to find
A means to improve or convert mankind.
Then I have neither goods nor treasure,
No worldly honour, rank, or pleasure;
No dog in such fashion would longer live!
Therefore myself to magic I give,
In hope, through spirit-voice and might,
Secrets now veiled to bring to light,
That I no more, with aching brow,
Need speak of what I nothing know;
That I the force may recognise
That binds creation's inmost energies;
Her vital powers, her embryo seeds survey,
And fling the trade in empty words away.

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O full-orb'd moon, did but thy rays
Their last upon mine anguish gaze!
Beside this desk, at dead of night,
Oft have I watched to hail thy light:
Then, pensive friend! o'er book and scroll,
With soothing power, thy radiance stole!
In thy dear light, ah, might I climb,
Freely, some mountain height sublime,
Round mountain caves with spirits ride,
In thy mild haze o'er meadows glide,
And, purged from knowledge-fumes, renew
My spirit, in thy healing dew!

Woe's me! still prison'd in the gloom
Of this abhorr'd and musty room,
Where heaven's dear light itself doth pass,
But dimly through the painted glass!
Hemmed in by volumes thick with dust,
A prey to worms and mouldering rust,
And to the high vault's topmost bound,
With smoky paper compass'd round;
With boxes round thee piled, and glass,
And many a useless instrument,
With old ancestral lumber blent—
This is thy world! a world! alas!
And dost thou ask why heaves thy heart,
With tighten'd pressure in thy breast?
Why the dull ache will not depart,
By which thy life-pulse is oppress'd?
Instead of nature's living sphere,
Created for mankind of old,
Brute skeletons surround thee here,
And dead men's bones in smoke and mould.

Up! Forth into the distant land!
Is not this book of mystery
By Nostradamus' proper hand,
An all-sufficient guide? Thou'lt see
The courses of the stars unroll'd;
When nature doth her thoughts unfold
To thee, thy soul shall rise, and seek
Communion high with her to hold,

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As spirit doth with spirit speak!
Vain by dull poring to divine
The meaning of each hallow'd sign.
Spirits! I feel you hov'ring near;
Make answer, if my voice ye hear!
(*He opens the book and perceives the sign of the Macrocosmos.*)

Ah! at this spectacle through every sense,
What sudden ecstasy of joy is flowing!
I feel new rapture, hallow'd and intense,
Through every nerve and vein with ardour glowing.
Was it a god who character'd this scroll,
Which doth the inward tumult still,
The troubled heart with rapture fill,
And by a mystic impulse, to my soul,
Unveils the working of the wondrous whole?
Am I a God? What light intense!
In these pure symbols do I see,
Nature exert her vital energy.
Now of the wise man's words I learn the sense;
"Unlock'd the spirit-world doth lie;
Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead!
Up scholar, lave, with courage high,
Thine earthly breast in the morning-red!"
(*He contemplates the sign.*)

How all things live and work, and ever blending,
Weave one vast whole from Being's ample range!
How powers celestial, rising and descending,
Their golden buckets ceaseless interchange!
Their flight on rapture-breathing pinions winging,
From heaven to earth their genial influence bringing.
Through the wide sphere their chimes melodious ringing!

A wondrous show! but ah! a show alone!
Where shall I grasp thee, infinite nature, where?
Ye breasts, ye fountains of all life, whereon
Hang heaven and earth, from which the withered heart
For solace yearns, ye still impart

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Your sweet and fostering tides—where are ye—where?
Ye gush, and must I languish in despair?
(*He turns over the leaves of the book impatiently, and perceives the sign of the Earth-spirit.*)
How all unlike the influence of this sign!
Earth-spirit, thou to me art nigher,
E'en now my strength is rising higher,
E'en now I glow as with new wine;
Courage I feel, abroad the world to dare,
The woe of earth, the bliss of earth to bear,
To mingle with the lightnings' glare,
And mid the crashing shipwreck not despair.
Clouds gather over me—
The moon conceals her light—
The lamp is quench'd—
Vapours are rising—Quiv'ring round my head
Flash the red beams—Down from the vaulted roof
A shuddering horror floats,
And seizes me!
I feel it, spirit, prayer-compell'd, 'tis thou
Art hovering near!
Unveil thyself!
Ha! How my heart is riven now!
Each sense, with eager palpitation,
Is strain'd to catch some new sensation!
I feel my heart surrender'd unto thee!
Thou must! Thou must! Though life should be the fee!
(*He seizes the book, and pronounces mysteriously the sign of the spirit. A ruddy flame flashes up; the spirit appears in the flame.*)

SPIRIT.

Who calls me?

FAUST (*turning aside.*)

Dreadful shape!

SPIRIT.

With might,
Thou hast compell'd me to appear,
Long hast been sucking at my sphere,
And now—

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FAUST.

Woe's me! I cannot bear thy sight.

SPIRIT.

To know me thou did'st breathe thy prayer,
My voice to hear, to gaze upon my brow;
Me doth thy strong entreaty bow—
Lo! I am here!—What pitiful despair
Grasps thee, the demigod! Where's now the soul's deep cry?
Where is the breast, which in its depths a world conceiv'd,
And bore and cherish'd; which, with ecstasy,
To rank itself with us, the spirits, heav'd?
Where art thou, Faust? whose voice I heard resound,
Who towards me press'd with energy profound?
Art thou he? Thou,—whom thus my breath can blight
Whose inmost being with affright
Trembles, a crush'd and writhing worm!

FAUST.

Shall I yield, thing of flame, to thee?
Faust, and thine equal, I am he!

SPIRIT.

In the currents of life, in action's storm,
I float and I wave
With billowy motion!
Birth and the grave,
A limitless ocean,
A constant weaving
With change still rife,
A restless heaving,
A glowing life—
Thus time's whirring loom unceasing I ply,
And weave the life-garment of deity.

FAUST.

Thou, restless spirit, dost from end to end
O'ersweep the world; how near I feel to thee!

SPIRIT.

Thou'rt like the spirit, thou dost comprehend,
Not me! (*Vanishes.*)

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FAUST (*deeply moved*).

Not thee?
Whom then?
I, God's own image!
And not rank with these! (*A knock.*)
Oh death! I know it—'tis my famulus—
My fairest fortune now escapes!
That all these visionary shapes
A soulless groveller should banish thus!

(WAGNER *in his dressing-gown and night-cap, a lamp in his hand.* FAUST *turns round reluctantly.*)

WAGNER.

Pardon! I heard you here declaim;
A Grecian tragedy you doubtless read?
Improvement in this art is now my aim,
For now-a-days it much avails. Indeed
An actor, oft I've heard it said at least,
May give instruction even to a priest.

FAUST.

Ay, if your priest should be an actor too,
As not improbably may come to pass,

WAGNER.

When in his study pent the whole year through,
Man views the world, as through an optic glass,
On a chance holiday, and scarcely then,
How by persuasion can he govern men?

FAUST.

If feeling prompt not, if it doth not flow
Fresh from the spirit's depths, with strong control
Swaying to rapture every listener's soul,
Idle your toil; the chase you may forego!
Brood o'er your task! Together glue,
Cook from another's feast your own ragout,
Still prosecute your paltry game,
And fan your ash-heaps into flame!
Thus children's wonder you'll excite,
And apes', if such your appetite:
But that which issues from the heart alone,
Will bend the hearts of others to your own.

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WAGNER.

The speaker in delivery will find
Success alone; I still am far behind.

FAUST.

A worthy object still pursue!
Be not a hollow tinkling fool!
Sound understanding, judgment true,
Find utterance without art or rule;
And when with earnestness you speak,
Then is it needful cunning words to seek?
Your fine harangues, so polish'd in their kind,
Wherein the shreds of human thought ye twist,
Are unrefreshing as the empty wind,
Whistling through wither'd leaves and autumn mist!

WAGNER.

Oh Heavens! art is long and life is short!
Still as I prosecute with earnest zeal
The critic's toil, I'm haunted by this thought,
And vague misgivings o'er my spirit steal.
The very means how hardly are they won,
By which we to the fountains rise!
And, haply, ere one half the course is run,
Check'd in his progress, the poor devil dies.

FAUST.

Parchment, is that the sacred fount whence roll
Waters, he thirsteth not who once hath quaffed?
Oh, if it gush not from thine inmost soul,
Thou hast not won the life-restoring draught.

WAGNER.

Your pardon! 'tis delightful to transport
Oneself into the spirit of the past,
To see in times before us how a wise man thought,
And what a glorious height we have achieved at last.

FAUST.

Ay truly! even to the loftiest star!
To us, my friend, the ages that are pass'd
A book with seven seals, close-fasten'd, are;
And what the spirit of the times men call,

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Is merely their own spirit after all,
Wherein, distorted oft, the times are glass'd.
Then truly, 'tis a sight to grieve the soul!
At the first glance we fly it in dismay;
A very lumber-room, a rubbish-hole;
At best a sort of mock-heroic play,
With saws pragmatical, and maxims sage,
To suit the puppets and their mimic stage.

WAGNER.

But then the world and man, his heart and brain!
Touching these things all men would something know.

FAUST.

Ay! what 'mong men as knowledge doth obtain!
Who on the child its true name dares bestow?
The few who somewhat of these things have known,
Who their full hearts unguardedly reveal'd,
Nor thoughts, nor feelings, from the mob conceal'd,
Have died on crosses, or in flames been thrown.—
Excuse me, friend, far now the night is spent,
For this time we must say adieu.

WAGNER.

Still to watch on I had been well content,
Thus to converse so learnedly with you.
But as to-morrow will be Easter-day,
Some further questions grant, I pray;
With diligence to study still I fondly cling;
Already I know much, but would know everything. (*Exit.*)

FAUST (*alone*).

How he alone is ne'er bereft of hope,
Who clings to tasteless trash with zeal untir'd
Who doth, with greedy hand, for treasure grope,
And finding earth-worms, is with joy inspir'd!

And dare a voice of merely human birth,
E'en here, where shapes immortal throng'd, intrude?
Yet ah! thou poorest of the sons of earth,
For once, I e'en to thee feel gratitude.
Despair the power of sense did well-nigh blast,

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And thou didst save me ere I sank dismay'd;
So giant-like the vision seem'd, so vast,
I felt myself shrink dwarf'd as I survey'd!

I, God's own image, from this toil of clay
Already freed, with eager joy who hail'd
The mirror of eternal truth unveil'd,
Mid light effulgent and celestial day:—
I, more than cherub, whose unfetter'd soul
With penetrative glance aspir'd to flow
Through nature's veins, and, still creating, know
The life of gods,—how am I punish'd now!
One thunder-word hath hurl'd me from the goal!

Spirit! I dare not lift me to thy sphere.
What though my power compell'd thee to appear,
My art was powerless to detain thee here.
In that great moment, rapture-fraught,
I felt myself so small, so great;
Fiercely didst thrust me from the realm of thought
Back on humanity's uncertain fate!
Who'll teach me now? What ought I to forego?
Ought I that impulse to obey?
Alas! our every deed, as well as every woe,
Impedes the tenor of life's onward way!

E'en to the noblest by the soul conceiv'd,
Some feelings cling of baser quality;
And when the goods of this world are achiev'd,
Each nobler aim is term'd a cheat, a lie.
Our aspirations, our soul's genuine life,
Grow torpid in the din of earthly strife.

Though youthful phantasy, while hope inspires,
Stretch o'er the infinite her wing sublime,
A narrow compass limits her desires,
When wreck'd our fortunes in the gulf of time.
In the deep heart of man care builds her nest,
O'er secret woes she broodeth there,
Sleepless she rocks herself and scareth joy and rest;
Still is she wont some new disguise to wear,
She may as house and court, as wife and child appear,
As dagger, poison, fire and flood;

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Imagined evils chill thy blood,
And what thou ne'er shall lose, o'er that dost shed the tear.

I am not like the gods! Feel it I must;
I'm like the earth-worm, writhing in the dust,
Which, as on dust it feeds, its native fare,
Crushed 'neath the passer's tread, lies buried there.

Is it not dust, wherewith this lofty wall,
With hundred shelves, confines me round,
Rubbish, in thousand shapes, may I not call
What in this moth-world doth my being bound?
Here, what doth fail me, shall I find?
Read in a thousand tomes that, everywhere,
Self-torture is the lot of human-kind,
With but one mortal happy, here and there?
Thou hollow skull, that grin, what should it say,
But that thy brain, like mine, of old perplexed,
Still yearning for the truth, hath sought the light of day,
And in the twilight wander'd, sorely vexed?
Ye instruments, forsooth, ye mock at me,—
With wheel, and cog, and ring, and cylinder;
To nature's portals ye should be the key;
Cunning your wards, and yet the bolts ye fail to stir.
Inscrutable in broadest light,
To be unveil'd by force she doth refuse,
What she reveals not to thy mental sight,
Thou wilt not wrest from her with levers and with screws.
Old useless furnitures, yet stand ye here,
Because my sire ye served, now dead and gone.
Old scroll, the smoke of years dost wear,
So long as o'er this desk the sorry lamp hath shone.
Better my little means have squandered quite away,
Than burden'd by that little here to sweat and groan!
Wouldst thou possess thy heritage, essay,
By use to render it thine own!
What we employ not, but impedes our way,
That which the hour creates, that can it use alone!

But wherefore to yon spot is riveted my gaze?
Is yonder flasket there a magnet to my sight?

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Whence this mild radiance that around me plays,
As when, 'mid forest gloom, reigneth the moon's soft light?

Hail, precious phial! Thee, with reverent awe,
Down from thine old receptacle I draw!
Science in thee I hail and human art.
Essence of deadliest powers, refin'd and sure,
Of soothing anodynes abstraction pure,
Now in thy master's need thy grace impart!
I gaze on thee, my pain is lull'd to rest;
I grasp thee, calm'd the tumult in my breast;
The flood-tide of my spirit ebbs away;
Onward I'm summon'd o'er a boundless main,
Calm at my feet expands the glassy plain,
To shores unknown allures a brighter day.

Lo, where a car of fire, on airy pinion,
Comes floating towards me! I'm prepar'd to fly
By a new track through ether's wide dominion,
To distant spheres of pure activity.
This life intense, this godlike ecstasy—
Worm that thou art such rapture canst thou earn?
Only resolve with courage stern and high,
Thy visage from the radiant sun to turn;
Dare with determin'd will to burst the portals
Past which in terror others fain would steal!
Now is the time, through deeds, to show that mortals
The calm sublimity of gods can feel;
To shudder not at yonder dark abyss,
Where phantasy creates her own self-torturing brood,
Right onward to the yawning gulf to press,
Around whose narrow jaws rolleth hell's fiery flood;
With glad resolve to take the fatal leap,
Though danger threaten thee, to sink in endless sleep!

Pure crystal goblet, forth I draw thee now,
From out thine antiquated case, where thou
Forgotten hast reposed for many a year!
Oft at my father's revels thou didst shine,
To glad the earnest guests was thine,
As each to other passed the generous cheer.
The gorgeous brede of figures, quaintly wrought,

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Which he who quaff'd must first in rhyme expound,
Then drain the goblet at one draught profound,
Hath nights of boyhood to fond memory brought.
I to my neighbour shall not reach thee now,
Nor on thy rich device shall I my cunning show.
Here is a juice, makes drunk without delay;
Its dark brown flood thy crystal round doth fill;
Let this last draught, the product of my skill,
My own free choice, be quaff'd with resolute will,
A solemn festive greeting, to the coming day!

(*He places the goblet to his mouth.*)

(*The ringing of bells, and choral voices.*)

Chorus of ANGELS.

Christ is arisen!
Mortal, all hail to thee,
Thou whom mortality,
Earth's sad reality,
Held as in prison.

FAUST.

What hum melodious, what clear silvery chime,
Thus draws the goblet from my lips away?
Ye deep-ton'd bells, do ye with voice sublime,
Announce the solemn dawn of Easter-day?
Sweet choir! are ye the hymn of comfort singing,
Which once around the darkness of the grave,
From seraph-voices, in glad triumph ringing,
Of a new covenant assurance gave?

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

We, his true-hearted,
With spices and myrrh,
Embalmed the departed,
And swathed him with care;
Here we conveyed Him,
Our Master, so dear;
Alas! Where we laid Him,
The Christ is not here.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen!
Perfect through earthly ruth,

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Radiant with love and truth,
He to eternal youth
Soars from earth's prison.

FAUST.

Wherefore, ye tones celestial, sweet and strong,
Come ye a dweller in the dust to seek?
Ring out your chimes believing crowds among,
The message well I hear, my faith alone is weak;
From faith her darling, miracle, hath sprung.
Aloft to yonder spheres I dare not soar,
Whence sound the tidings of great joy;
And yet, with this sweet strain familiar when a boy,
Back it recalleth me to life once more.
Then would celestial love, with holy kiss,
Come o'er me in the Sabbath's stilly hour,
While, fraught with solemn meaning and mysterious power,
Chim'd the deep-sounding bell, and prayer was bliss;
A yearning impulse, undefin'd yet dear,
Drove me to wander on through wood and field;
With heaving breast and many a burning tear,
I felt with holy joy a world reveal'd.
Gay sports and festive hours proclaimed with joyous pealing,
This Easter hymn in days of old;
And fond remembrance now, doth me, with childlike feeling,
Back from the last, the solemn step, withhold.
O still sound on, thou sweet celestial strain!
The tear-drop flows,—Earth, I am thine again!

CHORUS OF DISCIPLES.

He whom we mourned as dead,
Living and glorious,
From the dark grave hath fled,
O'er death victorious;
Almost creative bliss
Waits on his growing powers;
Ah! Him on earth we miss;
Sorrow and grief are ours.
Yearning he left his own,

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Mid sore annoy ;
Ah ! we must needs bemoan,
Master, thy joy !

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen,
Redeem'd from decay.
The bonds which imprison
Your souls, rend away !
Praising the Lord with zeal,
By deeds that love reveal,
Like brethren true and leal
Sharing the daily meal,
To all that sorrow feel
Whisp'ring of heaven's weal,
Still is the master near,
Still is he here !

BEFORE THE GATE.

Promenaders of all sorts pass out.

ARTISANS.

Why choose ye that direction, pray?

OTHERS.

To the hunting-lodge we're on our way.

THE FIRST.

We towards the mill are strolling on.

A MECHANIC.

A walk to Wasserhof were best.

A SECOND.

The road is not a pleasant one.

THE OTHERS.

What will you do?

A THIRD.

I'll join the rest.

A FOURTH.

Let's up to Burghof, there you'll find good cheer,
The prettiest maidens and the best of beer,
And brawls of a prime sort.

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A FIFTH.

You scapegrace! How;
Your skin still itching for a row?
Thither I will not go, I loathe the place.

SERVANT GIRL.

No, no! I to the town my steps retrace.

ANOTHER.

Near yonder poplars he is sure to be.

THE FIRST.

And if he is, what matters it to me!
With you he'll walk, he'll dance with none but you,
And with your pleasures what have I to do?

THE SECOND.

To-day he will not be alone, he said
His friend would be with him, the curly-head.

STUDENT.

Why how those buxom girls step on!
Come, brother, we will follow them anon.
Strong beer, a damsel smartly dress'd,
Stinging tobacco,—these I love the best.

BURGHER'S DAUGHTER.

Look at those handsome fellows there!
'Tis really shameful, I declare,
The very best society they shun,
After those servant-girls forsooth, to run.

SECOND STUDENT (*to the first*).

Not quite so fast! for in our rear,
Two girls, well-dress'd, are drawing near;
Not far from us the one doth dwell,
And sooth to say, I like her well.
They walk demurely, yet you'll see,
That they will let us join them presently.

THE FIRST.

Not I! restraints of all kinds I detest.
Quick! let us catch the wild-game ere it flies,
The hand on Saturday the mop that plies,
Will on the Sunday fondle you the best.

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BURGHER.

No, this new Burgomaster, I like him not; each hour
He grows more arrogant, now that he's raised to power;
And for the town, what doth he do for it?
Are not things worse from day to day?
To more restraints we must submit;
And taxes more than ever pay.

BEGGAR (*sings*).

Kind gentlemen and ladies fair,
So rosy-cheek'd and trimly dress'd,
Be pleas'd to listen to my prayer,
Relieve and pity the distress'd.
Let me not vainly sing my lay!
His heart's most glad whose hand is free.
Now when all men keep holiday,
Should be a harvest-day to me.

ANOTHER BURGHER.

I know naught better on a holiday,
Than chatting about war and war's alarms,
When folk in Turkey are all up in arms,
Fighting their deadly battles far away,
We at the window stand, our glasses drain,
And watch adown the stream the painted vessels glide,
Then, blessing peace and peaceful times, again
Homeward we turn our steps at eventide.

THIRD BURGHER.

Ay, neighbour! So let matters stand for me!
There they may scatter one another's brains,
And wild confusion round them see—
So here at home in quiet all remains!

OLD WOMAN (*to the* BURGHERS' DAUGHTERS).

Heyday! How smart! The fresh young blood!
Who would not fall in love with you?
Not quite so proud! 'Tis well and good!
And what you wish, that I could help you to.

BURGHER'S DAUGHTER.

Come, Agatha! I care not to be seen
Walking in public with these witches. True,

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My future lover, last St. Andrew's E'en,
In flesh and blood she brought before my view.

ANOTHER.

And mine she show'd me also in the glass,
A soldier's figure, with companions bold:
I look around, I seek him as I pass,
In vain, his form I nowhere can behold.

SOLDIERS.

Fortress with turrets
Rising in air,
Damsel disdainful,
Haughty and fair,
These be my prey!
Bold is the venture,
Costly the pay!

Hark how the trumpet
Thither doth call us,
Where either pleasure
Or death may befall us.
Hail to the tumult!
Life's in the field!
Damsel and fortress
To us must yield.
Bold is the venture,
Costly the pay!
Gaily the soldier
Marches away.

FAUST *and* WAGNER.

FAUST.

Loosed from their fetters are streams and rills
Through the gracious spring-tide's all-quickening glow;
Hope's budding joy in the vale doth blow;
Old Winter back to the savage hills
Withdraweth his force, decrepid now.
Thence only impotent icy grains
Scatters he as he wings his flight,
Striping with sleet the verdant plains;
But the sun endureth no trace of white;

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Everywhere growth and movement are rife,
All things investing with hues of life:
Though flowers are lacking, varied of dye,
Their colours the motley throng supply.
Turn thee around, and from this height,
Back to the town direct thy sight.
Forth from the hollow, gloomy gate,
Stream forth the masses, in bright array.
Gladly seek they the sun to-day;
The Resurrection they celebrate:
For they themselves have risen, with joy,
From tenement sordid, from cheerless room,
From bonds of toil, from care and annoy,
From gable and roof's o'er-hanging gloom,
From crowded alley and narrow street,
And from the churches' awe-breathing night,
All now have issued into the light.
But look! how spreadeth on nimble feet
Through garden and field the joyous throng,
How o'er the river's ample sheet,
Many a gay wherry glides along;
And see, deep sinking in the tide,
Pushes the last boat now away.
E'en from yon far hill's path-worn side,
Flash the bright hues of garments gay.
Hark! Sounds of village mirth arise;
This is the people's paradise.
Both great and small send up a cheer;
Here am I man, I feel it here.

WAGNER.

Sir Doctor, in a walk with you
There's honour and instruction too;
Yet here alone I care not to resort,
Because I coarseness hate of every sort.
This fiddling, shouting, skittling, I detest;
I hate the tumult of the vulgar throng;
They roar as by the evil one possess'd,
And call it pleasure, call it song.

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PEASANTS (*under the linden-tree*).

Dance and song.

The shepherd for the dance was dress'd,
With ribbon, wreath, and coloured vest,
A gallant show displaying.
And round about the linden-tree,
They footed it right merrily.
Juchhe! Juchhe!
Juchheisa! Heisa! He!
So fiddle-bow was braying.

Our swain amidst the circle press'd,
He push'd a maiden trimly dress'd,
And jogg'd her with his elbow;
The buxom damsel turn'd her head,
"Now that's a stupid trick!" she said,
Juchhe! Juchhe!
Juchheisa! Heisa! He!
Don't be so rude, good fellow!

Swift in the circle they advance,
They dance to right, to left they dance,
The skirts abroad are swinging.
And they grow red, and they grow warm,
Elbow on hip, they arm in arm,
Juchhe! Juchhe!
Juchheisa! Heisa! He!
Rest, talking now or singing.

Don't make so free! How many a maid
Has been betroth'd and then betray'd;
And has repented after!
Yet still he flatter'd her aside,
And from the linden, far and wide,
Juchhe! Juchhe!
Juchheisa! Heisa! He!
Sound fiddle-bow and laughter.

OLD PEASANT.

Doctor, 'tis really kind of you,
To condescend to come this way,
A highly learned man like you,
To join our mirthful throng to-day.

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Our fairest cup I offer you,
Which we with sparkling drink have crown'd,
And pledging you, I pray aloud,
That every drop within its round,
While it your present thirst allays,
May swell the number of your days

FAUST.

I take the cup you kindly reach,
Thanks and prosperity to each!
(*The crowd gather round in a circle.*)

OLD PEASANT.

Ay, truly! 'tis well done, that you
Our festive meeting thus attend;
You, who in evil days of yore,
So often show'd yourself our friend!
Full many a one stands living here,
Who from the fever's deadly blast,
Your father rescu'd, when his skill
The fatal sickness stay'd at last.
A young man then, each house you sought,
Where reign'd the mortal pestilence.
Corpse after corpse was carried forth,
But still unscath'd you issued thence.
Sore then your trials and severe;
The Helper yonder aids the helper here.

ALL.

Heaven bless the trusty friend, and long
To help the poor his life prolong!

FAUST.

To Him above in homage bend,
Who prompts the helper and Who help doth send.
(*He proceeds with* WAGNER.)

WAGNER.

With what emotions must your heart o'erflow,
Receiving thus the reverence of the crowd!
Great man! How happy, who like you doth know
Such use for gifts by heaven bestow'd!
You to the son the father shows;
They press around, inquire, advance,

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Hush'd is the fiddle, check'd the dance.
Still where you pass they stand in rows,
And each aloft his bonnet throws,
They fall upon their knees, almost
As when there passeth by the Host.

FAUST.

A few steps further, up to yonder stone!
Here rest we from our walk. In times long past,
Absorb'd in thought, here oft I sat alone,
And disciplin'd myself with prayer and fast.
Then rich in hope, with faith sincere,
With sighs, and hands in anguish press'd,
The end of that sore plague, with many a tear,
From heaven's dread Lord, I sought to wrest.
These praises have to me a scornful tone.
Oh, could'st thou in my inner being read,
How little either sire or son,
Of such renown deserve the meed!
My sire, of good repute, and sombre mood,
O'er nature's powers and every mystic zone,
With honest zeal, but methods of his own,
With toil fantastic loved to brood;
His time in dark alchemic cell,
With brother adepts he would spend,
And there antagonists compel,
Through numberless receipts to blend.
A ruddy lion there, a suitor bold,
In tepid bath was with the lily wed.
Thence both, while open flames around them roll'd,
Were tortur'd to another bridal bed.
Was then the youthful queen descried
With many a hue, to crown the task;—
This was our medicine; the patients died,
"Who were restored?" none cared to ask.
With our infernal mixture thus, ere long,
These hills and peaceful vales among,
We rag'd more fiercely than the pest;
Myself the deadly poison did to thousands give;
They pined away, I yet must live,
To hear the reckless murderers blest.

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WAGNER.

Why let this thought your soul o'ercast?
Can man do more than with nice skill,
With firm and conscientious will,
Practise the art transmitted from the past?
If duly you revere your sire in youth,
His lore you gladly will receive;
In manhood, if you spread the bounds of truth,
Then may your son a higher goal achieve.

FAUST.

O blest, whom still the hope inspires,
To lift himself from error's turbid flood!
What a man knows not, he to use requires,
And what he knows, he cannot use for good.
But let not moody thoughts their shadow throw
O'er the calm beauty of this hour serene!
In the rich sunset see how brightly glow
Yon cottage homes, girt round with verdant green!
Slow sinks the orb, the day is now no more;
Yonder he hastens to diffuse new life.
Oh for a pinion from the earth to soar,
And after, ever after him to strive!
Then should I see the world below,
Bathed in the deathless evening-beams,
The vales reposing, every height a-glow,
The silver brooklets meeting golden streams.
The savage mountain, with its cavern'd side,
Bars not my godlike progress. Lo, the ocean,
Its warm bays heaving with a tranquil motion,
To my rapt vision opes its ample tide!
But now at length the god appears to sink;
A new-born impulse wings my flight,
Onward I press, his quenchless light to drink,
The day before me, and behind the night,
The pathless waves beneath, and over me the skies.
Fair dream, it vanish'd with the parting day!
Alas! that when on spirit-wing we rise,
No wing material lifts our mortal clay.
But 'tis our inborn impulse, deep and strong,
Upwards and onwards still to urge our flight,

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When far above us pours its thrilling song
The sky-lark, lost in azure light,
When on extended wing amain
O'er pine-crown'd height the eagle soars,
And over moor and lake, the crane
Still striveth towards its native shores.

WAGNER.

To strange conceits oft I myself must own,
But impulse such as this I ne'er have known:
Nor woods, nor fields, can long our thoughts engage,
Their wings I envy not the feather'd kind;
Far otherwise the pleasures of the mind,
Bear us from book to book, from page to page!
Then winter nights grow cheerful; keen delight
Warms every limb; and ah! when we unroll
Some old and precious parchment, at the sight
All heaven itself descends upon the soul.

FAUST.

Your heart by one sole impulse is possess'd;
Unconscious of the other still remain!
Two souls, alas! are lodg'd within my breast,
Which stuggle there for undivided reign:
One to the world, with obstinate desire,
And closely-cleaving organs, still adheres;
Above the mist, the other doth aspire,
With sacred vehemence, to purer spheres.
Oh, are there spirits in the air,
Who float 'twixt heaven and earth dominion wielding,
Stoop hither from your golden atmosphere,
Lead me to scenes, new life and fuller yielding!
A magic mantle did I but possess,
Abroad to waft me as on viewless wings,
I'd prize it far beyond the costliest dress,
Nor would I change it for the robe of kings.

WAGNER.

Call not the spirits who on mischief wait!
Their troop familiar, streaming through the air,
From every quarter threaten man's estate,
And danger in a thousand forms prepare!

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They drive impetuous from the frozen north,
With fangs sharp-piercing, and keen arrowy tongues;
From the ungenial east they issue forth,
And prey, with parching breath, upon your lungs;
If, wafted on the desert's flaming wing,
They from the south heap fire upon the brain,
Refreshment from the west at first they bring,
Anon to drown thyself and field and plain.
In wait for mischief, they are prompt to hear;
With guileful purpose our behests obey;
Like ministers of grace they oft appear,
And lisp like angels, to betray.
But let us hence! Grey eve doth all things blend,
The air grows chill, the mists descend!
'Tis in the evening first our home we prize—
Why stand you thus, and gaze with wondering eyes?
What in the gloom thus moves you?

FAUST.

Yon black hound
See'st thou, through corn and stubble scampering round?

WAGNER.

I've mark'd him long, naught strange in him I see!

FAUST.

Note him! What takest thou the brute to be?

WAGNER.

But for a poodle, whom his instinct serves
His master's track to find once more.

FAUST.

Dost mark how round us, with wide spiral curves,
He wheels, each circle closer than before?
And, if I err not, he appears to me
A fiery whirlpool in his track to leave.

WAGNER.

Naught but a poodle black of hue I see;
'Tis some illusion doth your sight deceive.

FAUST.

Methinks a magic coil our feet around,
He for a future snare doth lightly spread.

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WAGNER.

Around us as in doubt I see him shyly bound,
Since he two strangers seeth in his master's stead.

FAUST.

The circle narrows, he's already near!

WAGNER.

A dog dost see, no spectre have we here;
He growls, doubts, lays him on his belly too,
And wags his tail—as dogs are wont to do.

FAUST.

Come hither, Sirrah! join our company!

WAGNER.

A very poodle, he appears to be!
Thou standest still, for thee he'll wait;
Thou speak'st to him, he fawns upon thee straight;
Aught you may lose, again he'll bring,
And for your stick will into water spring.

FAUST.

Thou'rt right indeed; no traces now I see
Whatever of a spirit's agency.
'Tis training—nothing more.

WAGNER.

A dog well taught
E'en by the wisest of us may be sought.
Ay, to your favour he's entitled too,
Apt scholar of the students, 'tis his due!

(*They enter the gate of the town.*)

Study.

FAUST, (*entering with the poodle*).

Behind me now lie field and plain,
As night her veil doth o'er them draw,
Our better soul resumes her reign
With feelings of foreboding awe.
Lull'd is each stormy deed to rest,
And tranquilliz'd each wild desire;
Pure charity doth warm the breast,
And love to God the soul inspire.

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Peace, poodle, peace! Scamper not thus; obey me!
Why at the threshold snuffest thou so?
Behind the stove now quietly lay thee,
My softest cushion to thee I'll throw.
As thou, without, didst please and amuse me,
Running and frisking about on the hill,
Neither shelter will I refuse thee;
A welcome guest, if thou'lt be still.

Ah! when within our narrow room,
The friendly lamp again doth glow,
An inward light dispels the gloom
In hearts that strive themselves to know.
Reason begins again to speak,
Again the bloom of hope returns,
The streams of life we fain would seek,
Ah, for life's source our spirit yearns.

Cease, poodle, cease! with the tone that arises,
Hallow'd and peaceful, my soul within,
Accords not thy growl, thy bestial din.
We find it not strange, that man despises
What he conceives not;
The good and the fair he misprizes;
What lies beyond him he doth contemn;
Snarleth the poodle at it, like men?

But ah! E'en now I feel, howe'er I yearn for rest,
Contentment welleth up no longer in my breast.
Yet wherefore must the stream, alas, so soon be dry,
That we once more athirst should lie?
This sad experience oft I've approv'd!
The want admitteth of compensation;
We learn to prize what from sense is remov'd,
Our spirits yearn for revelation,

Which nowhere burneth with beauty blent,
More pure than in the New Testament.
To the ancient text an impulse strong
Moves me the volume to explore,
And to translate its sacred lore,
Into the tones belovèd of the German tongue.

(*He opens a volume, and applies himself to it.*)

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'Tis writ, "In the beginning was the Word!"
I pause, perplex'd! Who now will help afford?
I cannot the mere Word so highly prize;
I must translate it otherwise,
If by the spirit guided as I read.
"In the beginning was the Sense!" Take heed,
The import of this primal sentence weigh,
Lest thy too hasty pen be led astray!
Is force creative then of Sense the dower?
"In the beginning was the Power!"
Thus should it stand: yet, while the line I trace,
A something warns me, once more to efface.
The spirit aids! from anxious scruples freed,
I write, "In the beginning was the Deed!"

Am I with thee my room to share,
Poodle, thy barking now forbear,
Forbear thy howling!
Comrade so noisy, ever growling,
I cannot suffer here to dwell.
One or the other, mark me well,
Forthwith must leave the cell.
I'm loath the guest-right to withhold;
The door's ajar, the passage clear;
But what must now mine eyes behold!
Are nature's laws suspended here?
Real is it, or a phantom show?
In length and breadth how doth my poodle grow!
He lifts himself with threat'ning mien,
In likeness of a dog no longer seen!
What spectre have I harbour'd thus!
Huge as a hippopotamus,
With fiery eye, terrific tooth!
Ah! now I know thee, sure enough!
For such a base, half-hellish brood,
The key of Solomon is good.

SPIRITS (*without*).

Captur'd there within is one!
Stay without and follow none!
Like a fox in iron snare,
Hell's old lynx is quaking there,

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But take heed!
Hover round, above, below,
To and fro,
Then from durance is he freed!
Can ye aid him, spirits all,
Leave him not in mortal thrall!
Many a time and oft hath he
Served us, when at liberty.

FAUST.

The monster to confront, at first,
The spell of Four must be rehears'd;
Salamander shall kindle,
Writhe nymph of the wave,
In air sylph shall dwindle,
And Kobold shall slave.

Who doth ignore
The primal Four,
Nor knows aright
Their use and might,
O'er spirits will he
Ne'er master be!

Vanish in the fiery glow,
Salamander!
Rushingly together flow,
Undine!
Shimmer in the meteor's gleam,
Sylphide!
Hither bring thine homely aid,
Incubus! Incubus!
Step forth! I do adjure thee thus!

None of the Four
Lurks in the beast:
He grins at me, untroubled as before;
I have not hurt him in the least.
A spell of fear
Thou now shalt hear.

Art thou, comrade fell,
Fugitive from Hell?
See then this sign,

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Before which incline
The murky troops of Hell!
With bristling hair now doth the creature swell.
Canst thou, reprobate,
Read the uncreate,
Unspeakable, diffused
Throughout the heavenly sphere,
Shamefully abused,
Transpierced with nail and spear!
Behind the stove, tam'd by my spells,
Like an elephant he swells;
Wholly now he fills the room,
He into mist will melt away.
Ascend not to the ceiling! Come,
Thyself at the master's feet now lay!
Thou seest that mine is no idle threat.
With holy fire I will scorch thee yet!
Wait not the might
That lies in the triple-glowing light!
Wait not the might
Of all my arts in fullest measure!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(*As the mist sinks, comes forward from behind the stove, in the dress of a travelling scholar.*)

Why all this uproar? What's the master's pleasure?

FAUST.

This then the kernel of the brute!
A travelling scholar? Why I needs must smile.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your learned reverence humbly I salute!
You've made me swelter in a pretty style.

FAUST.

Thy name?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The question trifling seems from one,
Who it appears the Word doth rate so low;
Who, undeluded by mere outward show,
To Being's depths would penetrate alone.

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FAUST.

With gentlemen like you indeed
The inward essence from the name we read,
As all too plainly it doth appear,
When Beelzebub, Destroyer, Liar, meets the ear.
Who then art thou!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Part of that power which still
Produceth good, whilst ever scheming ill.

FAUST.

What hidden mystery in this riddle lies?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The spirit I, which evermore denies!
And justly; for whate'er to light is brought
Deserves again to be reduced to naught;
Then better 'twere that naught should be.
Thus all the elements which ye
Destruction, Sin, or briefly, Evil, name,
As my peculiar element I claim.

FAUST.

Thou nam'st thyself a part, and yet a whole I see.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The modest truth I speak to thee.
Though folly's microcosm, man, it seems,
Himself to be a perfect whole esteems,
Part of the part am I, which at the first was all.

A part of darkness, which gave birth to light.
Proud light, who now his mother would enthrall,
Contesting space and ancient rank with night.
Yet he succeedeth not, for struggle as he will,
To forms material he adhereth still;
From them he streameth, them he maketh fair,
And still the progress of his beams they check;
And so, I trust, when comes the final wreck,
Light will, ere long, the doom of matter share.

FAUST.

Thy worthy avocation now I guess!

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Wholesale annihilation won't prevail,
So thou'rt beginning on a smaller scale.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And, to say truth, as yet with small success.
Oppos'd to nothingness, the world,
This clumsy mass, subsisteth still;
Not yet is it to ruin hurl'd,
Despite the efforts of my will.
Tempests and earthquakes, fire and flood, I've tried;
Yet land and ocean still unchang'd abide!
And then of humankind and beasts, the accursed brood,—
Neither o'er them can I extend my sway.
What countless myriads have I swept away!
Yet ever circulates the fresh young blood.
It is enough to drive me to despair!
As in the earth, in water, and in air,
In moisture and in drought, in heat and cold,
Thousands of germs their energies unfold!
If fire I had not for myself retain'd,
No sphere whatever had for me remain'd.

FAUST.

So thou with thy cold devil's fist,
Still clench'd in malice impotent,
Dost the creative power resist,
The active, the beneficent!
Henceforth some other task essay,
Of Chaos thou the wondrous son!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We will consider what you say,
And talk about it more anon!
For this time have I leave to go?

FAUST.

Why thou shouldst ask, I cannot see.
Since one another now we know,
At thy good pleasure, visit me.
Here is the window, here the door,
The chimney, too, may serve thy need.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I must confess, my stepping o'er

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Thy threshold a slight hindrance doth impede;
The wizard-foot doth me retain.

FAUST.

The pentagram thy peace doth mar?
To me, thou son of hell, explain,
How camest thou in, if this thine exit bar?
Could such a spirit aught ensnare?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Observe it well, it is not drawn with care,
One of the angles, that which points without,
Is, as thou seest, not quite closed.

FAUST.

Chance hath the matter happily dispos'd!
So thou my captive art? No doubt!
By accident thou thus art caught!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In sprang the dog, indeed, observing naught;
Things now assume another shape,
The devil's in the house and can't escape.

FAUST.

Why through the window not withdraw?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For ghosts and for the devil 'tis a law,
Where they stole in, there they must forth. We're free
The first to choose; as to the second, slaves are we.

FAUST.

E'en hell hath its peculiar laws, I see!
I'm glad of that! a pact may then be made,
The which, you gentlemen, will surely keep?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Whate'er therein is promised thou shalt reap,
No tittle shall remain unpaid.
But such arrangements time require;
We'll speak of them when next we meet;
Most earnestly I now entreat,
This once permission to retire.

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FAUST.

Another moment prithee here remain,
Me with some happy word to pleasure.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now let me go! ere long I'll come again,
Then thou may'st question at thy leisure.

FAUST.

To capture thee was not my will.
Thyself hast freely entered in the snare:
Let him who holds the devil, hold him still!
A second time so soon he will not catch him there.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If it so please thee, I'm at thy command;
Only on this condition, understand;
That worthily thy leisure to beguile,
I here may exercise my arts awhile,

FAUST.

Thou'rt free to do so! Gladly I'll attend;
But be thine art a pleasant one!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend,
This hour enjoyment more intense,
Shall captivate each ravish'd sense,
Than thou could'st compass in the bound
Of the whole year's unvarying round;
And what the dainty spirits sing,
The lovely images they bring,
Are no fantastic sorcery.
Rich odours shall regale your smell,
On choicest sweets your palate dwell,
Your feelings thrill with ecstasy.
No preparation do we need,
Here we together are. Proceed

SPIRITS.

Hence overshadowing gloom
Vanish from sight!
O'er us thine azure dome,
Bend, beauteous light!

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Dark clouds that o'er us spread,
Melt in thin air!
Stars, your soft radiance shed,
Tender and fair.
Girt with celestial might,
Winging their airy flight,
Spirits are thronging.
Follows their forms of light
Infinite longing!
Flutter their vestures bright
O'er field and grove!
Where in their leafy bower
Lovers the livelong hour
Vow deathless love.
Soft bloometh bud and bower!
Bloometh the grove!
Grapes from the spreading vine
Crown the full measure;
Fountains of foaming wine
Gush from the pressure.
Still where the currents wind,
Gems brightly gleam.
Leaving the hills behind
On rolls the stream;
Now into ample seas,
Spreadeth the flood;
Laving the sunny leas,
Mantled with wood.
Rapture the feather'd throng,
Gaily careering,
Sip as they float along;
Sunward they're steering;
On towards the isles of light
Winging their way,
That on the waters bright
Dancingly play.
Hark to the choral strain,
Joyfully ringing!
While on the grassy plain
Dancers are springing;
Climbing the steep hill's side,

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Skimming the glassy tide,
Wander they there;
Others on pinions wide
Wing the blue air;
On towards the living stream,
Towards yonder stars that gleam,
Far, far away;
Seeking their tender beam
Wing they their way.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well done, my dainty spirits! now he slumbers;
Ye have entranc'd him fairly with your numbers;
This minstrelsy of yours I must repay.—
Thou art not yet the man to hold the devil fast!—
With fairest shapes your spells around him cast,
And plunge him in a sea of dreams!
But that this charm be rent, the threshold passed,
Tooth of rat the way must clear.
I need not conjure long it seems,
One rustles hitherward, and soon my voice will hear.

The master of the rats and mice,
Of flies and frogs, of bugs and lice,
Commands thy presence; without fear
Come forth and gnaw the threshold here,
Where he with oil has smear'd it.—Thou
Com'st hopping forth already! Now
To work! The point that holds me bound
Is in the outer angle found.
Another bite—so—now 'tis done—
Now, Faustus, till we meet again, dream on.

FAUST (*awaking*).

Am I once more deluded! must I deem
This troop of thronging spirits all ideal?
The devil's presence, was it nothing real?
The poodle's disappearance but a dream?

Study.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

A knock? Come in! Who now would break my rest?

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis I!

FAUST.

Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thrice be the words express'd.

FAUST.

Then I repeat Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis well,
I hope that we shall soon agree!
For now your fancies to expel,
Here, as a youth of high degree,
I come in gold-lac'd scarlet vest,
And stiff-silk mantle richly dress'd,
A cock's gay feather for a plume,
A long and pointed rapier, too;
And briefly I would counsel you
To don at once the same costume,
And, free from trammels, speed away,
That what life is you may essay.

FAUST.

In every garb I needs must feel oppress'd,
My heart to earth's low cares a prey.
Too old the trifler's part to play,
Too young to live by no desire possess'd.
What can the world to me afford?
Renounce! renounce! is still the word;
This is the everlasting song
In every ear that ceaseless rings,
And which, alas, our whole life long,
Hoarsely each passing moment sings.
But to new horror I awake each morn,
And I could weep hot tears, to see the sun
Dawn on another day, whose round forlorn
Accomplishes no wish of mine—not one.
Which still, with froward captiousness, impairs
E'en the presentiment of every joy,
While low realities and paltry cares

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The spirit's fond imaginings destroy.
And must I then, when falls the veil of night,
Stretch'd on my pallet languish in despair;
Appalling dreams my soul affright;
No rest vouchsafed me even there.
The god, who throned within my breast resides,
Deep in my soul can stir the springs;
With sovereign sway my energies he guides,
He cannot move external things;
And so existence is to me a weight,
Death fondly I desire, and life I hate.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet, methinks, by most 'twill be confess'd
That Death is never quite a welcome guest.

FAUST.

Happy the man around whose brow he binds
The bloodstain'd wreath in conquest's dazzling hour;
Or whom, excited by the dance, he finds
Dissolv'd in bliss, in love's delicious bower!
O that before the lofty spirit's might,
Enraptured, I had rendered up my soul!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet did a certain man refrain one night,
Of its brown juice to drain the crystal bowl.

FAUST.

To play the spy diverts you then?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I own,
Though not omniscient, much to me is known.

FAUST.

If o'er my soul the tone familiar, stealing,
Drew me from harrowing thought's bewild'ring maze,
Touching the ling'ring chords of childlike feeling,
With the sweet harmonies of happier days:
So curse I all, around the soul that windeth
Its magic and alluring spell,
And with delusive flattery bindeth
Its victim to this dreary cell!

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Curs'd before all things be the high opinion,
Wherewith the spirit girds itself around!
Of shows delusive curs'd be the dominion,
Within whose mocking sphere our sense is bound!
Accurs'd of dreams the treacherous wiles,
The cheat of glory, deathless fame!
Accurs'd what each as property beguiles,
Wife, child, slave, plough, whate'er its name!
Accurs'd be mammon, when with treasure
He doth to daring deeds incite:
Or when to steep the soul in pleasure,
He spreads the couch of soft delight!
Curs'd be the grape's balsamic juice!
Accurs'd love's dream, of joys the first!
Accurs'd be hope! accurs'd be faith!
And more than all, be patience curs'd!

CHORUS OF SPIRITS (*invisible*).

Woe! woe!
Thou hast destroy'd
The beautiful world
With violent blow;
'Tis shiver'd! 'tis shatter'd!
The fragments abroad by a demigod scatter'd!
Now we sweep
The wrecks into nothingness!
Fondly we weep
The beauty that's gone!
Thou, 'mongst the sons of earth,
Lofty and mighty one,
Build it once more!
In thine own bosom the lost world restore!
Now with unclouded sense
Enter a new career;
Songs shall salute thine ear,
Ne'er heard before!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My little ones these spirits be.
Hark! with shrewd intelligence,
How they recommend to thee
Action, and the joys of sense!

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In the busy world to dwell,
Fain they would allure thee hence:
For within this lonely cell,
Stagnate sap of life and sense.

Forbear to trifle longer with thy grief,
Which, vulture-like, consumes thee in this den.
The worst society is some relief,
Making thee feel thyself a man with men.
Nathless it is not meant, I trow,
To thrust thee 'mid the vulgar throng.
I to the upper ranks do not belong;
Yet if, by me companion'd, thou
Thy steps through life forthwith wilt take,
Upon the spot myself I'll make
Thy comrade;—
Should it suit thy need,
I am thy servant, am thy slave indeed!

FAUST.

And how must I thy services repay?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thereto thou lengthen'd respite hast!

FAUST.

No! no!
The devil is an egotist I know:
And, for Heaven's sake, 'tis not his way
Kindness to any one to show.
Let the condition plainly be exprest;
Such a domestic is a dangerous guest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'll pledge myself to be thy servant *here*,
Still at thy back alert and prompt to be;
But when together *yonder* we appear,
Then shalt thou do the same for me.

FAUST.

But small concern I feel for yonder world;
Hast thou this system into ruin hurl'd,
Another may arise the void to fill.
This earth the fountain whence my pleasures flow,

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This sun doth daily shine upon my woe,
And if this world I must forego,
Let happen then,—what can and will.
I to this theme will close mine ears,
If men hereafter hate and love,
And if there be in yonder spheres
A depth below or height above.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In this mood thou mayst venture it. But make
The compact, and at once I'll undertake
To charm thee with mine arts. I'll give thee more
Than mortal eye hath e'er beheld before.

FAUST.

What, sorry Devil, hast thou to bestow?
Was ever mortal spirit, in its high endeavour,
Fathom'd by Being such as thou?
Yet food thou hast which satisfieth never,
Hast ruddy gold, that still doth flow
Like restless quicksilver away,
A game thou hast, at which none win who play,
A girl who would, with amorous eyen,
E'en from my breast, a neighbour snare,
Lofty ambition's joy divine,
That, meteor-like, dissolves in air.
Show me the fruit that, ere 'tis pluck'd, doth rot,
And trees, whose verdure daily buds anew.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such a commission scares me not,
I can provide such treasures, it is true;
But, my good friend, a season will come round,
When on what's good we may regale in peace.

FAUST.

If e'er upon my couch, stretched at my ease, I'm found,
Then may my life that instant cease;
Me canst thou cheat with glozing wile
Till self-reproach away I cast?—
Me with joy's lure canst thou beguile?—
Let that day be for me the last!
Be this our wager!

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Settled!

FAUST.

Sure and fast!
When to the moment I shall say,
"Linger awhile, so fair thou art!"
Then mayst thou fetter me straightway,
Then to the abyss will I depart;
Then may the solemn death-bell sound,
Then from thy service thou art free,
The index then may cease its round,
And time be never more for me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I shall remember: pause, ere 'tis too late

FAUST.

Thereto a perfect right hast thou.
My strength I do not rashly overrate.
Slave am I here, at any rate,
If thine, or whose, it matters not, I trow.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At thine inaugural feast I will this day
Attend, my duties to commence.—
But one thing!—Accidents may happen, hence
A line or two in writing grant, I pray.

FAUST.

A writing, Pedant! dost demand from me?
Man, and man's plighted word, are these unknown to thee?
Is't not enough, that by the word I gave,
My doom for evermore is cast?
Doth not the world in all its currents rave,
And must a promise hold me fast?
Yet fixed is this delusion in our heart;
Who, of his own free will, therefrom would part?
How blest within whose breast truth reigneth pure!
No sacrifice will he repent when made!
A formal deed, with seal and signature,
A spectre this from which all shrink afraid.
The word its life resigneth in the pen,

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Leather and wax usurp the mastery then.
Spirit of evil! what dost thou require?
Brass, marble, parchment, paper, dost desire?
Shall I with chisel, pen, or graver write?
Thy choice is free; to me 'tis all the same.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Wherefore thy passion so excite,
And thus thine eloquence inflame?
A scrap is for our compact good.
Thou under-signest merely with a drop of blood.

FAUST.

If this will satisfy thy mind,
Thy whim I'll gratify, howe'er absurd.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Blood is a juice of very special kind.

FAUST.

Be not afraid that I shall break my word!
The scope of all my energy
Is in exact accordance with my vow.
Vainly I have aspired too high;
I'm on a level but with such as thou;
Me the great spirit scorn'd, defied;
Nature from me herself doth hide;
Rent is the web of thought; my mind
Doth knowledge loathe of every kind.
In depths of sensual pleasure drown'd,
Let us our fiery passions still!
Enwrapp'd in magic's veil profound,
Let wondrous charms our senses thrill!
Plunge we in time's tempestuous flow,
Stem we the rolling surge of chance!
There may alternate weal and woe,
Success and failure, as they can,
Mingle and shift in changeful dance!
Excitement is the sphere for man.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nor goal, nor measure is prescrib'd to you.
If you desire to taste of every thing,

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To snatch at joy while on the wing,
May your career amuse and profit too!
Only fall to and don't be over coy!

FAUST.

Hearken! The end I aim at is not joy;
I crave excitement, agonizing bliss,
Enamour'd hatred, quickening vexation.
Purg'd from the love of knowledge, my vocation,
The scope of all my powers henceforth be this,
To bare my breast to every pang,—to know
In my heart's core all human weal and woe,
To grasp in thought the lofty and the deep,
Men's various fortunes on my breast to heap,
And thus to theirs dilate my individual mind,
And share at length with them the shipwreck of mankind.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, credit me, who still as ages roll,
Have chew'd this bitter fare from year to year,
No mortal, from the cradle to the bier,
Digests the ancient leaven! Know, this Whole
Doth for the Deity alone subsist!
He in eternal brightness doth exist,
Us unto darkness he hath brought, and here
Where day and night alternate, is your sphere.

FAUST.

But 'tis my will!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well spoken, I admit!
But one thing puzzles me, my friend;
Time's short, art long; methinks 'twere fit
That you to friendly counsel should attend.
A poet choose as your ally!
Let him thought's wide dominion sweep,
Each good and noble quality,
Upon your honoured brow to heap;
The lion's magnanimity,
The fleetness of the hind,
The fiery blood of Italy,
The Northern 's stedfast mind!

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Let him to you the mystery show
To blend high aims and cunning low;
And while youth's passions are aflame
To fall in love by rule and plan!
I fain would meet with such a man;
Would him Sir Microcosmus name.

FAUST.

What then am I, if I aspire in vain
The crown of our humanity to gain,
Towards which my every sense doth strain?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou'rt after all—just what thou art.
Put on thy head a wig with countless locks,
Raise to a cubit's height thy learned socks,
Still thou remainest ever, what thou art.

FAUST.

I feel it, I have heap'd upon my brain
The gather'd treasure of man's thought in vain;
And when at length from studious toil I rest,
No power, new-born, springs up within my breast;
A hair's breadth is not added to my height,
I am no nearer to the infinite.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good sir, these things you view indeed,
Just as by other men they're view'd;
We must more cleverly proceed,
Before life's joys our grasp elude.
The devil! thou hast hands and feet,
And head and heart are also thine;
What I enjoy with relish sweet,
Is it on that account less mine?
If for six stallions I can pay,
Do I not own their strength and speed.
A proper man I dash away,
As their two dozen legs were mine indeed.
Up then, from idle pondering free,
And forth into the world with me!
I tell you what;—your speculative churl
Is like a beast which some ill spirit leads,

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On barren wilderness, in ceaseless whirl,
While all around lie fair and verdant meads.

FAUST.

But how shall we begin?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We will go hence with speed,
A place of torment this indeed!
A precious life, thyself to bore,
And some few youngsters evermore!
Leave it to neighbour Paunch;—withdraw,
Why wilt thou plague thyself with thrashing straw?
The very best that thou dost know
Thou dar'st not to the striplings show.
One in the passage now doth wait!

FAUST.

I'm in no mood to see him now.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor lad! He must be tired, I trow;
He must not go disconsolate.
Hand me thy cap and gown; the mask
Is for my purpose quite first rate.

(*He changes his dress.*)

Now leave it to my wit! I ask
But quarter of an hour; meanwhile equip,
And make all ready for our pleasant trip!

(*Exit* FAUST.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in* FAUST'S *long gown*).

Mortal! the loftiest attributes of men,
Reason and Knowledge, only thus contemn,
Still let the Prince of lies, without control,
With shows, and mocking charms delude thy soul,
I have thee unconditionally then!—
Fate hath endow'd him with an ardent mind,
Which unrestrain'd still presses on for ever,
And whose precipitate endeavour
Earth's joys o'erleaping, leaveth them behind.
Him will I drag through life's wild waste,

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Through scenes of vapid dulness, where at last
Bewilder'd, he shall falter, and stick fast;
And, still to mock his greedy haste,
Viands and drink shall float his craving lips beyond—
Vainly he'll seek refreshment, anguish-tost,
And were he not the devil's by his bond,
Yet must his soul infallibly be lost!

A STUDENT *enters.*

STUDENT.

But recently I've quitted home,
Full of devotion am I come
A man to know and hear, whose name
With reverence is known to fame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your courtesy much flatters me!
A man like other men you see;
Pray have you yet applied elsewhere?

STUDENT.

I would entreat your friendly care!
I've youthful blood and courage high;
Of gold I bring a fair supply;
To let me go my mother was not fain;
But here I longed true knowledge to attain,

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You've hit upon the very place.

STUDENT.

And yet my steps I would retrace.
These walls, this melancholy room,
O'erpower me with a sense of gloom;
The space is narrow, nothing green,
No friendly tree is to be seen:
And in these halls, with benches lined,
Sight, hearing fail, fails too my mind.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It all depends on habit. Thus at first
The infant takes not kindly to the breast,
But before long, its eager thirst

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Is fain to slake with hearty zest:
Thus at the breasts of wisdom day by day
With keener relish you'll your thirst allay.

STUDENT.

Upon her neck I fain would hang with joy;
To reach it, say, what means must I employ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Explain, ere further time we lose,
What special faculty you choose?

STUDENT.

Profoundly learned I would grow,
What heaven contains would comprehend,
O'er earth's wide realm my gaze extend,
Nature and science I desire to know.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You are upon the proper track, I find,
Take heed, let nothing dissipate your mind.

STUDENT.

My heart and soul are in the chase!
Though to be sure I fain would seize,
On pleasant summer holidays,
A little liberty and careless ease.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Use well your time, so rapidly it flies;
Method will teach you time to win;
Hence, my young friend, I would advise,
With college logic to begin!
Then will your mind be so well braced,
In Spanish boots so tightly laced,
That on 'twill circumspectly crèep,
Thought's beaten track securely keep,
Nor will it, ignis-fatuus like,
Into the path of error strike.
Then many a day they'll teach you how
The mind's spontaneous acts, till now
As eating and as drinking free,
Require a process;—one! two! three!

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In truth the subtle web of thought
Is like the weaver's fabric wrought:
One treadle moves a thousand lines,
Swift dart the shuttles to and fro,
Unseen the threads together flow,
A thousand knots one stroke combines.
Then forward steps your sage to show,
And prove to you, it must be so;
The first being so, and so the second,
The third and fourth deduc'd we see;
And if there were no first and second,
Nor third nor fourth would ever be.
This, scholars of all countries prize,—
Yet 'mong themselves no weavers rise.
He who would know and treat of aught alive,
Seeks first the living spirit thence to drive:
Then are the lifeless fragments in his hand,
There only fails, alas! the spirit-band.
This process, chemists name, in learned thesis,
Mocking themselves, *Naturæ encheiresis.*

STUDENT.

Your words I cannot fully comprehend.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In a short time you will improve, my friend,
When of scholastic forms you learn the use;
And how by method all things to reduce.

STUDENT.

So doth all this my brain confound,
As if a mill-wheel there were turning round.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And next, before aught else you learn,
You must with zeal to metaphysics turn!
There see that you profoundly comprehend,
What doth the limit of man's brain transcend;
For that which is or is not in the head
A sounding phrase will serve you in good stead.
But before all strive this half year

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From one fix'd order ne'er to swerve!
Five lectures daily you must hear;
The hour still punctually observe!
Yourself with studious zeal prepare,
And closely in your manual look,
Hereby may you be quite aware
That all he utters standeth in the book;
Yet write away without cessation,
As at the Holy Ghost's dictation!

STUDENT.

This, Sir, a second time you need not say!
Your counsel I appreciate quite;
What we possess in black and white,
We can in peace and comfort bear away.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A faculty I pray you name.

STUDENT.

For jurisprudence some distaste I own.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To me this branch of science is well known,
And hence I cannot your repugnance blame.
Customs and laws in every place,
Like a disease, an heir-loom dread,
Still trail their curse from race to race,
And furtively abroad they spread.
To nonsense, reason's self they turn;
Beneficence becomes a pest;
Woe unto thee, that thou'rt a grandson born!
As for the law born with us, unexpressed;—
That law, alas, none careth to discern.

STUDENT.

You deepen my dislike. The youth
Whom you instruct, is blest in sooth.
To try theology I feel inclined.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I would not lead you willingly astray,
But as regards this science, you will find,
So hard it is to shun the erring way,

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And so much hidden poison lies therein,
Which scarce can you discern from medicine.
Here too it is the best, to listen but to one,
And by the master's words to swear alone.
To sum up all—To words hold fast!
Then the safe gate securely pass'd,
You'll reach the fane of certainty at last.

STUDENT.

But then some meaning must the words convey.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Right! But o'er-anxious thought, you'll find of no avail,
For there precisely where ideas fail,
A word comes opportunely into play.
Most admirable weapons words are found,
On words a system we securely ground,
In words we can conveniently believe,
Nor of a single jot can we a word bereave.

STUDENT.

Your pardon for my importunity;
Yet once more must I trouble you:
On medicine, I'll thank you to supply
A pregnant utterance or two!
Three years! how brief the appointed tide!
The field, heaven knows, is all too wide!
If but a friendly hint be thrown,
Tis easier then to feel one's way.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

I'm weary of the dry pedantic tone,
And must again the genuine devil play.

(*Aloud.*)

Of medicine the spirit's caught with ease,
The great and little world you study through,
That things may then their course pursue,
As heaven may please.
In vain abroad you range through science' ample space,
Each man learns only that which learn he can;
Who knows the moment to embrace,
He is your proper man.

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In person you are tolerably made,
Nor in assurance will you be deficient:
Self-confidence acquire, be not afraid,
Others will then esteem you a proficient.
Learn chiefly with the sex to deal!
Their thousand ahs and ohs,
These the sage doctor knows,
He only from one point can heal.
Assume a decent tone of courteous ease,
You have them then to humour as you please.
First a diploma must belief infuse,
That you in your profession take the lead:
You then at once those easy freedoms use
For which another many a year must plead;
Learn how to feel with nice address
The dainty wrist;—and how to press,
With ardent furtive glance, the slender waist,
To feel how tightly it is laced.

STUDENT.

There is some sense in that! one sees the how and why.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Grey is, young friend, all theory:
And green of life the golden tree.

STUDENT.

I swear it seemeth like a dream to me.
May I some future time repeat my visit,
To hear on what your wisdom grounds your views?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Command my humble service when you choose.

STUDENT.

Ere I retire, one boon I must solicit:
Here is my album, do not, Sir, deny
This token of your favour!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Willingly!
(*He writes and returns the book.*)

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STUDENT (*reads*).

ERITIS SICUT DEUS, SCIENTES BONUM ET MALUM.

(*He reverently closes the book and retires.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let but this ancient proverb be your rule,
My cousin follow still, the wily snake,
And with your likeness to the gods, poor fool,
Ere long be sure your poor sick heart will quake!

FAUST (*enters*).

Whither away?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis thine our course to steer.
The little world, and then the great we'll view.
With what delight, what profit too,
Thou'lt revel through thy gay career!

FAUST.

Despite my length of beard I need
The easy manners that insure success;
Th' attempt I fear can ne'er succeed;
To mingle in the world I want address;
I still have an embarrass'd air, and then
I feel myself so small with other men.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Time, my good friend, will all that's needful give;
Be only self-possessed, and thou hast learn'd to live.

FAUST.

But how are we to start, I pray?
Steeds, servants, carriage, where are they?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We've but to spread this mantle wide,
'Twill serve whereon through air to ride,
No heavy baggage need you take,
When we our bold excursion make,
A little gas, which I will soon prepare,
Lifts us from earth; aloft through air,
Light laden, we shall swiftly steer;—
I wish you joy of your new life-career.

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Auerbach's Cellar in Leipzig.

(A DRINKING PARTY.)

FROSCH.

No drinking? Naught a laugh to raise?
None of your gloomy looks, I pray!
You, who so bright were wont to blaze,
Are dull as wetted straw to-day.

BRANDER.

'Tis all your fault; your part you do not bear,
No beastliness, no folly.

FROSCH

(*pours a glass of wine over his head*).

There,
You have them both!

BRANDER.

You double beast!

FROSCH.

'Tis what you ask'd me for, at least!

SIEBEL.

Whoever quarrels, turn him out!
With open throat drink, roar, and shout.
Hollo! Hollo! Ho!

ALTMAYER.

Zounds, fellow, cease your deaf'ning cheers!
Bring cotton-wool! He splits my ears.

SIEBEL.

'Tis when the roof rings back the tone,
Then first the full power of the bass is known.

FROSCH.

Right! out with him who takes offence!
A tara lara la!

ALTMAYER.

A tara lara la!

FROSCH.

Our throats are tuned. Come let's commence.

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(*Sings.*)

The holy Roman empire now,
How holds it still together?

BRANDER.

An ugly song! a song political!
A song offensive! Thank God, every morn
To rule the Roman empire, that you were not born!
I bless my stars at least that mine is not
Either a kaiser's or a chancellor's lot.
Yet 'mong ourselves should one still lord it o'er the rest;
That we elect a pope I now suggest.
Ye know, what quality ensures
A man's success, his rise secures.

FROSCH (*sings*).

Bear, lady nightingale above,
Ten thousand greetings to my love.

SIEBEL.

No greetings to a sweetheart! No love-songs shall there be!

FROSCH.

Love-greetings and love-kisses! Thou shalt not hinder me!

(*Sings.*)

Undo the bolt! in stilly night,
Undo the bolt! thy love's awake!
Shut to the bolt! with morning light—

SIEBEL.

Ay, sing away, sing on, her praises sound;—the snake!
My turn to laugh will come some day.
Me hath she jilted once, you the same trick she'll play.
Some gnome her lover be! where cross-roads meet,
With her to play the fool; or old he-goat,
From Blocksberg coming in swift gallop, bleat
A good night to her, from his hairy throat!
A proper lad of genuine flesh and blood,
Is for the damsel far too good;
The greeting she shall have from me,
To smash her window-panes will be!

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BRANDER (*striking on the table*).

Silence! Attend! to me give ear!
Confess, sirs, I know how to live:
Some love-sick folk are sitting here!
Hence, 'tis but fit, their hearts to cheer,
That I a good-night strain to them should give.
Hark! of the newest fashion is my song!
Strike boldly in the chorus, clear and strong!

(*He sings.*)

Once in a cellar lived a rat,
He feasted there on butter,
Until his paunch became as fat
As that of Doctor Luther.
The cook laid poison for the guest,
Then was his heart with pangs oppress'd,
As if his frame love wasted.

CHORUS (*shouting*).

As if his frame love wasted.

BRANDER.

He ran around, he ran abroad,
Of every puddle drinking.
The house with rage he scratch'd and gnaw'd,
In vain,—he fast was sinking;
Full many an anguish'd bound he gave,
Nothing the hapless brute could save,
As if his frame love wasted.

CHORUS.

As if his frame love wasted.

BRANDER.

By torture driven, in open day,
The kitchen he invaded,
Convulsed upon the hearth he lay,
With anguish sorely jaded;
The poisoner laugh'd, Ha! ha! quoth she,
His life is ebbing fast, I see,
As if his frame love wasted.

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CHORUS.

As if his frame love wasted.

SIEBEL.

How the dull boors exulting shout!
Poison for the poor rats to strew
A fine exploit it is no doubt.

BRANDER.

They, as it seems, stand well with you!

ALTMAYER.

Old bald-pate! with the paunch profound!
The rat's mishap hath tamed his nature;
For he his counterpart hath found
Depicted in the swollen creature.

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I now must introduce to you
Before aught else, this jovial crew,
To show how lightly life may glide away;
With the folk here each day's a holiday.
With little wit and much content,
Each on his own small round intent,
Like sportive kitten with its tail;
While no sick-headache they bewail,
And while their host will credit give,
Joyous and free from care they live.

BRANDER.

They're off a journey, that is clear,—
They look so strange; they've scarce been here
An hour.

FROSCH.

You're right! Leipzig's the place for me!
'Tis quite a little Paris; people there
Acquire a certain easy finish'd air.

SIEBEL.

What take you now these travellers to be?

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FROSCH.

Let me alone! O'er a full glass you'll see,
As easily I'll worm their secret out,
As draw an infant's tooth. I've not a doubt
That my two gentlemen are nobly born,
They look dissatisfied and full of scorn.

BRANDER.

They are but mountebanks, I'll lay a bet!

ALTMAYER.

Most like.

FROSCH.

Mark me, I'll screw it from them yet!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

These fellows would not scent the devil out,
E'en though he had them by the very throat!

FAUST.

Good-morrow, gentlemen!

SIEBEL.

Thanks for your fair salute.

(*Aside, glancing at* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

How! goes the fellow on a halting foot?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Is it permitted here with you to sit?
Then though good wine is not forthcoming here,
Good company at least our hearts will cheer.

ALTMAYER.

A dainty gentleman, no doubt of it.

FROSCH.

You're doubtless recently from Rippach? Pray,
Did you with Master Hans there chance to sup?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To-day we pass'd him, but we did not stop!
When last we met him he had much to say
Touching his cousins, and to each he sent
Full many a greeting and kind compliment.
(*With an inclination towards* FROSCH).

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ALTMAYER (*aside to* FROSCH).

You have it there!

SIEBEL.

Faith! he's a knowing one!

FROSCH.

Have patience! I will show him up anon!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Unless I err, as we drew near
We heard some practis'd voices pealing.
A song must admirably here
Re-echo from this vaulted ceiling!

FROSCH.

That you're an amateur one plainly sees!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh no, though strong the love, I cannot boast much skill.

ALTMAYER.

Give us a song!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As many as you will.

SIEBEL.

But be it a brand new one, if you please!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But recently returned from Spain are we,
The pleasant land of wine and minstrelsy.

(*Singe.*)

A king there was once reigning,
Who had a goodly flea—

FROSCH.

Hark! did you rightly catch the words? a flea!
An odd sort of a guest he needs must be.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*singe*).

A king there was once reigning,
Who had a goodly flea,
Him loved he without feigning,
As his own son were he!

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His tailor then he summon'd,
The tailor to him goes:
Now measure me the youngster
For jerkin and for hose!

BRANDER.

Take proper heed, the tailor strictly charge,
The nicest measurement to take,
And as he loves his head, to make
The hose quite smooth and not too large!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In satin and in velvet,
Behold the younker dressed;
Bedizen'd o'er with ribbons,
A cross upon his breast.
Prime minister they made him,
He wore a star of state;
And all his poor relations
Were courtiers, rich and great.

The gentlemen and ladies
At court were sore distressed;
The queen and all her maidens
Were bitten by the pest,
And yet they dared not scratch them,
Or chase the fleas away.
If we are bit, we catch them,
And crack without delay.

CHORUS (*shouting*).

If we are bit, &c.

FROSCH.

Bravo! That's the song for me

SIEBEL.

Such be the fate of every flea!

BRANDER.

With clever finger catch and kill.

ALTMAYER.

Hurrah for wine and freedom still!

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Were but your wine a trifle better, friend,
A glass to freedom I would gladly drain.

SIEBEL.

You'd better not repeat those words again!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am afraid the landlord to offend;
Else freely would I treat each worthy guest
From our own cellar to the very best.

SIEBEL.

Out with it then! Your doings I'll defend.

FROSCH.

Give a good glass, and straight we'll praise you, one and all.
Only let not your samples be too small;
For if my judgment you desire,
Certes, an ample mouthful I require.

ALTMAYER (*aside*).

I guess, they're from the Rhenish land.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fetch me a gimlet here!

BRANDER.

Say, what therewith to bore?
You cannot have the wine-casks at the door?

ALTMAYER.

Our landlord's tool-basket behind doth yonder stand.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*takes the gimlet*).

(*To* FROSCH.)

Now only say! what liquor will you take?

FROSCH.

How mean you that? have you of every sort?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Each may his own selection make.

ALTMAYER (*to* FROSCH).

Ha! Ha! You lick your lips already at the thought.

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FROSCH.

Good, if I have my choice, the Rhenish I propose;
For still the fairest gifts the fatherland bestows.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(*boring a hole in the edge of the table opposite to where* FROSCH *is sitting*).

Get me a little wax—and make some stoppers—quick!

ALTMAYER.

Why, this is nothing but a juggler's trick! 1915

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* BRANDER).

And you?

BRANDER.

Champagne's the wine for me;
Right brisk, and sparkling let it be!

(MEPHISTOPHELES *bores, one of the party has in the meantime prepared the wax-stoppers and stopped the holes.*)

BRANDER.

What foreign is one always can't decline,
What's good is often scatter'd far apart.
The French your genuine German hates with all his heart,
Yet has a relish for their wine. 1921

SIEBEL

(*as* MEPHISTOPHELES *approaches him*).

I like not acid wine, I must allow,
Give me a glass of genuine sweet!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*bores*).

Tokay
Shall, if you wish it, flow without delay.

ALTMAYER.

Come! look me in the face! no fooling now! 1925
You are but making fun of us, I trow.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah! ah! that would indeed be making free

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With such distinguished guests. Come, no delay;
What liquor can I serve you with, I pray?

ALTMAYER.

Only be quick, it matters not to me.
(*After the holes are all bored and stopped*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with strange gestures*).

Grapes the vine-stock bears,
Horns the buck-goat wears!
Wine is sap, the vine is wood,
The wooden board yields wine as good.
With a deeper glance and true
The mysteries of nature view!
Have faith and here's a miracle!
Your stoppers draw and drink your fill!

ALL

(*as they draw the stoppers and the wine chosen by each runs into his glass*).

Oh beauteous spring, which flows so fair!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Spill not a single drop, of this beware!
(*They drink repeatedly.*)

ALL (*sing*).

Happy as cannibals are we,
Or as five hundred swine.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They're in their glory, mark their elevation!

FAUST.

Let's hence, nor here our stay prolong.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Attend, of brutishness ere long
You'll see a glorious revelation.

SIEBEL

(*drinks carelessly; the wine is spilt upon the ground, and turns to flame*).

Help! fire! help! Hell is burning!

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MEPHISTOPHELES
(*addressing the flames*).
Stop,
Kind element, be still, I say!
(*To the Company.*)
Of purgatorial fire as yet 'tis but a drop.

SIEBEL.
What means the knave! For this you'll dearly pay!
Us, it appears, you do not know.

FROSCH.
Such tricks a second time he'd better show!

ALTMAYER.
Methinks 'twere well we pack'd him quietly away.

SIEBEL.
What, sir! with us your hocus-pocus play!

MEPHISTOPHELES.
Silence, old wine-cask!

SIEBEL.
How! add insult, too!
Vile broomstick!

BRANDER.
Hold! or blows shall rain on you!

ALTMAYER
(*draws a stopper out of the table; fire springs out against him*).
I burn! I burn!

SIEBEL.
'Tis sorcery, I vow!
Strike home! The fellow is fair game, I trow!
(*They draw their knives and attack* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with solemn gestures*).
Visionary scenes appear!
Words delusive cheat the ear!
Be ye there, and be ye here!
(*They stand amazed and gaze on each other.*)

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ALTMAYER.

Where am I? What a beauteous land!

FROSCH.

Vineyards! unless my sight deceives?

SIEBEL.

And clust'ring grapes too, close at hand!

BRANDER.

And underneath the spreading leaves,
What stems there be! What grapes I see!

(*He seizes* SIEBEL *by the nose. The others reciprocally do the same, and raise their knives.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*as above*).

Delusion, from their eyes the bandage take!
Note how the devil loves a jest to break!

(*He disappears with* FAUST; *the fellows draw back from one another.*)

SIEBEL.

What was it?

ALTMAYER.

How?

FROSCH.

Was that your nose?

BRANDER (*to* SIEBEL).

And look, my hand doth thine enclose!

ALTMAYER.

I felt a shock, it went through every limb!
A chair! I'm fainting! All things swim!

FROSCH.

Say what has happened, what's it all about?

SIEBEL.

Where is the fellow? Could I scent him out,
His body from his soul I'd soon divide!

ALTMAYER.

With my own eyes, upon a cask astride,
Forth through the cellar-door I saw him ride——
Heavy as lead my feet are growing.

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(*Turning to the table.*)

Would that the wine again were flowing!

SIEBEL

'Twas all delusion, cheat and lie.

FROSCH.

'Twas wine I drank, most certainly.

BRANDER.

What of the grapes too,—where are they?

ALTMAYER.

Who now will miracles gainsay?

WITCHES' KITCHEN.

A large caldron hangs over the fire on a low hearth; various figures appear in the vapour rising from it. A FEMALE MONKEY *sits beside the caldron to skim it, and watch that it does not boil over. The* MALE MONKEY *with the young ones is seated near, warming himself. The walls and ceiling are adorned with the strangest articles of witch-furniture.*

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

This senseless, juggling witchcraft I detest!
Dost promise that in this foul nest
Of madness, I shall be restored?
Must I seek counsel from an ancient dame?
And can she, by these rites abhorred,
Take thirty winters from my frame?
Woe's me, if thou naught better canst suggest!
Hope has already fled my breast.
Has neither nature nor a noble mind
A balsam yet devis'd of any kind?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend, you now speak sensibly. In truth,
Nature a method giveth to renew thy youth:
But in another book the lesson's writ;—
It forms a curious chapter, I admit.

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FAUST.

I fain would know it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good! A remedy
Without physician, gold, or sorcery:
Away forthwith, and to the fields repair,
Begin to delve, to cultivate the ground,
Thy senses and thyself confine
Within the very narrowest round,
Support thyself upon the simplest fare,
Live like a very brute the brutes among,
Neither esteem it robbery
The acre thou dost reap, thyself to dung
This the best method, credit me,
Again at eighty to grow hale and young.

FAUST.

I am not used to it, nor can myself degrade
So far, as in my hand to take the spade.
For this mean life my spirit soars too high.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then must we to the witch apply!

FAUST.

Will none but this old beldame do?
Canst not thyself the potion brew?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A pretty play our leisure to beguile!
A thousand bridges I could build meanwhile.
Not science only and consummate art,
Patience must also bear her part.
A quiet spirit worketh whole years long;
Time only makes the subtle ferment strong.
And all things that belong thereto,
Are wondrous and exceeding rare!
The devil taught her, it is true;
But yet the draught the devil can't prepare.
(*Perceiving the beasts.*)
Look yonder, what a dainty pair!
Here is the maid! the knave is there!

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(*To the beasts.*)

It seems your dame is not at home?

THE MONKEYS.

Gone to carouse,
Out of the house,
Thro' the chimney and away!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How long is it her wont to roam?

THE MONKEYS.

While we can warm our paws she'll stay.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

What think you of the charming creatures?

FAUST.

I loathe alike their form and features!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, such discourse, be it confessed,
Is just the thing that pleases me the best.

(*To the* MONKEYS.)

Tell me, ye whelps, accursed crew!
What stir ye in the broth about?

MONKEYS.

Coarse beggar's gruel here we stew.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of customers you'll have a rout.

THE HE-MONKEY

(*approaching and fawning on* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Quick! quick! throw the dice,
Make me rich in a trice,
Oh give me the prize!
Alas, for myself!
Had I plenty of pelf,
I then should be wise.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

How blest the ape would think himself, if he
Could only put into the lottery!

(*In the meantime the young* MONKEYS *have been playing with a large globe, which they roll forwards.*)

THE HE-MONKEY.

The world behold;
Unceasingly roll'd,
It riseth and falleth ever;
It ringeth like glass!
How brittle, alas!
'Tis hollow, and resteth never.
How bright the sphere,
Still brighter here!
Now living am I!
Dear son, beware!
Nor venture there!
Thou too must die!
It is of clay;
'Twill crumble away;
There fragments lie.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of what use is the sieve?

THE HE-MONKEY (*taking it down*).

The sieve would show,
If thou wert a thief or no?

(*He runs to the* SHE-MONKEY, *and makes her look through it.*

Look through the sieve!
Dost know him the thief,
And dar'st thou not call him so?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*approaching the fire*).

And then this pot?

THE MONKEYS.

The half-witted sot!
He knows not the pot!
He knows not the kettle!

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Unmannerly beast!
Be civil at least!

THE HE-MONKEY.

Take the whisk and sit down in the settle!
(*He makes* MEPHISTOPHELES *sit down.*)

FAUST.

(*Who all this time has been standing before a looking-glass, now approaching, and now retiring from it.*)

What do I see? what form, whose charms transcend
The loveliness of earth, is mirror'd here!
O Love, to waft me to her sphere,
To me the swiftest of thy pinions lend!
Alas! If I remain not rooted to this place,
If to approach more near I'm fondly lur'd,
Her image fades, in veiling mist obscur'd!—
Model of beauty both in form and face!
Is't possible? Hath woman charms so rare?
Is this recumbent form, supremely fair,
The very essence of all heavenly grace?
Can aught so exquisite on earth be found?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The six days' labour of a god, my friend,
Who doth himself cry bravo, at the end,
By something clever doubtless should be crown'd.
For this time gaze your fill, and when you please
Just such a prize for you I can provide;
How blest is he to whom kind fate decrees,
To take her to his home, a lovely bride!
(FAUST *continues to gaze into the mirror.* MEPHISTOPHELES *stretching himself on the settle and playing with the whisk, continues to speak.*)
Here sit I, like a king upon his throne;
My sceptre this;—the crown I want alone.

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THE MONKEYS

(*who have hitherto been making all sorts of strange gestures, bring* MEPHISTOPHELES *a crown, with loud cries*).

Oh, be so good,
With sweat and with blood
The crown to lime!

(*They handle the crown awkwardly and break it in two pieces, with which they skip about.*)

'Twas fate's decree!
We speak and see!
We hear and rhyme.

FAUST (*before the mirror*).

Woe's me! well-nigh distraught I feel!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*pointing to the beasts*).

And even my own head almost begins to reel.

THE MONKEYS.

If good luck attend,
If fitly things blend,
Our jargon with thought
And with reason is fraught!

FAUST (*as above*).

A flame is kindled in my breast!
Let us begone! nor linger here!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in the same position*).

It now at least must be confessed,
That poets sometimes are sincere,

(*The caldron which the* SHE-MONKEY *has neglected begins to boil over; a great flame arises, which streams up the chimney. The* WITCH *comes down the chimney with horrible cries.*)

THE WITCH.

Ough! ough! ough! ough!
Accursed brute! accursed sow!
Thou dost neglect the pot, for shame!
Accursed brute to scorch the dame!

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(*Perceiving* FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.)
Whom have we here?
Who's sneaking here?
Whence are ye come?
With what desire?
The plague of fire
Your bones consume!

(*She dips the skimming-ladle into the caldron and throws flames at* FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, *and the* MONKEYS. *The* MONKEYS *whimper.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*twirling the whisk which he holds in his hand, and striking among the glasses and pots*).
Dash! Smash!
There lies the glass!
There lies the slime!
'Tis but a jest;
I but keep time,
Thou hellish pest,
To thine own chime!

(*While the* WITCH *steps back in rage and astonishment.*)
Dost know me! Skeleton! Vile scarecrow, thou!
Thy lord and master dost thou know?
What holds me, that I deal not now
Thee and thine apes a stunning blow?
No more respect to my red vest dost pay?
Does my cock's feather no allegiance claim?
Have I my visage masked to-day?
Must I be forced myself to name?

THE WITCH.

Master, forgive this rude salute!
But I perceive no cloven foot.
And your two ravens, where are they?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This once I must admit your plea;—
For truly I must own that we
Each other have not seen for many a day.
The culture, too, that shapes the world, at last

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Hath e'en the devil in its sphere embraced;
The northern phantom from the scene hath pass'd,
Tail, talons, horns, are nowhere to be traced!
As for the foot, with which I can't dispense,
'Twould injure me in company, and hence,
Like many a youthful cavalier,
False calves I now have worn for many a year.

THE WITCH (*dancing*).

I am beside myself with joy,
To see once more the gallant Satan here!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Woman, no more that name employ!

THE WITCH.

But why? what mischief hath it done?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To fable it too long hath appertained;
But people from the change have nothing won.
Rid of the evil one, the evil has remained.
Lord Baron call thou me, so is the matter good;
Of other cavaliers the mien I wear.
Dost make no question of my gentle blood;
See here, this is the scutcheon that I bear!
(*He makes an unseemly gesture.*)

THE WITCH
(*laughing immoderately*).

Ha! Ha! Just like yourself! You are, I ween,
The same mad wag that you have ever been!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

My friend, learn this to understand, I pray!
To deal with witches this is still the way.

THE WITCH.

Now tell me, gentlemen, what you desire?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of your known juice a goblet we require.
But for the very oldest let me ask;
Double its strength with years doth grow.

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THE WITCH.

Most willingly! And here I have a flask,
From which I've sipp'd myself ere now;
What's more, it doth no longer stink;
To you a glass I joyfully will give.

(*Aside.*)

If unprepar'd, however, this man drink,
He hath not, as you know, an hour to live.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He's my good friend, with whom 'twill prosper well;
I grudge him not the choicest of thy store.
Now draw thy circle, speak thy spell,
And straight a bumper for him pour!

The WITCH, *with extraordinary gestures, describes a circle, and places strange things within it. The glasses meanwhile begin to ring, the caldron to sound, and to make music. Lastly, she brings a great book; places the* MONKEYS *in the circle to serve her as a desk, and to hold the torches. She beckons* FAUST *to approach.*)

FAUST (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Tell me, to what doth all this tend?
Where will these frantic gestures end?
This loathsome cheat, this senseless stuff
I've known and hated long enough.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mere mummery, a laugh to raise!
Pray don't be so fastidious! She
But as a leech, her hocus-pocus plays,
That well with you her potion may agree.

(*He compels* FAUST *to enter the circle.*)

(*The* WITCH, *with great emphasis, begins to declaim from the book.*)

This must thou ken:
Of one make ten,
Pass two, and then

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Make square the three,
So rich thou'lt be.
Drop out the four!
From five and six,
Thus says the witch,
Make seven and eight.
So all is straight!
And nine is one,
And ten is none,
This is the witch's one-time-one!

FAUST.

The hag doth as in fever rave.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To these will follow many a stave.
I know it well, so rings the book throughout;
Much time I've lost in puzzling o'er its pages,
For downright paradox, no doubt,
A mystery remains alike to fools and sages.
Ancient the art and modern too, my friend.
'Tis still the fashion as it used to be,
Error instead of truth abroad to send
By means of three and one, and one and three.
'Tis ever taught and babbled in the schools.
Who'd take the trouble to dispute with fools?
When words men hear, in sooth, they usually believe,
That there must needs therein be something to conceive.

THE WITCH (*continues*).

The lofty power
Of wisdom's dower,
From all the world conceal'd!
Who thinketh not,
To him I wot,
Unsought it is reveal'd.

FAUST.

What nonsense doth the hag propound?
My brain it doth well-nigh confound.
A hundred thousand fools or more,
Methinks I hear in chorus roar.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

incomparable Sibyl cease, I pray!
Hand us thy liquor without more delay.
And to the very brim the goblet crown!
My friend he is, and need not be afraid;
Besides, he is a man of many a grade,
Who hath drunk deep already.

(*The* WITCH, *with many ceremonies, pours the liquor into a cup; as* FAUST *lifts it to his mouth, a light flame arises.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gulp it down!
No hesitation! It will prove
A cordial, and your heart inspire!
What! with the devil hand and glove,
And yet shrink back afraid of fire?

(*The* WITCH *dissolves the circle.* FAUST *steps out.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now forth at once! thou dar'st not rest.

WITCH.

And much, sir, may the liquor profit you!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the* WITCH).

And if to pleasure thee I aught can do,
Pray on Walpurgis mention thy request.

WITCH.

Here is a song, sung o'er sometimes, you'll see,
That 'twill a singular effect produce.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

Come, quick, and let thyself be led by me;
Thou must perspire, in order that the juice
Thy frame may penetrate through every part.
Thy noble idleness I'll teach thee then to prize,
And soon with ecstasy thou'lt recognise
How Cupid stirs and gambols in thy heart.

FAUST.

Let me but gaze one moment in the glass!
Too lovely was that female form!

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay! nay!
A model which all women shall surpass,
In flesh and blood ere long thou shalt survey.
(*Aside.*)
As works the draught, thou presently shalt greet
A Helen in each woman thou dost meet.

A Street.

FAUST (MARGARET *passing by*).

FAUST.

Fair lady, may I thus make free
To offer you my arm and company?

MARGARET.

I am no lady, am not fair,
Can without escort home repair.
(*She disengages herself and exit.*)

FAUST.

By heaven! This girl is fair indeed!
No form like hers can I recall.
Virtue she hath, and modest heed,
Is piquant too, and sharp withal.
Her cheek's soft light, her rosy lips,
No length of time will e'er eclipse!
Her downward glance in passing by,
Deep in my heart is stamp'd for aye;
How curt and sharp her answer too,
My ravish'd heart to rapture grew!

(MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*).

FAUST.

This girl must win for me! Dost hear?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Which?

FAUST.

She who but now passed.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

What! She?
She from confession cometh here,
From every sin absolved and free;
I crept near the confessor's chair.
All innocence her virgin soul,
For next to nothing went she there;
O'er such as she I've no control!

FAUST.

She's past fourteen.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You really talk
Like any gay Lothario,
Who every floweret from its stalk
Would pluck, and deems nor grace, nor truth,
Secure against his arts, forsooth!
This ne'er the less won't always do.

FAUST.

Sir Moralizer, prithee, pause;
Nor plague me with your tiresome laws!
To cut the matter short, my friend,
She must this very night be mine,—
And if to help me you decline,
Midnight shall see our compact end.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What may occur just bear in mind!
A fortnight's space, at least, I need,
A fit occasion but to find.

FAUST.

With but seven hours I could succeed;
Nor should I want the devil's wile,
So young a creature to beguile.

MEPHISTOPHELES,

Like any Frenchman now you speak,
But do not fret, I pray; why seek
To hurry to enjoyment straight?
The pleasure is not half so great,

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As when at first, around, above,
With all the fooleries of love,
The puppet you can knead and mould
As in Italian story oft is told.

FAUST.

No such incentives do I need.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But now, without offence or jest!
You cannot quickly, I protest,
In winning this sweet child succeed.
By storm we cannot take the fort,
To stratagem we must resort.

FAUST.

Conduct me to her place of rest!
Some token of the angel bring!
A kerchief from her snowy breast,
A garter bring me,—any thing!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That I my anxious zeal may prove,
Your pangs to sooth and aid your love,
A single moment will we not delay,
Will lead you to her room this very day.

FAUST.

And shall I see her?—Have her?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No!
She to a neighbour's house will go;
But in her atmosphere alone,
The tedious hours meanwhile you may employ,
In blissful dreams of future joy.

FAUST.

Can we go now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis yet too soon.

FAUST.

Some present for my love procure! (*Exit.*)

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Presents so soon! 'tis well! success is sure!
I know full many a secret store
Of treasure, buried long before,
I must a little look them o'er. (*Exit.*)

Evening. A small and neat Room.

MARGARET

(*braiding and binding up her hair*).

I would give something now to know,
Who yonder gentleman could be!
He had a gallant air, I trow,
And doubtless was of high degree:
That written on his brow was seen—
Nor else would he so bold have been. (*Exit.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come in! tread softly! be discreet!

FAUST (*after a pause.*)

Begone and leave me, I entreat!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*looking round*).

Not every maiden is so neat. (*Exit.*)

FAUST (*gazing round*).

Welcome sweet twilight gloom which reigns,
Through this dim place of hallow'd rest!
Fond yearning love, inspire my breast,
Feeding on hope's sweet dew thy blissful pains!
What stillness here environs me!
Content and order brood around.
What fulness in this poverty!
In this small cell what bliss profound!
(*He throws himself on the leather arm-chair beside the bed.*)
Receive me thou, who hast in thine embrace,
Welcom'd in joy and grief, the ages flown!
How oft the children of a by-gone race,
Have cluster'd round this patriarchal throne!
Haply she, also, whom I hold so dear,

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For Christmas gift, with grateful joy possess'd,
Hath with the full round cheek of childhood, here,
Her grandsire's wither'd hand devoutly press'd.
Maiden! I feel thy spirit haunt the place,
Breathing of order and abounding grace.
As with a mother's voice it prompteth thee,
The pure white cover o'er the board to spread,
To strew the crisping sand beneath thy tread.
Dear hand! so godlike in its ministry!
The hut becomes a paradise through thee!
And here— (*He raises the bed-curtain.*)

How thrills my pulse with strange delight!
Here could I linger hours untold;
Thou, Nature, didst in vision bright,
The embryo angel here unfold.
Here lay the child, her bosom warm
With life; while steeped in slumber's dew,
To perfect grace, her godlike form,
With pure and hallow'd weavings grew!

And thou! ah here what seekest thou?
How quails mine inmost being now!
What wouldst thou here? what makes thy heart so sore?
Unhappy Faust! I know thee now no more.

Do I a magic atmosphere inhale?
Erewhile, my passion would not brook delay!
Now in a pure love-dream I melt away.
Are we the sport of every passing gale?

Should she return and enter now,
How wouldst thou rue thy guilty flame!
Proud vaunter—thou wouldst hide thy brow,—
And at her feet sink down with shame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quick! quick! below I see her there

FAUST.

Away! I will return no more!

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here is a casket, with a store
Of jewels, which I got elsewhere.
Just lay it in the press; make haste!
I swear to you, 'twill turn her brain;
Therein some trifles I have placed,
Wherewith another to obtain.
But child is child, and play is play.

FAUST.

I know not—shall I?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Do you ask?
Perchance you would retain the treasure?
If such your wish, why then, I say,
Henceforth absolve me from my task,
Nor longer waste your hours of leisure.
I trust you're not by avarice led!
I rub my hands, I scratch my head,—
(*He places the casket in the press and closes the lock*).
Now quick! Away!
That soon the sweet young creature may
The wish and purpose of your heart obey;
Yet stand you there
As would you to the lecture-room repair,
As if before you stood,
Arrayed in flesh and blood,
Physics and metaphysics weird and grey!—
Away!

MARGARET (*with a lamp*).

It is so close, so sultry now,
(*She opens the window.*)
Yet out of doors 'tis not so warm.
I feel so strange, I know not how—
I wish my mother would come home.
Through me there runs a shuddering—
I'm but a foolish timid thing!
(*While undressing herself she begins to sing.*)
There was a king in Thule,
True even to the grave;

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To whom his dying mistress
A golden beaker gave.

At every feast he drained it,
Naught was to him so dear,
And often as he drained it,
Gush'd from his eyes the tear.

When death he felt approaching,
His cities o'er he told;
And grudged his heir no treasure
Except his cup of gold.

Girt round with knightly vassals
At a royal feast sat he,
In yon proud hall ancestral,
In his castle o'er the sea.

Up stood the jovial monarch,
And quaff'd his last life's glow,
Then hurled the hallow'd goblet
Into the flood below.

He saw it splashing, drinking,
And plunging in the sea;
His eyes meanwhile were sinking,
And never again drank he.

(*She opens the press to put away her clothes, and perceives the casket.*)

How comes this lovely casket here? The press
I locked, of that I'm confident.
'Tis very wonderful! What's in it I can't guess;
Perhaps 'twas brought by some one in distress,
And left in pledge for loan my mother lent.
Here by a ribbon hangs a little key!
I have a mind to open it and see!
Heavens! only look! what have we here!
In all my days ne'er saw I such a sight!
Jewels! which any noble dame might wear,
For some high pageant richly dight!
How would the necklace look on me!
These splendid gems, whose may they be?

(*She puts them on and steps before the glass.*)

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Were but the ear-rings only mine!
Thus one has quite another air.
What boots it to be young and fair?
It doubtless may be very fine;
But then, alas, none cares for you,
And praise sounds half like pity too
Gold all doth lure,
Gold doth secure
All things. Alas, we poor!

Promenade.

(FAUST *walking thoughtfully up and down. To him* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

By love despis'd! By hell's fierce fires I curse,
Would I knew aught to make my imprecation worse!

FAUST.

What aileth thee? what chafes thee now so sore?
A face like that I never saw before!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'd yield me to the devil instantly,
Did it not happen that myself am he!

FAUST.

There must be some disorder in thy wit!
To rave thus like a madman, is it fit?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Just think! The gems for Gretchen brought,
Them hath a priest now made his own!—
A glimpse of them the mother caught,
And 'gan with secret fear to groan.
The woman's scent is keen enough;
Doth ever in the prayer-book snuff;
Smells every article to ascertain
Whether the thing is holy or profane,
And scented in the jewels rare,
That there was not much blessing there.

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"My child," she cries, "ill-gotten good
Ensnares the soul, consumes the blood;
With them we'll deck our Lady's shrine,
She'll cheer our souls with bread divine!"
At this poor Gretchen 'gan to pout;
'Tis a gift-horse, at least, she thought,
And sure, he godless cannot be,
Who brought them here so cleverly.
Straight for a priest the mother sent,
Who, when he understood the jest,
With what he saw was well content.
"This shows a pious mind!" Quoth he:
"Self-conquest is true victory.
The Church hath a good stomach, she, with zest,
Hath lands and kingdoms swallow'd down,
And never yet a surfeit known.
The Church alone, be it confessed,
Daughters, can ill-got wealth digest."

FAUST.

It is a general custom, too,
Practised alike by king and jew.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With that, clasp, chain, and ring, he swept
As they were mushrooms; and the casket,
Without one word of thanks, he kept,
As if of nuts it were a basket.
Promised reward in heaven, then forth he hied—
And greatly they were edified.

FAUST.

And Gretchen!

MEPHISTOPHELES,

In unquiet mood
Knows neither what she would or should;
The trinkets night and day thinks o'er,
On him who brought them, dwells still more.

FAUST.

The darling's sorrow grieves me, bring
Another set without delay!
The first, methinks, was no great thing.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

All's to my gentleman child's play!

FAUST.

Plan all things to achieve my end!
Engage the attention of her friend!
No milk-and-water devil be,
And bring fresh jewels instantly!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, sir! Most gladly I'll obey.

(FAUST *exit.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your doting love-sick fool, with ease,
Merely his lady-love to please,
Sun, moon, and stars in sport would puff away. (*Exit.*

The Neighbour's House.

MARTHA (*alone*).

God pardon my dear husband, he
Doth not in truth act well by me!
Forth in the world abroad to roam,
And leave me on the straw at home.
And yet his will I ne'er did thwart,
God knows, I lov'd him from my heart

(*She weeps.*)

Perchance he's dead!—oh wretched state!—
Had I but a certificate!

(MARGARET *comes*).

MARGARET.

Dame Martha!

MARTHA.

Gretchen?

MARGARET.

Only think!
My knees beneath me well-nigh sink!
Within my press I've found to-day,
Another case, of ebony.
And things—magnificent they are,
More costly than the first, by far.

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MARTHA.

You must not name it to your mother!
It would to shrift, just like the other.

MARGARET.

Nay look at them! now only see!

MARTHA (*dresses her up*).

Thou happy creature!

MARGARET.

Woe is me!
Them in the street I cannot wear,
Or in the church, or any where.

MARTHA.

Come often over here to me,
The gems put on quite privately;
And then before the mirror walk an hour or so,
Thus we shall have our pleasure too.
Then suitable occasions we must seize,
As at a feast, to show them by degrees:
A chain at first, then ear-drops,—and your mother
Won't see them, or we'll coin some tale or other.

MARGARET.

But, who, I wonder, could the caskets bring?
I fear there's something wrong about the thing!
(*a knock*).
Good heavens! can that my mother be?

MARTHA (*peering through the blind*).

'Tis a strange gentleman, I see.
Come in!

(MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*).

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've ventur'd to intrude to-day.
Ladies, excuse the liberty, I pray.
(*He steps back respectfully before* MARGARET.)
After dame Martha Schwerdtlein I inquire!

MARTHA.

'Tis I. Pray what have you to say to me?

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MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside to her*).

I know you now,—and therefore will retire;
At present you've distinguished company.
Pardon the freedom, Madam, with your leave,
I will make free to call again at eve.

MARTHA (*aloud*).

Why, child, of all strange notions, he
For some grand lady taketh thee!

MARGARET.

I am, in truth, of humble blood—
The gentleman is far too good—
Nor gems nor trinkets are my own.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh 'tis not the mere ornaments alone;
Her glance and mien far more betray.
Rejoiced I am that I may stay.

MARTHA.

Your business, Sir? I long to know—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Would I could happier tidings show!
I trust mine errand you'll not let me rue;
Your husband's dead, and greeteth you.

MARTHA.

Is dead? True heart! Oh misery!
My husband dead! Oh, I shall die!

MARGARET.

Alas! good Martha! don't despair!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now listen to the sad affair!

MARGARET.

I for this cause should fear to love.
The loss my certain death would prove.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Joy still must sorrow, sorrow joy attend.

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MARTHA.

Proceed, and tell the story of his end!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At Padua, in St. Anthony's,
In holy ground his body lies;
Quiet and cool his place of rest,
With pious ceremonials blest.

MARTHA.

And had you naught besides to bring?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh yes! one grave and solemn prayer;
Let them for him three hundred masses sing!
But in my pockets, I have nothing there.

MARTHA.

No trinket! no love-token did he send!
What every journeyman safe in his pouch will hoard
There for remembrance fondly stored,
And rather hungers, rather begs than spend!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madam, in truth, it grieves me sore,
But he his gold not lavishly hath spent.
His failings too he deeply did repent,
Ay! and his evil plight bewail'd still more.

MARGARET.

Alas! That men should thus be doomed to woe!
I for his soul will many a requiem pray.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A husband you deserve this very day;
A child so worthy to be loved.

MARGARET.

Ah no,
That time hath not yet come for me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If not a spouse, a gallant let it be.
Among heaven's choicest gifts, I place,
So sweet a darling to embrace.

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MARGARET.

Our land doth no such usage know.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Usage or not, it happens so.

MARTHA.

Go on, I pray!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I stood by his bedside.
Something less foul it was than dung;
'Twas straw half rotten; yet, he as a Christian died.
And sorely hath remorse his conscience wrung.
"Wretch that I was," quoth he, with parting breath,
"So to forsake my business and my wife!
Ah! the remembrance is my death.
Could I but have her pardon in this life!"—

MARTHA (*weeping*).

Dear soul! I've long forgiven him, indeed!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

"Though she, God knows, was more to blame than I."

MARTHA.

What, on the brink of death assert a lie!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If I am skill'd the countenance to read,
He doubtless fabled as he parted hence.—
"No time had I to gape, or take my ease," he said,
"First to get children, and then get them bread;
And bread, too, in the very widest sense;
Nor could I eat in peace even my proper share."

MARTHA.

What, all my truth, my love forgotten quite?
My weary drudgery by day and night!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not so! He thought of you with tender care.
Quoth he: "Heaven knows how fervently I prayed,
For wife and children when from Malta bound;—
The prayer hath heaven with favour crowned;

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We took a Turkish vessel which conveyed
Rich store of treasure for the Sultan's court;
It's own reward our gallant action brought;
The captur'd prize was shared among the crew,
And of the treasure I received my due."

MARTHA.

How? Where? The treasure hath he buried, pray?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Where the four winds have blown it, who can say?
In Naples as he stroll'd, a stranger there,—
A comely maid took pity on my friend;
And gave such tokens of her love and care,
That he retained them to his blessed end.

MARTHA.

Scoundrel! to rob his children of their bread!
And all this misery, this bitter need,
Could not his course of recklessness impede!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, he hath paid the forfeit, and is dead.
Now were I in your place, my counsel hear;
My weeds I'd wear for one chaste year,
And for another lover meanwhile would look out.

MARTHA.

Alas, I might search far and near,
Not quickly should I find another like my first!
There could not be a fonder fool than mine,
Only he loved too well abroad to roam;
Loved foreign women too, and foreign wine,
And loved besides the dice accurs'd.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All had gone swimmingly, no doubt,
Had he but given you at home,
On his side, just as wide a range.
Upon such terms, to you I swear,
Myself with you would gladly rings exchange!

MARTHA.

The gentleman is surely pleas'd to jest!

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MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

Now to be off in time, were best!
She'd make the very devil marry her.

(*To* MARGARET.)

How fares it with your heart?

MARGARET.

How mean you, Sir?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

The sweet young innocent!

(*aloud.*)

Ladies, farewell!

MARGARET.

Farewell!

MARTHA.

But ere you leave us, quickly tell!
I from a witness fain had heard,
Where, how, and when my husband died and was interr'd.
To forms I've always been attached indeed,
His death I fain would in the journals read.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, madam, what two witnesses declare
Is held as valid everywhere;
A gallant friend I have, not far from here,
Who will for you before the judge appear.
I'll bring him straight.

MARTHA.

I pray you do!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And this young lady, we shall find her too?
A noble youth, far travelled, he,
Shows to the sex all courtesy.

MARGARET.

I in his presence needs must blush for shame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not in the presence of a crowned king!

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MARTHA.

The garden, then, behind my house, we'll name,
There we'll await you both this evening.

A Street.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How is it now? How speeds it? Is't in train?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bravo! I find you all aflame!
Gretchen full soon your own you'll name.
This eve, at neighbour Martha's, her you'll meet again;
The woman seems expressly made
To drive the pimp and gipsy's trade.

FAUST.

Good!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But from us she something would request.

FAUST.

A favour claims return as this world goes.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We have on oath but duly to attest,
That her dead husband's limbs, outstretch'd, repose
In holy ground at Padua.

FAUST.

Sage indeed!
So I suppose we straight must journey there!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sancta simplicitas! For that no need!
Without much knowledge we have but to swear.

FAUST.

If you have nothing better to suggest,
Against your plan I must at once protest.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, holy man! methinks I have you there!
In all your life say, have you ne'er
False witness borne, until this hour?
Have you of God, the world, and all it doth contain,
Of man, and that which worketh in his heart and brain,
Not definitions given, in words of weight and power,
With front unblushing, and a dauntless breast?
Yet, if into the depth of things you go,
Touching these matters, it must be confess'd,
As much as of Herr Schwerdtlein's death you know!

FAUST.

Thou art and dost remain liar and sophist too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, if one did not take a somewhat deeper view!
To-morrow, in all honour, thou
Poor Gretchen wilt befool, and vow
Thy soul's deep love, in lover's fashion.

FAUST.

And from my heart.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All good and fair!
Then deathless constancy thou'lt swear;
Speak of one all o'ermastering passion,—
Will that too issue from the heart?

FAUST.

Forbear!
When passion sways me, and I seek to frame
Fit utterance for feeling, deep, intense,
And for my frenzy finding no fit name,
Sweep round the ample world with every sense,
Grasp at the loftiest words to speak my flame,
And call the glow, wherewith I burn,
Quenchless, eternal, yea, eterne—
Is that of sophistry a devilish play?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet am I right!

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FAUST.

Mark this, my friend,
And spare my lungs: whoe'er to have the right is fain,
If he have but a tongue, wherewith his point to gain,
Will gain it in the end.
But come, of gossip I am weary quite;
Because I've no resource, thou'rt in the right.

Garden.

MARGARET *on* FAUST'S *arm.* MARTHA *with* MEPHISTOPHELES *walking up and down.*

MARGARET.

I feel it, you but spare my ignorance,
To shame me, sir, you stoop thus low.
A traveller from complaisance,
Still makes the best of things; I know
Too well, my humble prattle never can
Have power to entertain so wise a man.

FAUST.

One glance, one word of thine doth charm me more,
Than the world's wisdom or the sage's lore.
(*He kisses her hand.*)

MARGARET.

Nay! trouble not yourself! A hand so coarse,
So rude as mine, now can you kiss!
What constant work at home must I not do perforce!
My mother too exacting is.
(*They pass on.*)

MARTHA.

Thus, sir, unceasing travel is your lot?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Traffic and duty urge us! With what pain
Are we compelled to leave full many a spot,
Where yet we dare not once remain!

MARTHA.

In youth's wild years, with vigour crown'd,
'Tis not amiss thus through the world to sweep;
But ah, the evil days come round!

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And to a lonely grave as bachelor to creep,
A pleasant thing has no one found.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The prospect fills me with dismay.

MARTHA.

Therefore in time, dear sir, reflect, I pray.

(*They pass on.*)

MARGARET.

Ay, out of sight is out of mind!
Politeness easy is to you;
Friends everywhere, and not a few,
Wiser than I am, you will find.

FAUST.

Trust me, my angel, what doth pass for sense
Full oft is self-conceit and blindness!

MARGARET.

How?

FAUST.

Simplicity and holy innocence,—
When will ye learn your hallow'd worth to know!
Ah, when will meekness and humility,
Kind and all-bounteous nature's loftiest dower—

MARGARET.

Only one little moment think of me!
To think of you I shall have many an hour.

FAUST.

You are perhaps much alone?

MARGARET.

Yes, small our household is, I own,
Yet must I see to it. No maid we keep,
And I must cook, sew, knit, and sweep,
Still early on my feet and late;
My mother is in all things, great and small,
So accurate!
Not that for thrift there is such pressing need;
Than others we might make more show indeed;

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My father left behind a small estate,
A house and garden near the city-wall.
Quiet enough my life has been of late;
My brother for a soldier's gone;
My little sister's dead; the babe to rear
Occasion'd me some care and fond annoy;
But I would go through all again with joy,
The darling was to me so dear.

FAUST.

An angel, sweet, if it resembled thee!

MARGARET.

I reared it up, and it grew fond of me.
After my father's death it saw the day;
We gave my mother up for lost, she lay
In such a wretched plight, and then at length
So very slowly she regain'd her strength.
Weak as she was, 'twas vain for her to try
Herself to suckle the poor babe, so I
Reared it on milk and water all alone;
And thus the child became as 'twere my own;
Within my arms it stretched itself and grew,
And smiling, nestled in my bosom too.

FAUST.

Doubtless the purest happiness was thine.

MARGARET.

But many weary hours, in sooth, were also mine.
At night its little cradle stood
Close to my bed; so was I wide awake
If it but stirred;
One while I was obliged to give it food,
Or to my arms the darling take;
From bed full oft must rise, whene'er its cry I heard,
And, dancing it, must pace the chamber to and fro;
Stand at the wash-tub early; forthwith go
To market, and then mind the cooking too—
To-morrow like to-day, the whole year through.
Ah, sir, thus living, it must be confess'd
One's spirits are not always of the best;
Yet it a relish gives to food and rest. (*They pass on.*)

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MARTHA.

Poor women! we are badly off, I own;
A bachelor's conversion's hard, indeed!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madam, with one like you it rests alone,
To tutor me a better course to lead.

MARTHA.

Speak frankly, sir, none is there you have met?
Has your heart ne'er attach'd itself as yet?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

One's own fire-side and a good wife are gold
And pearls of price, so says the proverb old.

MARTHA.

I mean, has passion never stirred your breast?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've everywhere been well received, I own.

MARTHA.

Yet hath your heart no earnest preference known?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With ladies one should ne'er presume to jest.

MARTHA.

Ah! you mistake!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm sorry I'm so blind!
But this I know—that you are very kind.

(*They pass on.*)

FAUST.

Me, little angel, didst thou recognise,
When in the garden first I came?

MARGARET.

Did you not see it? I cast down my eyes.

FAUST.

Thou dost forgive my boldness, dost not blame
The liberty I took that day,
When thou from church didst lately wend thy way?

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MARGARET.

I was confused. So had it never been;
No one of me could any evil say.
Alas, thought I, he doubtless in thy mien,
Something unmaidenly or bold hath seen?
It seemed as if it struck him suddenly,
Here's just a girl with whom one may make free!
Yet I must own that then I scarcely knew
What in your favour here began at once to plead;
Yet I was angry with myself indeed,
That I more angry could not feel with you.

FAUST.

Sweet love!

MARGARET.

Just wait awhile!
(*She gathers a star-flower and plucks off the leaves one after another.*)

FAUST.

A nosegay may that be?

MARGARET.

No! It is but a game.

FAUST.

How?

MARGARET.

Go, you'll laugh at me!
(*She plucks off the leaves and murmurs to herself.*)

FAUST.

What murmurest thou?

MARGARET (*half aloud*).

He loves me,—loves me not.

FAUST.

Sweet angel, with thy face of heavenly bliss!

MARGARET (*continues*).

He loves me—not—he loves me—not—
(*plucking off the last leaf with fond joy.*)
He loves me!

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FAUST.

Yes!
And this flower-language, darling, let it be,
A heavenly oracle! He loveth thee!
Know'st thou the meaning of, He loveth thee?
(*He seizes both her hands.*)

MARGARET.

I tremble so!

FAUST.

Nay! do not tremble, love!
Let this hand-pressure, let this glance reveal
Feelings, all power of speech above;
To give oneself up wholly and to feel
A joy that must eternal prove!
Eternal!—Yes, its end would be despair.
No end!—It cannot end!

(MARGARET *presses his hand, extricates herself, and runs away. He stands a moment in thought, and then follows her.*)

MARTHA (*approaching*).

Night's closing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, we'll presently away.

MARTHA.

I would entreat you longer yet to stay;
But 'tis a wicked place, just here about;
It is as if the folk had nothing else to do,
Nothing to think of too,
But gaping watch their neighbours, who goes in and out;
And scandal's busy still, do whatsoe'er one may.
And our young couple?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They have flown up there.
The wanton butterflies!

MARTHA.

He seems to take to her.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And she to him. 'Tis of the world the way!

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A Summer-House.

(MARGARET *runs in, hides behind the door, holds the tip of her finger to her lip, and peeps through the crevice.*)

MARGARET.

He comes!

FAUST.

Ah, little rogue, so thou
Think'st to provoke me! I have caught thee now!
(*He kisses her.*)

MARGARET.

(*embracing him, and returning the kiss.*)
Dearest of men! I love thee from my heart!

(MEPHISTOPHELES *knocks.*)

FAUST (*stamping*).

Who's there?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A friend!

FAUST.

A brute!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis time to part.

MARTHA (*comes*).

Ay, it is late, good sir.

FAUST.

Mayn't I attend you, then? 2865

MARGARET.

Oh no—my mother would—adieu, adieu!

FAUST.

And must I really then take leave of you?
Farewell!

MARTHA.

Good-bye!

MARGARET.

Ere long to meet again!
(*Exeunt* FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

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MARGARET.

Good heavens! how all things far and near
Must fill his mind,—a man like this!
Abash'd before him I appear,
And say to all things only, yes.
Poor simple child, I cannot see,
What 'tis that he can find in me. (*Exit.*)

Forest and Cavern.

FAUST (*alone*).

Spirit sublime! Thou gav'st me, gav'st me all
For which I prayed! Not vainly hast thou turn'd
To me thy countenance in flaming fire:
Gavest me glorious nature for my realm,
And also power to feel her and enjoy;
Not merely with a cold and wondering glance,
Thou dost permit me in her depths profound,
As in the bosom of a friend to gaze.
Before me thou dost lead her living tribes,
And dost in silent grove, in air and stream
Teach me to know my kindred. And when roars
The howling storm-blast through the groaning wood,
Wrenching the giant pine, which in its fall
Crashing sweeps down its neighbour trunks and boughs,
While with the hollow noise the hill resounds:
Then thou dost lead me to some shelter'd cave,
Dost there reveal me to myself, and show
Of my own bosom the mysterious depths.
And when with soothing beam, the moon's pale orb
Full in my view climbs up the pathless sky,
From crag and dewy grove, the silvery forms
Of by-gone ages hover, and assuage
The joy austere of contemplative thought.

Oh, that naught perfect is assign'd to man,
I feel, alas! With this exalted joy,
Which lifts me near and nearer to the gods,
Thou gav'st me this companion, unto whom
I needs must cling, though cold and insolent,
He still degrades me to myself, and turns
Thy glorious gifts to nothing, with a breath.

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He in my bosom with malicious zeal
For that fair image fans a raging fire;
From craving to enjoyment thus I reel,
And in enjoyment languish for desire.

(MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of this lone life have you not had your fill?
How for so long can it have charms for you?
'Tis well enough to try it if you will;
But then away again to something new!

FAUST.

Would you could better occupy your leisure,
Than in disturbing thus my hours of joy.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well! Well! I'll leave you to yourself with pleasure,
A serious tone you hardly dare employ.
To part from one so crazy, harsh, and cross,
I should not find a grievous loss.
The live-long day, for you I toil and fret;
Ne'er from his worship's face a hint I get,
What pleases him, or what to let alone.

FAUST.

Ay truly! that is just the proper tone!
He wearies me, and would with thanks be paid!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor Son of Earth, without my aid,
How would thy weary days have flown?
Thee of thy foolish whims I've cured,
Thy vain imaginations banished,
And but for me, be well assured,
Thou from this sphere must soon have vanished.
In rocky hollows and in caverns drear,
Why like an owl sit moping here?
Wherefore from dripping stones and moss with ooze embued,
Dost suck, like any toad, thy food?
A rare, sweet pastime. Verily!
The doctor cleaveth still to thee.

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FAUST.

Dost comprehend what bliss without alloy
From this wild wand'ring in the desert springs?—
Couldst thou but guess the new life-power it brings,
Thou wouldst be fiend enough to envy me my joy.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What super-earthly ecstasy! at night,
To lie in darkness on the dewy height,
Embracing heaven and earth in rapture high,
The soul dilating to a deity;
With prescient yearnings pierce the core of earth,
Feel in your labouring breast the six-days' birth,
Enjoy, in proud delight what no one knows,
While your love-rapture o'er creation flows,—
The earthly lost in beatific vision,
And then the lofty intuition—
(*with a gesture.*)
I need not tell you how—to close!

FAUST.

Fie on you!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This displeases you? "For shame!"
You are forsooth entitled to exclaim;
We to chaste ears it seems must not pronounce
What, nathless, the chaste heart cannot renounce.
Well, to be brief, the joy as fit occasions rise,
I grudge you not, of specious lies.
But soon the self-deluding vein
Is past, once more thou'rt whirled away,
And should it last, thou'lt be the prey
Of frenzy or remorse and pain.
Enough of this! Thy true love dwells apart,
And all to her seems flat and tame;
Alone thine image fills her heart,
She loves thee with an all-devouring flame.
First came thy passion with o'erpowering rush,
Like mountain torrent, swollen by the melted snow;
Full in her heart didst pour the sudden gush,
Now has thy brooklet ceased to flow.

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Instead of sitting throned midst forests wild,
It would become so great a lord
To comfort the enamour'd child,
And the young monkey for her love reward.
To her the hours seem miserably long;
She from the window sees the clouds float by
As o'er the lofty city-walls they fly.
"If I a birdie were!" so runs her song,
Half through the night and all day long.
Cheerful sometimes, more oft at heart full sore;
Fairly outwept seem now her tears,
Anon she tranquil is, or so appears,
And love-sick evermore.

FAUST.

Snake! Serpent vile!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

Good! If I catch thee with my guile!

FAUST.

Vile reprobate! go get thee hence;
Forbear the lovely girl to name!
Nor in my half-distracted sense,
Kindle anew the smouldering flame!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What wouldest thou! She thinks you've taken flight;
It seems, she's partly in the right.

FAUST.

I'm near her still—and should I distant rove,
Her I can ne'er forget, ne'er lose her love;
And all things touch'd by those sweet lips of hers,
Even the very Host, my envy stirs.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis well! I oft have envied you indeed,
The twin-pair that among the roses feed.

FAUST.

Pander, avaunt!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Go to! I laugh, the while you rail.
The power which fashion'd youth and maid,

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Well understood the noble trade;
So neither shall occasion fail.
But hence!—In truth a case for gloom!
Bethink thee, to thy mistress' room
And not to death shouldst go!

FAUST.

What is to me heaven's joy within her arms?
What though my life her bosom warms!—
Do I not ever feel her woe?
The outcast am I not, who knows no rest,
Inhuman monster, aimless and unblest,
Who, like the greedy surge, from rock to rock,
Sweeps down the dread abyss with desperate shock?
While she, within her lowly cot, which graced
The Alpine slope, beside the waters wild,
Her homely cares in that small world embraced,
Secluded lived, a simple artless child.
Was't not enough, in thy delirious whirl
To blast the stedfast rocks;
Her, and her peace as well,
Must I, God-hated one, to ruin hurl!
Dost claim this holocaust, remorseless Hell!
Fiend, help me to cut short the hours of dread!
Let what must happen, happen speedily!
Her direful doom fall crushing on my head,
And into ruin let her plunge with me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why how again it seethes and glows!
Away, thou fool! Her torment ease!
When such a head no issue sees,
It pictures straight the final close.
Long life to him who boldly dares!
A devil's pluck thou'rt wont to show;
As for a devil who despairs,
There's naught so mawkish here below.

MARGARET'S *Room.*

MARGARET (*alone at her spinning wheel*).

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore,

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I find it never,
And nevermore!
Where him I have not,
Is the grave to me;
And bitter as gall
The whole world to me.
My wilder'd brain
Is overwrought;
My feeble senses
Are distraught.
My peace is gone,
My heart is sore,
I find it never,
And nevermore!
For him from the window
I gaze, at home;
For him and him only
Abroad I roam.
His lofty step,
His bearing high,
The smile of his lip,
The power of his eye,
His witching words,
Their tones of bliss,
His hand's fond pressure,
And ah—his kiss!
My peace is gone,
My heart is sore,
I find it never,
And nevermore.
My bosom aches
To feel him near;
Ah, could I clasp
And fold him here!
Kiss him and kiss him
Again would I,
And on his kisses
I fain would die!

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MARTHA'S *Garden.*

MARGARET *and* FAUST.

MARGARET.

Promise, me, Henry—

FAUST.

What I can!

MARGARET.

How is it with religion in thy mind?
Thou art a dear kind-hearted man,
But I'm afraid not piously inclined.

FAUST.

Forbear! Thou feelest I love thee alone;
For those I love, my life I would lay down,
And none would of their faith or church bereave.

MARGARET.

That's not enough, we must ourselves believe!

FAUST.

Must we?

MARGARET.

Ah, could I but thy soul inspire!
Thou honourest not the sacraments, alas!

FAUST.

I honour them.

MARGARET.

But yet without desire;
'Tis long since thou hast been either to shrift or mass.
Dost thou believe in God?

FAUST.

My darling, who dares say,
Yes, I in God believe?
Question or priest or sage, and they
Seem, in the answer you receive,
To mock the questioner.

MARGARET.

Then thou dost not believe!

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FAUST.

Sweet one! my meaning do not misconceive!
Him who dare name
And who proclaim,
Him I believe?
Who that can feel,
His heart can steel,
To say: I believe him not?
The All-embracer,
All-sustainer,
Holds and sustains he not
Thee, me, himself?
Lifts not the Heaven its dome above?
Doth not the firm-set earth beneath us lie?
And beaming tenderly with looks of love,
Climb not the everlasting stars on high?
Do I not gaze into thine eyes?
Nature's impenetrable agencies,
Are they not thronging on thy heart and brain,
Viewless, or visible to mortal ken,
Around thee weaving their mysterious chain?
Fill thence thy heart, how large soe'er it be;
And in the feeling when thou utterly art blest,
Then call it, what thou wilt,—
Call it Bliss! Heart! Love! God!
I have no name for it!
'Tis feeling all;
Name is but sound and smoke
Shrouding the glow of heaven.

MARGARET.

All this is doubtless good and fair;
Almost the same the parson says,
Only in slightly different phrase.

FAUST.

Beneath Heaven's sunshine, everywhere,
This is the utterance of the human heart;
Each in his language doth the like impart;
Then why not I in mine?

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MARGARET.

What thus I hear
Sounds plausible, yet I'm not reconciled;
There's something wrong about it; much I fear
That thou art not a Christian.

FAUST.

My sweet child!

MARGARET.

Alas! it long hath sorely troubled me,
To see thee in such odious company.

FAUST.

How so?

MARGARET.

The man who comes with thee, I hate,
Yea, in my spirit's inmost depths abhor;
As his loath'd visage, in my life before,
Naught to my heart e'er gave a pang so great.

FAUST.

Fear not, sweet love!

MARGARET.

His presence chills my blood.
Towards all beside I have a kindly mood;
Yet, though I yearn to gaze on thee, I feel
At sight of him strange horror o'er me steal;
That he's a villain my conviction's strong.
May Heaven forgive me, if I do him wrong!

FAUST.

Yet such strange fellows in the world must be!

MARGARET.

I would not live with such an one as he.
If for a moment he but enter here,
He looks around him with a mocking sneer,
And malice ill-conceal'd;
That he, with naught on earth can sympathize is clear;
Upon his brow 'tis legibly revealed,
That to his heart no living soul is dear.
So blest I feel, within thine arms,

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So warm and happy,—free from all alarms;
And still my heart doth close when he comes near.

FAUST.

Foreboding angel! check thy fear!

MARGARET.

It so o'ermasters me, that when,
Or wheresoe'er, his step I hear,
I almost think, no more I love thee then.
Besides, when he is near, I ne'er could pray,
This eats into my heart; with thee
The same, my Henry, it must be.

FAUST.

This is antipathy!

MARGARET.

I must away.

FAUST.

For one brief hour then may I never rest,
And heart to heart, and soul to soul be pressed?

MARGARET.

Ah, if I slept alone, to-night
The bolt I fain would leave undrawn for thee;
But then my mother's sleep is light,
Were we surprised by her, ah me!
Upon the spot I should be dead.

FAUST.

Dear angel! there's no cause for dread.
Here is a little phial,—if she take
Mixed in her drink three drops, 'twill steep
Her nature in a deep and soothing sleep.

MARGARET.

What do I not for thy dear sake!
To her it will not harmful prove?

FAUST.

Should I advise else, sweet love?

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MARGARET.

I know not, dearest, when thy face I see,
What doth my spirit to thy will constrain;
Already I have done so much for thée,
That scarcely more to do doth now remain.

(*Exit.*)

(MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*).

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The monkey! Is she gone?

FAUST.

Again hast played the spy?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of all that pass'd I'm well apprized,
I heard the doctor catechised,
And trust he'll profit much thereby!
Fain would the girls inquire indeed
Touching their lover's faith, if he
Believe according to the ancient creed;
They think: if pliant there, to us he'll yielding be.

FAUST.

Thou monster, dost not see that this
Pure soul, possessed by ardent love,
Full of the living faith,
To her of bliss
The only pledge, must holy anguish prove,
Holding the man she loves, fore-doomed to endless death!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Most sensual, supersensualist? The while
A damsel leads thee by the nose!

FAUST.

Of filth and fire abortion vile!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In physiognomy strange skill she shows;
She in my presence feels she knows not how;
My mask it seems a hidden sense reveals;
That I'm a genius she must needs allow,

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That I'm the very devil perhaps she feels.
So then to-night—

FAUST.

What's that to you?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've my amusement in it too!

At the Well.

MARGARET *and* BESSY, *with pitchers.*

BESSY.

Of Barbara hast nothing heard?

MARGARET.

I rarely go from home,—no, not a word.

BESSY.

'Tis true: Sybilla told me so to-day!
That comes of being proud, methinks;
She played the fool at last.

MARGARET.

How so?

BESSY.

They say
That two she feedeth when she eats and drinks.

MARGARET.

Alas!

BESSY.

She's rightly served, in sooth.
How long she hung upon the youth!
What promenades, what jaunts there were,
To dancing booth and village fair!
The first she everywhere must shine,
He always treating her to pastry and to wine.
Of her good looks she was so vain,
So shameless too, that she did not disdain
Even his presents to retain;
Sweet words and kisses came anon—
And then the virgin flower was gone!

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MARGARET.

Poor thing!

BESSY.

Forsooth dost pity her?
At night, when at our wheels we sat,
Abroad our mothers ne'er would let us stir.
Then with her lover she must chat,
Or on the bench, or in the dusky walk,
Thinking the hours too brief for their sweet talk;
Her proud head she will have to bow,
And in white sheet do penance now!

MARGARET.

But he will surely marry her?

BESSY.

Not he!
He won't be such a fool! a gallant lad
Like him, can roam o'er land and sea,
Besides, he's off.

MARGARET.

That is not fair!

BESSY.

If she should get him, 'twere almost as bad!
Her myrtle wreath the boys would tear;
And then we girls would plague her too,
For we chopp'd straw before her door would strew!
(*Exit.*)

MARGARET (*walking towards home*).

How stoutly once I could inveigh,
If a poor maiden went astray!
Not words enough my tongue could find,
'Gainst others' sin to speak my mind;
Black as it seemed, I blacken'd it still more,
And strove to make it blacker than before.
And did myself securely bless—
Now my own trespass doth appear!
Yet ah!—what urg'd me to transgress,
Sweet heaven, it was so good! so dear!

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ZWINGER.

Enclosure between the City-wall and the Gate.

(*In the niche of the wall a devotional image of the Mater dolorosa, with flower-pots before it.*)

MARGARET (*putting fresh flowers in the pots*).

Ah, rich in sorrow, thou,
Stoop thy maternal brow,
And mark with pitying eye my misery!

The sword in thy pierced heart,
Thou dost with bitter smart,
Gaze upwards on thy Son's death agony.

To the dear God on high,
Ascends thy piteous sigh,
Pleading for his and thy sore misery.

Ah, who can know
The torturing woe,
The pangs that rack me to the bone?
How my poor heart, without relief,
Trembles and throbs, its yearning grief
Thou knowest, thou alone!

Ah, wheresoe'er I go,
With woe, with woe, with woe,
My anguish'd breast is aching!
When all alone I creep,
I weep, I weep, I weep,
Alas! my heart is breaking!

The flower-pots at my window
Were wet with tears of mine,
The while I pluck'd these blossoms,
At dawn to deck thy shrine!

When early in my chamber
Shone bright the rising morn,
I sat there on my pallet,
My heart with anguish torn.

Help! from disgrace and death deliver me!
Ah! rich in sorrow, thou,
Stoop thy maternal brow,
And mark with pitying eye my misery!

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Night. Street before MARGARET'S *door.*

VALENTINE (*a soldier,* MARGARET'S *brother*).

When seated 'mong the jovial crowd
Where merry comrades boasting loud,
Each named with pride his favourite lass,
And in her honour drain'd his glass;
Upon my elbows I would lean,
With easy quiet view the scene,
Nor give my tongue the rein, until
Each swaggering blade had talked his fill.
Then smiling I my beard would stroke,
The while, with brimming glass, I spoke;
"Each to his taste!—but to my mind,
Where in the country will you find,
A maid, as my dear Gretchen fair,
Who with my sister can compare?"
Cling! Clang! so rang the jovial sound!
Shouts of assent went circling round;
Pride of her sex is she!—cried some;
Then were the noisy boasters dumb.

And now!—I could tear out my hair,
Or dash my brains out in despair!—
Me every scurvy knave may twit,
With stinging jest and taunting sneer!
Like skulking debtor I must sit,
And sweat each casual word to hear!
And though I smash'd them one and all,—
Yet them I could not liars call.

Who comes this way? who's sneaking here?
If I mistake not, two draw near.
If he be one, have at him;—well I wot
Alive he shall not leave this spot!

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How from yon sacristy, athwart the night,
Its beams the ever-burning taper throws,
While ever waning, fades the glimmering light,

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As gathering darkness doth around it close!
So night-like gloom doth in my bosom reign.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm like a tom-cat in a thievish vein,
That up fire-ladders tall and steep,
And round the walls doth slyly creep;
Virtuous withal, I feel, with, I confess,
A touch of thievish joy and wantonness.
Thus through my limbs already there doth bound
The glorious Walpurgis night!
After to-morrow it again comes round,
What one doth wake for, then one knows aright!

FAUST.

Meanwhile, the flame which I see glimmering there,
Is it the treasure rising in the air?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ere long, I make no doubt, but you
To raise the chest will feel inclined;
Erewhile I peep'd within it too;
With lion-dollars 'tis well lined.

FAUST.

And not a trinket? not a ring?
Wherewith my lovely girl to deck?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I saw among them some such thing,
A string of pearls to grace her neck.

FAUST.

'Tis well! I'm always loath to go,
Without some gift my love to show.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Some pleasures gratis to enjoy,
Should surely cause you no annoy.
While bright with stars the heavens appear,
I'll sing a masterpiece of art:
A moral song shall charm her ear,
More surely to beguile her heart.

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(*Sings to the guitar*).

Kathrina say,
Why lingering stay
At dawn of day
Before your lover's door?
Maiden, beware,
Nor enter there,
Lest forth you fare,
A maiden never more.

Maiden take heed!
Reck well my rede!
Is't done, the deed?
Good night, you poor, poor thing!
The spoiler's lies,
His arts despise,
Nor yield your prize,
Without the marriage ring!

VALENTINE (*steps forward*).

Whom are you luring here? I'll give it you!
Accursed rat-catchers, your strains I'll end!
First, to the devil the guitar I'll send!
Then to the devil with the singer too!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The poor guitar! 'tis done for now.

VALENTINE.

Your skull shall follow next, I trow!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

Doctor, stand fast! your strength collect!
Be prompt, and do as I direct.
Out with your whisk! keep close, I pray,
I'll parry! do you thrust away!

VALENTINE.

Then parry that!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why not?

VALENTINE.

That too!

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

With ease!

VALENTINE.

The devil fights for you!
Why how is this? my hand's already lamed!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

Thrust home!

VALENTINE (*falls*).

Alas!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There! Now the lubber's tamed!
But quick, away! We must at once take wing;
A cry of murder strikes upon the ear;
With the police I know my course to steer,
But with the blood-ban 'tis another thing.

MARTHA (*at the window*).

Without! without!

MARGARET (*at the window*).

Quick, bring a light!

MARTHA (*as above*).

They rail and scuffle, scream and fight!

PEOPLE.

One lieth here already dead!

MARTHA (*coming out*).

Where are the murderers? are they fled?

MARGARET (*coming out*).

Who lieth here?

PEOPLE.

Thy mother's son.

MARGARET.

Almighty God! I am undone!

VALENTINE.

I'm dying—'tis a soon-told tale,
And sooner done the deed.
Why, women, do ye howl and wail?
To my last words give heed! (*All gather round him*).

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Gretchen, thou'rt still of tender age,
And, well I wot, not over sage,
Thou dost thy matters ill;
Let this in confidence be said:
Since thou the path of shame dost tread,
Tread it with right good will!

MARGARET.

My brother! God! what can this mean?

VALENTINE.

Abstain,
Nor dare God's holy name profane!
What's done, alas, is done and past!
Matters will take their course at last;
By stealth thou dost begin with one,
Others will follow him anon;
And when a dozen thee have known,
Thou'lt common be to all the town.
When infamy is newly born,
In secret she is brought to light,
And the mysterious veil of night
O'er head and ears is drawn;
The loathsome birth men fain would slay;
But soon, full grown, she waxes bold,
And though not fairer to behold,
With brazen front insults the day:
The more abhorrent to the sight,
The more she courts the day's pure light,

The time already I discern,
When thee all honest folk will spurn,
And shun thy hated form to meet,
As when a corpse infects the street.
Thy heart will sink in blank despair,
When they shall look thee in the face!
A golden chain no more thou'lt wear—
Nor near the altar take in church thy place—
In fair lace collar simply dight
Thou'lt dance no more with spirits light—
In darksome corners thou wilt bide,
Where beggars vile and cripples hide—

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And e'en though God thy crime forgive,
On earth, a thing accursed, thou'lt live!

MARTHA.

Your parting soul to God commend;
Your dying breath in slander will you spend?

VALENTINE.

Could I but reach thy wither'd frame,
Thou wretched beldame, void of shame!
Full measure I might hope to win
Of pardon then for every sin.

MARGARET.

Brother! what agonizing pain!

VALENTINE.

I tell thee! from vain tears abstain!
'Twas thy dishonour pierced my heart,
Thy fall the fatal death-stab gave.
Through the death-sleep I now depart
To God, a soldier true and brave. (*dies.*)

Cathedral.

Service, Organ, and Anthem.

MARGARET *amongst a number of people.*

EVIL-SPIRIT *behind* MARGARET.

EVIL-SPIRIT.

How different, Gretchen, was it once with thee,
When thou, still full of innocence,
Here to the altar camest,
And from the small and well-conn'd book
Didst lisp thy prayer,
Half childish sport,
Half God in thy young heart!
Gretchen!
What thoughts are thine?
What deed of shame
Lurks in thy sinful heart?
Is thy prayer utter'd for thy mother's soul,
Who into long, long torment slept through thee?

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Whose blood is on thy threshold?
—And stirs there not already 'neath thy heart
Another quick'ning pulse, that even now
Tortures itself and thee
With its foreboding presence?

MARGARET.

Woe! Woe!
Oh could I free me from the thoughts
That hither, thither, crowd upon my brain,
Against my will!

CHORUS.

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla.
(*The organ sounds.*)

EVIL-SPIRIT.

Grim horror seizes thee!
The trumpet sounds!
The graves are shaken!
And thy heart
From ashy rest
For torturing flames
Anew created,
Trembles into life!

MARGARET.

Would I were hence!
It is as if the organ
Choked my breath,
As if the choir
Melted my inmost heart!

CHORUS.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

MARGARET.

I feel oppressed!
The pillars of the wall
Imprison me!

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The vaulted roof
Weighs down upon me!—air!

EVIL-SPIRIT.

Wouldst hide thee? sin and shame
Remain not hidden!
Air! light!
Woe's thee!

CHORUS.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus!
Cum vix justus sit securus.

EVIL-SPIRIT.

The glorified their faces turn
Away from thee!
Shudder the pure to reach
Their hands to thee!
Woe!

CHORUS.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus—

MARGARET.

Neighbour! your smelling bottle!

(*She swoons away.*)

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WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

The Hartz Mountains.

District of Schierke and Elend.

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A broomstick dost thou not at least desire?
The roughest he-goat fain would I bestride,
By this road from our goal we're still far wide.

FAUST.

While fresh upon my legs, so long I naught require,
Except this knotty staff. Beside,
What boots it to abridge a pleasant way?
Along the labyrinth of these vales to creep,
Then scale these rocks, whence, in eternal spray,
Adown the cliffs the silvery fountains leap:
Such is the joy that seasons paths like these!
Spring weaves already in the birchen trees;
E'en the late pine-grove feels her quickening powers;
Should she not work within these limbs of ours?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Naught of this genial influence do I know!
Within me all is wintry. Frost and snow
I should prefer my dismal path to bound.
How sadly, yonder, with belated glow
Rises the ruddy moon's imperfect round,
Shedding so faint a light at every tread
One's sure to stumble 'gainst a rock or tree!
An Ignis Fatuus I must call instead.
Yonder one burning merrily, I see.
Holla! my friend, may I request your light?
Why should you flare away so uselessly?
Be kind enough to show us up the height!

IGNIS FATUUS.

Through reverence, I hope I may subdue

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The lightness of my nature; true,
Our course is but a zigzag one.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ho! ho!
So man, forsooth, he thinks to imitate!
Now, in the devil's name, for once go straight,
Or out at once your flickering life I'll blow!

IGNIS FATUUS.

That you are master here is obvious quite;
To do your will, I'll cordially essay;
Only reflect! The hill is magic-mad to-night;
And if to show the path you choose a meteor's light,
You must not wonder should we go astray.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, IGNIS FATUUS
(*in alternate song*).

Through this dream and magic-sphere,
Lead us on, thou flickering guide.
Pilot well our bold career!
That we may with onward stride
Gain yon vast and desert waste!

See how tree on tree with haste
Rush amain, the granite blocks
Make obeisance as they go!
Hark! the grim, long-snouted rocks,
How they snort, and how they blow!

Brook and brooklet hurrying flow
Through the turf and stones along;
Hark, the rustling! Hark, the song!
Hearken to love's plaintive lays;
Voices of those heavenly days—
What we hope, and what we love!
Like the song of olden time,
Echo's voice repeats the chime.

To-whit! To-whoo! It sounds more near;
Pewit, owl, and jay appear,
All awake, around, above!
Paunchy salamanders too
Crawl, long-limbed, the bushes through!

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And, like snakes, the roots of trees
Coil themselves from rock and sand,
Stretching many a wondrous band,
Us to frighten, us to seize;
From rude knots with life embued,
Polyp-fangs abroad they spread,
To snare the wanderer! 'Neath our tread,
Mice, in myriads, thousand-hued,
Through the heath and through the moss!
And the fire-flies' glittering throng,
Wildering escort, whirls along,
Here and there, our path across.

Tell me, stand we motionless,
Or still forward do we press?
All things round us whirl and fly
Rocks and trees make strange grimaces,
Dazzling meteors change their places,
How they puff and multiply!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now grasp my doublet—we at last
Have reached a central precipice,
Whence we a wondering glance may cast,
How Mammon lights the dark abyss.

FAUST.

How through the chasms strangely gleams,
A lurid light, like dawn's red glow,
Pervading with its quivering beams,
The gorges of the gulf below!
There vapours rise, there clouds float by,
And here through mist the splendour shines;
Now, like a fount, it bursts on high,
Now glideth on in slender lines;
Far-reaching, with a hundred veins,
Through the far valley see it glide,
Here, where the gorge the flood restrains,
At once it scatters far and wide;
Anear, like showers of golden sand
Strewn broadcast, sputter sparks of light:
And mark yon rocky walls that stand
Ablaze, in all their towering height!

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sir Mammon for this festival,
Grandly illumes his palace hall!
To see it was a lucky chance;
E'en now the boist'rous guests advance.

FAUST.

How the fierce tempest sweeps around!
Upon my neck it strikes with sudden shock!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cling to these ancient ribs of granite rock,
Else it will hurl you down to yon abyss profound.
A murky vapour thickens night.
Hark! Through the woods the tempests roar!
The owlets flit in wild afright.
Split are the columns that upbore
The leafy palace, green for aye:
The shivered branches whirr and sigh,
Yawn the huge trunks with mighty groan,
The roots, upriven, creak and moan!
In fearful and entangled fall,
One crashing ruin whelms them all,
While through the desolate abyss,
Sweeping the wreck-strown precipice,
The raging storm-blasts howl and hiss!
Hear'st thou voices sounding clear,
Distant now and now more near?
Hark! the mountain ridge along,
Streameth a raving magic-song!

WITCHES (*in chorus*).

Now to the Brocken the witches hie,
The stubble is yellow, the corn is green;
Thither the gathering legions fly,
And sitting aloft is Sir Urian seen:
O'er stick and o'er stone they go whirling along,
Witches and he-goats, a motley throng.

VOICES.

Alone old Baubo's coming now;
She rides upon a farrow sow.

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CHORUS.

Honour to her, to whom honour is due!
Forward, Dame Baubo! Honour to you!
A goodly sow and mother thereon,
The whole witch chorus follows anon.

VOICE.

Which way didst come?

VOICE.

O'er Ilsenstein!
There I peep'd in an owlet's nest.
With her broad eye she gazed in mine!

VOICE.

Drive to the devil, thou hellish pest!
Why ride so hard?

VOICE.

She has graz'd my side,
Look at the wounds, how deep and how wide!

WITCHES (*in chorus*).

The way is broad, the way is long;
What mad pursuit! What tumult wild!
Scratches the besom and sticks the prong;
Crush'd is the mother, and stifled the child.

WIZARDS (*half chorus*).

Like house-encumber'd snail we creep;
While far ahead the women keep,
For when to the devil's house we speed,
By a thousand steps they take the lead.

THE OTHER HALF.

Not so, precisely do we view it;—
They with a thousand steps may do it;
But let them hasten as they can,
With one long bound 'tis clear'd by man.

VOICES (*above*).

Come with us, come with us from Felsensee.

VOICES (*from below*).

Aloft to you we would mount with glee!

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We wash, and free from all stain are we,
Yet barren evermore must be!

BOTH CHORUSES.

The wind is hushed, the stars grow pale,
The pensive moon her light doth veil;
And whirling on, the magic choir,
Sputter forth sparks of drizzling fire.

VOICE (*from below*).

Stay! stay!

VOICE (*from above*).

What voice of woe
Calls from the cavern'd depths below?

VOICE (*from below*).

Take me with you! Oh take me too!
Three centuries I climb in vain,
And yet can ne'er the summit gain!
To be with my kindred I am fain.

BOTH CHORUSES.

Broom and pitch-fork, goat and prong,
Mounted on these we whirl along;
Who vainly strives to climb to-night,
Is evermore a luckless wight!

DEMI-WITCH (*below*).

I hobble after, many a day;
Already the others are far away!
No rest at home can I obtain—
Here too my efforts are in vain!

CHORUS OF WITCHES

Salve gives the witches strength to rise;
A rag for a sail does well enough;
A goodly ship is every trough;
To-night who flies not, never flies.

BOTH CHORUSES.

And when the topmost peak we round,
Then alight ye on the ground;
The heath's wide regions cover ye
With your mad swarms of witchery!

(*They let themselves down.*)

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

They crowd and jostle, whirl and flutter!
They whisper, babble, twirl, and splutter!
They glimmer, sparkle, stink and flare—
A true witch-element! Beware!
Stick close! else we shall severed be.
Where art thou?

FAUST (*in the distance*).

Here!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Already, whirl'd so far away!
The master then indeed I needs must play.
Give ground! Squire Voland comes! Sweet folk, give ground!
Here, doctor, grasp me! With a single bound
Let us escape this ceaseless jar;
Even for me too mad these people are.
Hard by there shineth something with peculiar glare,
Yon brake allureth me; it is not far;
Come, come along with me! we'll slip in there.

FAUST.

Spirit of contradiction! Lead! I'll follow straight!
'Twas wisely done, however, to repair
On May-night to the Brocken, and when there,
By our own choice ourselves to isolate!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark, of those flames the motley glare!
A merry club assembles there.
In a small circle one is not alone.

FAUST.

I'd rather be above, though, I must own!
Already fire and eddying smoke I view;
The impetuous millions to the devil ride;
Full many a riddle will be there untied.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay! and full many a one be tied anew.
But let the great world rave and riot!
Here will we house ourselves in quiet.

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A custom 'tis of ancient date,
Our lesser worlds within the great world to create!
Young witches there I see, naked and bare,
And old ones, veil'd more prudently.
For my sake only courteous be!
The trouble's small, the sport is rare.
Of instruments I hear the cursed din—.
One must get used to it. Come in! come in!
There's now no help for it. I'll step before,
And introducing you as my good friend,
Confer on you one obligation more.
How say you now? 'Tis no such paltry room;
Why only look, you scarce can see the end.
A hundred fires in rows disperse the gloom;
They dance, they talk, they cook, make love, and drink:
Where could we find aught better, do you think?

FAUST.

To introduce us, do you purpose here
As devil or as wizard to appear?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Though I am wont indeed to strict incognito,
Yet upon gala-days one must one's orders show.
No garter have I to distinguish me,
Natnless the cloven foot doth here give dignity.
Seest thou yonder snail? Crawling this way she hies;
With searching feelers, she, no doubt,
Hath me already scented out;
Here, even if I would, for me there's no disguise.
From fire to fire, we'll saunter at our leisure,
The gallant you, I'll cater for your pleasure.
(*To a party seated round some expiring embers.*)
Old gentlemen, apart, why sit ye moping here?
Ye in the midst should be of all this jovial cheer,
Girt round with noise and youthful riot;
At home one surely has enough of quiet.

GENERAL.

In nations put his trust, who may,
Whate'er for them one may have done;

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The people are like women, they
Honour your rising stars alone!

MINISTER.

Too far from truth and right they wander now;
I must extol the good old ways,
For truly when all spoke our praise,
Then was the golden age, I trow.

PARVENU.

Ne'er were we 'mong your dullards found,
And what we ought not, that we did of old;
Yet now are all things turning round,
Just when we most desired them fast to hold.

AUTHOR.

Who, as a rule, a treatise now would care
To read, of even moderate sense?
As for the rising generation, ne'er
Has youth displayed such arrogant pretence.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*suddenly appearing very old*).

Since for the last time I the Brocken scale,
That folk are ripe for doomsday, now one sees;
And just because my cask begins to fail,
So the whole world is also on the lees.

HUCKSTER-WITCH.

Stop, gentlemen, nor pass me by,
Of wares I have a choice collection:
Pray honour them with your inspection.
Lose not this opportunity!
No fellow to my booth you'll find
On earth, for 'mong my store there's naught,
Which to the world, and to mankind,
Hath not some direful mischief wrought.
No dagger here, which hath not flow'd with blood,
No bowl, which hath not poured into some healthy frame
Hot poison's life-consuming flood,
No trinket, but hath wrought some woman's shame,
No weapon but hath cut some sacred tie,
Or from behind hath stabb'd an enemy.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gossip! For wares like these the time's gone by.
What's done is past! what's past is done!
With novelties your booth supply;
Now novelties attract alone.

FAUST.

May this wild scene my senses spare!
This, may in truth be called a fair!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Upward the eddying concourse throng;
Thinking to push, thyself art push'd along.

FAUST.

Who's that, pray?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark her well! That's Lilith.

FAUST.

Who?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Adam's first wife. Of her rich locks beware!
That charm in which she's parallel'd by few;
When in its toils a youth she doth ensnare,
He will not soon escape, I promise you.

FAUST.

There sit a pair, the old one with the young;
Already they have bravely danced and sprung!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here there is no repose to-day.
Another dance begins; we'll join it, come away!

FAUST

(*dancing with the young one*).

Once a fair vision came to me;
Therein I saw an apple-tree,
Two beauteous apples charmed mine eyes;
I climb'd forthwith to reach the prize.

THE FAIR ONE.

Apples still fondly ye desire,
From paradise it hath been so.

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Feelings of joy my breast inspire
That such too in my garden grow.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with the old one*).

Once a weird vision came to me;
Therein I saw a rifted tree.
It had a . . . . . ;
But as it was it pleased me too.

THE OLD ONE.

I beg most humbly to salute
The gallant with the cloven foot!
Let him a . . . have ready here,
If he a . . . does not fear.

PROCTOPHANTASMIST.

Accursed mob! How dare ye thus to meet?
Have I not shown and demonstrated too,
That ghosts stand not on ordinary feet?
Yet here ye dance, as other mortals do!

THE FAIR ONE (*dancing*).

Then at our ball, what doth he here?

FAUST (*dancing*).

Oh! He must everywhere appear.
He must adjudge, when others dance;
If on each step his say's not said,
So is that step as good as never made.
He's most annoyed, so soon as we advance;
If ye would circle in one narrow round,
As he in his old mill, then doubtless he
Your dancing would approve,—especially
If ye forthwith salute him with respect profound!

PROCTOPHANTASMIST.

Still here! what arrogance! unheard of quite!
Vanish; we now have fill'd the world with light!
Laws are unheeded by the devil's host;
Wise as we are, yet Tegel hath its ghost!
How long at this conceit I've swept with all my might,
Lost is the labour: 'tis unheard of quite!

THE FAIR ONE.

Cease here to teaze us any more, I pray.

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PROCTOPHANTASMIST.

Spirits, I plainly to your face declare:
No spiritual control myself will bear,
Since my own spirit can exert no sway.
(*The dancing continues.*)
To-night, I see, I shall in naught succeed;
But I'm prepar'd my travels to pursue,
And hope, before my final step indeed,
To triumph over bards and devils too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now in some puddle will he take his station,
Such is his mode of seeking consolation;
Where leeches, feasting on his blood, will drain
Spirit and spirits from his haunted brain.
(*To* FAUST, *who has left the dance.*)
But why the charming damsel leave, I pray,
Who to you in the dance so sweetly sang?

FAUST.

Ah! in the very middle of her lay,
Out of her mouth a small red mouse there sprang.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Suppose there did! One must not be too nice.
'Twas well it was not grey, let that suffice.
Who 'mid his pleasures for a trifle cares?

FAUST.

Then saw I——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What?

FAUST.

Mephisto, seest thou there
Standing far off, a lone child, pale and fair?
Slow from the spot her drooping form she tears,
And seems with shackled feet to move along;
I own, within me the delusion's strong,
That she the likeness of my Gretchen wears.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gaze not upon her! 'Tis not good! Forbear!
'Tis lifeless, magical, a shape of air,

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An idol. Such to meet with, bodes no good;
That rigid look of hers doth freeze man's blood,
And well-nigh petrifies his heart to stone:—
The story of Medusa thou hast known.

FAUST.

Ay, verily! a corpse's eyes are those,
Which there was no fond loving hand to close.
That is the bosom I so fondly press'd,
That my sweet Gretchen's form, so oft caress'd!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Deluded fool! 'Tis magic, I declare!
To each she doth his lov'd one's image wear.

FAUST.

What bliss! what torture! vainly I essay
To turn me from that piteous look away.
How strangely doth a single crimson line
Around that lovely neck its coil entwine,
It shows no broader than a knife's blunt edge!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quite right. I see it also, and allege
That she beneath her arm her head can bear,
Since Perseus cut it off.—But you I swear
Are craving for illusion still!
Come then, ascend yon little hill!
As on the Prater all is gay,
And if my senses are not gone,
I see a theatre,—what's going on?

SERVIBILIS.

They are about to recommence;—the play
Will be the last of seven, and spick-span new—
'Tis usual here that number to present—
A dilettante did the piece invent,
And dilettanti will enact it too.
Excuse me, gentlemen; to me's assign'd
As dilettante to uplift the curtain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You on the Blocksberg I'm rejoiced to find,
That 'tis your most appropriate sphere is certain.

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WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM;

OR,

OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN WEDDING-FEAST.

INTERMEZZO.

Theatre.

MANAGER.

Vales, where mists still shift and play,
To ancient hill succeeding,—
These our scenes;—so we, to-day,
May rest, brave sons of Mieding.

HERALD.

That the marriage golden be,
Must fifty years be ended;
More dear this feast of gold to me,
Contention now suspended.

OBERON.

Spirits, are ye hovering near,
Show yourselves around us!
King and queen behold ye here,
Love hath newly bound us.

PUCK.

Puck draws near and wheels about,
In mazy circles dancing!
Hundreds swell his joyous shout,
Behind him still advancing.

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ARIEL.

Ariel wakes his dainty air,
His lyre celestial stringing.—
Fools he lureth, and the fair,
With his celestial singing.

OBERON.

Wedded ones, would ye agree,
We court your imitation:
Would ye fondly love as we,
We counsel separation.

TITANIA.

If husband scold and wife retort,
Then bear them far asunder;
Her to the burning south transport,
And him the North Pole under.

THE WHOLE ORCHESTRA (*fortissimo*).

Flies and midges all unite
With frog and chirping cricket,
Our orchestra throughout the night,
Resounding in the thicket!

(*Solo.*)

Yonder doth the bagpipe come!
Its sack an airy bubble.
Schnick, schnick, schnack, with nasal hum,
Its notes it doth redouble.

EMBRYO SPIRIT.

Spider's foot and midge's wing,
A toad in form and feature;
Together verses it can string,
Though scarce a living creature.

A LITTLE PAIR.

Tiny step and lofty bound,
Through dew and exhalation;
Ye trip it deftly on the ground,
But gain no elevation.

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INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

Can I indeed believe my eyes?
Is't not mere masquerading?
What! Oberon in beauteous guise,
Among the groups parading!

ORTHODOX.

No claws, no tail to whisk about,
To fright us at our revel;—
Yet like the gods of Greece, no doubt,
He too's a genuine devil.

NORTHERN ARTIST.

These that I'm hitting off to-day
Are sketches unpretending;
Towards Italy without delay,
My steps I think of bending.

PURIST.

Alas! ill-fortune leads me here,
Where riot still grows louder;
And 'mong the witches gather'd here,
But two alone wear powder!

YOUNG WITCH.

Your powder and your petticoat,
Suit hags, there's no gainsaying;
Hence I sit fearless on my goat,
My naked charms displaying.

MATRON.

We're too well-bred to squabble here,
Or insult back to render;
But may you wither soon, my dear,
Although so young and tender.

LEADER OF THE BAND.

Nose of fly and gnat's proboscis,
Throng not the naked beauty!
Frogs and crickets in the mosses,
Keep time and do your duty!

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WEATHERCOCK (*towards one side*).

What charming company I view
Together here collected!
Gay bachelors, a hopeful crew,
And brides so unaffected!

WEATHERCOCK (*towards the other side*)

Unless indeed the yawning ground
Should open to receive them,
From this vile crew, with sudden bound,
To Hell I'd jump and leave them.

XENIEN.

With small sharp shears, in insect guise,
Behold us at your revel!
That we may tender, filial-wise,
Our homage to the devil.

HENNINGS.

Look now at yonder eager crew,
How naïvely they're jesting!
That they have tender hearts and true,
They stoutly keep protesting!

MUSAGET.

Oneself amid this witchery
How pleasantly one loses;
For witches easier are to me
To govern than the Muses!

CI-DEVANT GENIUS OF THE AGE.

With proper folks when we appear,
No one can then surpass us!
Keep close, wide is the Blocksberg here
As Germany's Parnassus.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

How name ye that stiff formal man,
Who strides with lofty paces?
He tracks the game where'er he can,
"He scents the Jesuits' traces."

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CRANE.

Where waters troubled are or clear,
To fish I am delighted;
Thus pious gentlemen appear
With devils here united.

WORLDLING.

By pious people, it is true,
No medium is rejected;
Conventicles, and not a few,
On Blocksberg are erected.

DANCER.

Another choir is drawing nigh,
Far off the drums are beating.
Be still! 'tis but the bittern's cry,
Its changeless note repeating.

DANCING MASTER.

Each twirls about and never stops,
And as he can advances.
The crooked leaps, the clumsy hops,
Nor careth how he dances.

FIDDLER.

To take each other's life, I trow,
Would cordially delight them!
As Orpheus' lyre the beasts, so now
The bagpipe doth unite them.

DOGMATIST.

My views, in spite of doubt and sneer,
I hold with stout persistence,
Inferring from the devils here,
The evil one's existence.

IDEALIST.

My every sense rules Phantasy
With sway quite too potential;
Sure I'm demented if the *I*
Alone is the essential.

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REALIST.

This entity's a dreadful bore,
And cannot choose but vex me;
The ground beneath me ne'er before
Thus totter'd to perplex me.

SUPERNATURALIST.

Well pleased assembled here I view
Of spirits this profusion;
From devils, touching angels too,
I gather some conclusion.

SCEPTIC.

The ignis fatuus they track out,
And think they're near the treasure.
Devil alliterates with doubt,
Here I abide with pleasure.

LEADER OF THE BAND.

Frog and cricket in the mosses,—
Confound your gasconading!
Nose of fly and gnat's proboscis;—
Most tuneful serenading!

THE KNOWING ONES.

Sans-souci, so this host we greet,
Their jovial humour showing;
There's now no walking on our feet,
So on our heads we're going.

THE AWKWARD ONES.

In seasons past we snatch'd, 'tis true,
Some tit-bits by our cunning;
Our shoes, alas, are now danced through,
On our bare soles we're running.

WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.

From marshy bogs we sprang to light,
Yet here behold us dancing;
The gayest gallants of the night,
In glitt'ring rows advancing.

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SHOOTING STAR.

With rapid motion from on high,
I shot in starry splendour;
Now prostrate on the grass I lie;—
Who aid will kindly render?

THE MASSIVE ONES.

Room! wheel round! They're coming! lo!
Down sink the bending grasses.
Though spirits, yet their limbs, we know,
Are huge substantial masses.

PUCK.

Don't stamp so heavily, I pray;
Like elephants you're treading!
And 'mong the elves be Puck to-day,
The stoutest at the wedding!

ARIEL.

If nature boon, or subtle sprite,
Endow your soul with pinions;—
Then follow to yon rosy height,
Through ether's calm dominions!

ORCHESTRA (*pianissimo*).

Drifting cloud and misty wreathes
Are fill'd with light elysian;
O'er reed and leaf the zephyr breathes—
So fades the fairy vision!

A gloomy Day. A Plain.

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

In misery! despairing! long wandering pitifully on the face of the earth and now imprisoned! This gentle hapless creature, immured in the dungeon as a malefactor and reserved for horrid tortures! That it should come to this! To this!—Perfidious, worthless spirit, and this thou hast concealed from me!—Stand! ay, stand! roll in malicious rage thy fiendish eyes! Stand and brave me with thine insupportable presence! Imprisoned! In hopeless misery! Delivered over to the power of evil

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spirits and the judgment of unpitying humanity!—And me, the while, thou wert lulling with tasteless dissipations, concealing from me her growing anguish, and leaving her to perish without help! 4066

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is not the first.

FAUST.

Hound! Execrable monster!—Back with him, oh thou infinite spirit! back with the reptile into his dog's shape, in which it was his wont to scamper before me at eventide, to roll before the feet of the harmless wanderer, and to fasten on his shoulders when he fell! Change him again into his favourite shape, that he may crouch on his belly before me in the dust, whilst I spurn him with my foot, the reprobate!—Not the first!—Woe! Woe! By no human soul is it conceivable, that more than one human creature has ever sunk into a depth of wretchedness like this, or that the first in her writhing death-agony, should not have atoned in the sight of all-pardoning Heaven, for the guilt of all the rest! The misery of this one pierces me to the very marrow, and harrows up my soul; thou art grinning calmly over the doom of thousands! 4082

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now we are once again at our wit's end, just where the reason of you mortals snaps! Why dost thou seek our fellowship, if thou canst not go through with it? Wilt fly, and art not proof against dizziness? Did we force ourselves on thee, or thou on us? 4087

FAUST.

Cease thus to gnash thy ravenous fangs at me! I loathe thee!—Great and glorious spirit, thou who didst vouchsafe to reveal thyself unto me, thou who dost know my very heart and soul, why hast thou linked me with this base associate, who feeds on mischief and revels in destruction? 4093

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hast done?

FAUST.

Save her!—or woe to thee! The direst of curses on thee for thousands of years!

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot loose the bands of the avenger, nor withdraw his bolts.—Save her!—Who was it plunged her into perdition? I or thou?

FAUST (*looks wildly around*).

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Would'st grasp the thunder? Well for you, poor mortals, that 'tis not yours to wield! To smite to atoms, the being however innocent, who obstructs his path, such is the tyrant's fashion of relieving himself in difficulties!

FAUST.

Convey me thither! She shall be free!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And the danger to which thou dost expose thyself? Know, the guilt of blood, shed by thy hand, lies yet upon the town. Over the place where fell the murdered one, avenging spirits hover and watch for the returning murderer.

FAUST.

This too from thee? The death and downfall of a world be on thee, monster! Conduct me thither, I say, and set her free!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will conduct thee. And what I can do,—hear! Have I all power in heaven and upon earth? I'll cloud the senses of the warder,—do thou possess thyself of the keys and lead her forth with human hand! I will keep watch! The magic steeds are waiting, I bear thee off. Thus much is in my power.

FAUST.

Up and away!

Night. Open country.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

(*Rushing along on black horses.*)

FAUST.

What weave they yonder round the Ravenstone?

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

I know not what they shape and brew.

FAUST.

They're soaring, swooping, bending, stooping.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A witches' pack.

FAUST.

They charm, they strew.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

On! On!

Dungeon.

FAUST

(*with a bunch of keys and a lamp before a small iron door*).

A fear unwonted o'er my spirit falls;
Man's concentrated woe o'erwhelms me here!
She dwells immur'd within these dripping walls;
Her only trespass a delusion dear!
Thou lingerest at the fatal door?
Thou dread'st to see her face once more?
On! While thou dalliest, draws her death-hour near.
(*He seizes the lock. Singing within.*)
My mother, the harlot,
She took me and slew!
My father, the scoundrel,
Hath eaten me too!
My sweet little sister
Hath all my bones laid,
Where soft breezes whisper
All in the cool shade!
Then became I a wood-bird, and sang on the spray,
Fly away! little bird, fly away! fly away!

FAUST (*opening the lock*).

Ah! she forebodes not that her lover's near,
The clanking chains, the rustling straw, to hear.
(*He enters*).

MARGARET

(*hiding her face in the bed of straw*).

Woe! woe! they come! oh bitter 'tis to die!

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FAUST (*softly*).

Hush! hush! be still! I come to set thee free?

MARGARET (*throwing herself at his feet*).

If thou art human, feel my misery!

FAUST.

Thou wilt awake the jailor with thy cry!
(*He grasps the chains to unlock them.*)

MARGARET (*on her knees*).

Who, headsman, unto thee this power
O'er me could give?
Thou com'st for me at midnight-hour.
Be merciful, and let me live!
Is morrow's dawn not time enough?
(*She stands up*).
I'm still so young, so young—
And must so early die!
Fair was I too, and that was my undoing.
My love is now afar, he then was nigh;
Torn lies the garland, the fair blossoms strew'd.
Nay, seize me not with hand so rude!
Spare me! What harm have I e'er done to thee?
Oh let me not in vain implore!
I ne'er have seen thee in my life before!

FAUST.

Can I endure this bitter agony?

MARGARET.

I now am at thy mercy quite.
Let me my babe but suckle once again!
I fondled it the live-long night;
They took it from me but to give me pain,
And now, they say that I my child have slain.
Gladness I ne'er again shall know.
Then they sing songs about me,—'tis wicked of the throng—
An ancient ballad endeth so;
Who bade them thus apply the song?

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FAUST

(*throwing himself on the ground*).

A lover at thy feet bends low,
To loose the bonds of wretchedness and woe.

MARGARET

(*throws herself beside him*).

Oh, let us kneel and move the saints by prayer!
Look! look! yon stairs below,
Under the threshold there,
Hell's flames are all aglow!
Beneath the floor,
With hideous noise,
The devils roar!

FAUST (*aloud*).

Gretchen! Gretchen!

MARGARET (*listening*).

That was my lov'd one's voice!
(*She springs up, the chains fall off.*)
Where is he? I heard him calling me.
Free am I! There's none shall hinder me.
To his neck will I fly,
On his bosom will lie!
Gretchen, he called!—On yon threshold he stood;
Amidst all the howling of hell's fiery flood,
The scoff and the scorn of its devilish crew,
The tones of his voice, sweet and loving, I knew.

FAUST.

'Tis I!

MARGARET.

'Tis thou! O say so once again!
(*embracing him.*)
'Tis he! 'Tis he! where's now the torturing pain?
Where are the fetters? where the dungeon's gloom?
'Tis thou! To save me thou art come!
And I am sav'd!—

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Already now the street I see
Where the first time I caught a glimpse of thee.
There too the pleasant garden shade,
Where I and Martha for thy coming stay'd.

FAUST

(*endeavouring to lead her away*).

Come! come away!

MARGARET.

Oh do not haste! 4200
I love to linger where thou stayest. (*caressing him.*)

FAUST.

Ah haste! For if thou still delayest,
Our lingering we shall both deplore.

MARGARET.

How, dearest? canst thou kiss no more!
So short a time away from me, and yet, 4205
To kiss thou couldst so soon forget!
Why on thy neck so anxious do I feel—
When formerly a perfect heaven of bliss
From thy dear looks and words would o'er me steal?
As thou wouldst stifle me thou then didst kiss!— 4210
Kiss me!
Or I'll kiss thee! (*She embraces him.*)
Woe! woe! Thy lips are cold,—
Are dumb!
Thy love where hast thou left? 4215
Who hath me of thy love bereft? (*She turns away from him.*)

FAUST.

Come! Follow me, my dearest love, be bold!
I'll cherish thee with ardour thousand-fold;
I but entreat thee now to follow me!

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MARGARET
(*turning towards him*).

And art thou he? and art thou really he?

FAUST.

'Tis I! Oh come!

MARGARET.

Thou wilt strike off my chain,
And thou wilt take me to thine arms again.
How comes it that thou dost not shrink from me?—
And dost thou know, love, whom thou wouldst set free?

FAUST.

Come! come! already night begins to wane.

MARGARET.

I sent my mother to her grave,
I drown'd my child beneath the wave.
Was it not given to thee and me—thee too?
'Tis thou thyself! I scarce believe it yet.
Give me thy hand! It is no dream! 'Tis true!
Thine own dear hand!—But how is this? 'Tis wet!
Quick, wipe it off! Meseems that yet
There's blood thereon.
Ah God! what hast thou done?
Put up thy sword,
I beg of thee!

FAUST.

Oh, dearest, let the past forgotten be!
Death is in every word.

MARGARET.

No, thou must linger here in sorrow!
The graves I will describe to thee,
And thou to them must see
To-morrow:
The best place give to my mother,
Close at her side my brother,

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Me at some distance lay—
But not too far away!
And the little one place on my right breast.
Nobody else will near me lie!
To nestle beside thee so lovingly,
That was a rapture, gracious and sweet!
A rapture I never again shall prove;
Methinks I would force myself on thee, love,
And thou dost spurn me, and back retreat—
Yet 'tis thyself, thy fond kind looks I see.

FAUST.

If thou dost feel 'tis I, then come with me!

MARGARET.

What, there? without?

FAUST.

Yes, forth in the free air.

MARGARET.

Ay, if the grave's without,—If death lurk there!
Hence to the everlasting resting-place,
And not one step beyond!—Thou'rt leaving me?
Oh Henry! would that I could go with thee!

FAUST.

Thou canst! But will it! Open stands the door.

MARGARET.

I dare not go! I've naught to hope for more.
What boots it to escape? They lurk for me!
'Tis wretched to beg, as I must do,
And with an evil conscience thereto!
'Tis wretched, in foreign lands to stray;
And me they will catch, do what I may!

FAUST.

With thee will I abide.

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MARGARET.

Quick! Quick!
Save thy poor child!
Keep to the path
The brook along,
Over the bridge
To the wood beyond,
To the left, where the plank is,
In the pond.
Seize it at once!
It fain would rise,
It struggles still!
Save it. Oh save!

FAUST.

Dear Gretchen, more collected be!
One little step, and thou art free!

MARGARET.

Were we but only past the hill!
There sits my mother upon a stone—
My brain, alas, is cold with dread!—
There sits my mother upon a stone,
And to and fro she shakes her head;
She winks not, she nods not, her head it droops sore;
She slept so long, she waked no more;
She slept, that we might taste of bliss:
Ah! those were happy times, I wis!

FAUST.

Since here avails nor argument nor prayer,
Thee hence by force I needs must bear.

MARGARET.

Loose me! I will not suffer violence!
With murderous hand hold not so fast!
I have done all to please thee in the past!

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FAUST.

Day dawns! My love! My love!

MARGARET.

Yes! day draws near.
The day of judgment too will soon appear!
It should have been my bridal! No one tell,
That thy poor Gretchen thou hast known too well.
Woe to my garland!
Its bloom is o'er!
Though not at the dance—
We shall meet once more.
The crowd doth gather, in silence it rolls;
The squares, the streets,
Scarce hold the throng.
The staff is broken,—the death-bell tolls,—
They bind and seize me! I'm hurried along,
To the seat of blood already I'm bound!
Quivers each neck as the naked steel
Quivers on mine the blow to deal—
The silence of the grave now broods around!

FAUST.

Would I had ne'er been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appears without*).

Up! or you're lost.
Vain hesitation! Babbling, quaking!
My steeds are shivering,
Morn is breaking.

MARGARET.

What from the floor ascendeth like a ghost?
Tis he! 'Tis he! Him from my presence chase!
What would he in this holy place?
It is for me he cometh!

FAUST.

Thou shalt live!

MARGARET.

Judgment of God! To thee my soul I give!

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MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

Come! come! I'll leave thee else to share her doom!

MARGARET.

Father, I'm thine! Save me! To thee I come!
Ye angels! Ye angelic hosts! descend,
Encamp around to guard me and defend!—
Henry! I shudder now to look on thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She now is judged!

VOICES (*from above*).

Is saved!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

Come thou with me!
(*vanishes with* FAUST.)

VOICE (*from within, dying away*).

Henry! Henry!

END OF PART I.

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THE SECOND PART

OF THE

TRAGEDY OF FAUST.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FAUST.
MEPHISTOPHELES in various disguises.

ALSO IN

ACT I.

ARIEL.	COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.
EMPEROR.	TREASURER.
FOOL (*Mephistopheles*).	MARSHAL.
CHANCELLOR.	ASTROLOGER.

Various Ladies, Gentlemen, and Pages of the Court. Also numerous male and female masks.

SCENE. Chiefly in the different apartments and Pleasure Garden of the Imperial Palace.

ACT II.

FAMULUS.	WAGNER.
BACCALAUREUS.	HOMUNCULUS.

Numerous mythical personages and monsters appearing in the Classical Walpurgis Night.

SCENE. Faust's Study; afterwards the Pharsalian Plains.

ACT III.

HELEN.	EUPHORION, HELEN'S son.
PHORKYAD (*Mephistopheles*).	PANTHALIS and Chorus of Trojan women.
LYNCEUS, the watchman.	

SCENE. At first the supposed Palace of Menelaus in Sparta; afterwards the courtyard of a mediæval castle, and finally a rocky dell.

ACT IV.

The three mighty men: BULLY, HAVEQUICK, and HOLDFAST SPEEDQUICK.
The EMPEROR, and other Officers of his Court, as in Act I.

SCENE. A high mountainous country and the adjacent neighbourhood.

ACT V.

BAUCIS.	THE FOUR GRAY WOMEN: WANT, GUILT, CARE, and NEED.
PHILEMON.	LEMURES.
A WANDERER.	A PENITENT, formerly MARGARET.
LYNCEUS.	DR. MARIANUS.

Chorus of Angels and Penitents and various Heavenly characters.

SCENE. The neighbourhood of FAUST'S Palace, afterwards rocky heights and the higher regions of the sky.

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PART II.

ACT THE FIRST.

A pleasing landscape.

FAUST *reclining upon flowery turf, restless, seeking sleep.*

TWILIGHT.

Circle of spirits, hovering, flit around;— Graceful, tiny forms.

ARIEL.

Song, accompanied by Æolian harps.

When, in vernal showers descending,
Blossoms gently veil the earth,
When the fields' green wealth, up-tending,
Gleams on all of mortal birth:
Tiny elves, where help availeth,
Large of heart, there fly apace;
Pity they whom grief assaileth,
Be he holy, be he base.

Ye round this head on airy wing careering,
Attend, in noble Elfin guise appearing;
Assuage the cruel strife that rends his heart,
The burning shaft remove of keen remorse,
From rankling horror cleanse his inmost part:
Four are the pauses of the nightly course;
Them, without rest, fill up with kindly art.
And first his head upon cool pillow lay,
Then bathe ye him in dew from Lethe's stream;
His limbs, cramp-stiffen'd, will more freely play,
If sleep-refreshed he wait morn's wakening beam.

Perform the noblest Elfin-rite,
Restore ye him to the holy light!

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CHORUS

(singly, two or more, alternately and together).

Softly when warm gales are stealing
O'er the green-environed ground,
Twilight sheddeth all-concealing
Mists and balmy odours round:
Whispers low sweet peace to mortals,
Rocks the heart to childlike rest,
And of day-light shuts the portals
To these eyes, with care oppressed.
Night hath now descended darkling,
Holy star is linked to star;
Sovereign fires, or faintly sparkling,
Glitter near and shine afar;
Glitter here lake-mirror'd, yonder
Shine adown the clear night sky;
Sealing bliss of perfect slumber,
Reigns the moon's full majesty.
Now the hours are cancelled; sorrow,
Happiness, have passed away:
Whole thou shalt be on the morrow!
Feel it! Trust the new-born day!
Swell the hills, green grow the valleys,
In the dusk ere breaks the morn;
And in silvery wavelets dallies,
With the wind, the ripening corn.
Cherish hope, let naught appall thee!
Mark the East, with splendour dyed!
Slight the fetters that enthrall thee;
Fling the shell of sleep aside!
Gird thee for the high endeavour;
Shun the crowd's ignoble ease!
Fails the noble spirit never,
Wise to think, and prompt to seize.

(A tremendous tumult announces the uprising of the Sun.)

ARIEL.

Hark! the horal tempest nears!
Sounding but for spirit ears,
Lo! the new-born day appears;

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Clang the rocky portals, climb
Phœbus' wheels with thund'rous chime:
Breaks with tuneful noise the light!
Blare of trumpet, clarion sounding,
Eye-sight dazing, ear astounding!
Hear not the unheard; take flight!
Into petaled blossoms glide
Deeper, deeper, still to bide,
In the clefts, 'neath thickets! ye,
If it strike you, deaf will be.

FAUST.

Life's pulses reawakened freshly bound,
The mild ethereal twilight fain to greet.
Thou, Earth, this night wast also constant found,
And, newly-quickened, breathing at my feet,
Beginnest now to gird me with delight;
A strong resolve dost rouse, with noble heat
Aye to press on to being's sovereign height.
The world in glimmering dawn still folded lies;
With thousand-voicèd life the woods resound;
Mist-wreaths the valley shroud; yet from the skies
Sinks heaven's clear radiance to the depths profound;
And bough and branch from dewy chasms rise,
Where they had drooped erewhile in slumber furled;
Earth is enamelled with unnumber'd dyes,
Leaflet and flower with dew-drops are impearled;
Around me everywhere is paradise.
Gaze now aloft! Each mountain's giant height
The solemn hour announces, herald-wise;
They early may enjoy the eternal light,
To us below which later finds its way.
Now are the Alpine slopes and valleys dight
With the clear radiance of the new-born day,
Which, downward, step by step, steals on apace.—
It blazes forth,—and, blinded by the ray,
With aching eyes, alas! I veil my face.
So when a hope, the heart hath long held fast,
Trustful, still striving towards its highest goal,
Fulfilment's portals open finds at last;—
Sudden from those eternal depths doth roll

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An over-powering flame;—we stand aghast!
The torch of life to kindle we were fain;—
A fire-sea,—what a fire!—doth round us close;
Love is it? Is it hate? with joy and pain,
In alternation vast, that round us glows?
So that to earth we turn our wistful gaze,
In childhood's veil to shroud us once again!

So let the sun behind me pour its rays!
The cataract, through rocky cleft that roars,
I view, with growing rapture and amaze.
From fall to fall, with eddying shock, it pours,
In thousand torrents to the depths below,
Aloft in air up-tossing showers of spray.
But see, in splendour bursting from the storm,
Arches itself the many-coloured bow,
An ever-changeful, yet continuous form,
Now drawn distinctly, melting now away,
Diffusing dewy coolness all around!
Man's efforts there are glassed, his toil and strife;
Reflect, more true the emblem will be found:
This bright reflected glory pictures life!

Imperial Palace. Throne-Room.
Council of State, in expectation of the EMPEROR.

TRUMPETS.

Enter courtiers of every grade, splendidly attired.
The Emperor ascends the throne; to the right
the ASTROLOGER.

EMPEROR.

I greet you, trusty friends and dear,
Assembled thus from far and wide!—
I see the wise man at my side,
But wherefore is the fool not here?

PAGE.

Entangled in thy mantle's flow,
He tripped upon the stair below;
The mass of fat they bare away,
If dead or drunken—who can say?

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SECOND PAGE.

Forthwith another comes apace,
With wondrous speed to take his place;
Costly, yet so grotesque his gear,
All start amazed as he draws near.
Crosswise the guards before his face,
Entrance to bar, their halberds hold—
Yet there he is, the fool so bold.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*kneeling before the throne*).

What is accursed and gladly hailed?
What is desired and chased away?
What is upbraided and assailed?
What wins protection every day?
Whom darest thou not summon here?
Whose name doth plaudits still command?
What to thy throne now draweth near?
What from this place itself hath banned?

EMPEROR.

For this time thou thy words mayst spare!
This is no place for riddles, friend;
They are these gentlemen's affair.—
Solve them! an ear I'll gladly lend.
My old fool's gone, far, far away, I fear;
Take thou his place, come, stand beside me here!

MEPHISTOPHELES *ascends and places himself at the* EMPEROR'S *left.*

Murmur of the crowd.

Here's a new fool—for plague anew!
Whence cometh he?—How passed he through?
The old one fell—he squander'd hath.—
He was a tub—now 'tis a lath.—

EMPEROR.

So now, my friends, beloved and leal,
Be welcome all, from near and far!
Ye meet 'neath an auspicious star;
For us above are written joy and weal.

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But tell me wherefore, on this day,
When we all care would cast away,
And don the masker's quaint array,
And naught desire but to enjoy,
Should we with state affairs ourselves annoy?
But if ye think it so must be indeed,
Why, well and good, let us forthwith proceed!

CHANCELLOR.

The highest virtue circles halo-wise
Our Cæsar's brow; virtue, which from the throne,
He validly can exercise alone:
Justice!—What all men love and prize,
What all demand, desire, and sorely want,
It lies with him, this to the folk to grant.
But ah! what help can intellect command,
Goodness of heart, or willingness of hand,
When fever saps the state with deadly power,
And mischief breedeth mischief, hour by hour?
To him who downward from this height supreme
Views the wide realm, 'tis like a troubled dream,
Where the deformed deformity o'ersways,
Where lawlessness, through law, the tyrant plays,
And error's ample world itself displays.

One steals a woman, one a steer,
Lights from the altar, chalice, cross,
Boasts of his deed full many a year,
Unscathed in body, without harm or loss.
Now to the hall accusers throng;
On cushioned throne the judge presides;
Surging meanwhile in eddying tides,
Confusion waxes fierce and strong.

He may exult in crime and shame,
Who on accomplices depends;
Guilty! the verdict they proclaim,
When Innocence her cause defends.
So will the world succumb to ill,
And what is worthy perish quite;
How then may grow the sense which still
Instructs us to discern the right?

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E'en the right-minded man, in time,
To briber and to flatterer yields;
The judge, who cannot punish crime,
Joins with the culprit whom he shields.—
I've painted black, yet fain had been
A veil to draw before the scene.

Pause.

Measures must needs be taken; when
All injure or are injured, then
E'en Majesty becomes a prey.

FIELD MARSHAL.

In these wild days what tumults reign!
Each smitten is and smites again,
Deaf to command, will none obey.
The burgher, safe behind his wall,
Within his rocky nest, the knight,
Against us have conspired, and all
Firmly to hold their own unite.
Impatient is the hireling now,
With vehemence he claims his due;
And did we owe him naught, I trow,
Off he would run, nor bid adieu.
Who thwarts what fondly all expect,
He hath disturbed a hornet's nest;
The empire which they should protect,
It lieth plundered and oppress'd.
Their furious rage may none restrain;
Already half the world's undone;
Abroad there still are kings who reign—
None thinks 'tis his concern, not one.

TREASURER.

Who will depend upon allies!
For us their promised subsidies
Like conduit-water, will not flow.
Say, Sire, through your dominions vast
To whom hath now possession passed!
Some upstart, wheresoe'er we go,
Keeps house, and independent reigns;
We must look on, he holds his own;
So many rights away we've thrown,

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That for ourselves no right remains.
On so-called parties in the state
There's no reliance, now-a-days;
They may deal out or blame or praise,
Indifferent are love and hate.
The Ghibelline as well as Guelph
Retire, that they may live at ease!
Who helps his neighbour now? Himself
Each hath enough to do to please.
Barred are the golden gates; while each
Scrapes, snatches, gathers all within his reach—
Empty, meanwhile, our chest remains.

STEWARD.

What worry must I, also, bear!
Our aim each day is still to spare—
And more each day we need; my pains,
Daily renewed, are never o'er.
The cooks lack nothing;—deer, wild-boar,
Stags, hares, fowls, turkeys, ducks and geese,—
Tribute in kind, sure payment, these
Come fairly in, and none complains.
But now at last wine fails; and if of yore
Up-piled upon the cellar-floor,
Cask rose on cask, a goodly store,
From the best slopes and vintage; now
The swilling of our lords, I trow,
Unceasing, drains the very lees.
E'en the Town-council must give out
Its liquor;—bowls and cups they seize,
And 'neath the table lies the drunken rout
Now must I pay, whate'er betides;
Me the Jew spares not; he provides
Anticipation-bonds which feed
Each year on that which must succeed;
The swine are never fattened now;
Pawned is the pillow or the bed,
And to the table comes fore-eaten bread.

EMPEROR

(*after some reflection, to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Say, fool, another grievance knowest thou?

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

I, nowise. On this circling pomp to gaze,
On thee and thine! There can reliance fail
Where majesty resistless sways,
And ready power makes foemen quail?
Where loyal will, through reason strong,
And prowess, manifold, unite,
What could together join for wrong,
For darkness, where such stars give light?

Murmur of the Crowd.

He is a knave—he comprehends—
He lies—while lying serves his ends—
Full well I know—what lurks behind—
What next?—Some scheme is in the wind!—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Where is not something wanting here on earth?
Here this,—there that: of gold is here the dearth.
It cannot from the floor be scrap'd, 'tis true;
But what lies deepest wisdom brings to view.
In mountain-veins, walls underground,
Is gold, both coined and uncoined, to be found.
And if ye ask me,—bring it forth who can?
Spirit- and nature-power of gifted man.

CHANCELLOR.

Nature and spirit—christians ne'er should hear
Such words, with peril fraught and fear.
These words doom atheists to the fire.
Nature is sin, spirit is devil; they,
Between them, doubt beget, their progeny,
Hermaphrodite, mis-shapen, dire.
Not so with us! Within our Cæsar's land
Two orders have arisen, two alone,
Who worthily support his ancient throne:
Clergy and knights, who fearless stand,
Bulwarks 'gainst every storm, and they
Take church and state, as their appropriate pay
Through lawless men, the vulgar herd
To opposition have of late been stirred;
The heretics these are, the wizards, who
The city ruin and the country too.

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With thy bold jests, to this high sphere,
Such miscreants wilt smuggle in;
Hearts reprobate to you are dear;
They to the fool are near of kin.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Herein your learned men I recognise!
What you touch not, miles distant from you lies;
What you grasp not, is naught in sooth to you;
What you count not, cannot you deem be true;
What you weigh not, that hath for you no weight;
What you coin not, you're sure is counterfeit.

EMPEROR.

Therewith our needs are not one whit the less.
What meanest thou with this thy Lent-address?
I'm tired of this eternal If and How.
'Tis gold we lack; so good, procure it thou!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'll furnish more, ay, more than all you ask.
Though light it seem, not easy is the task.
There lies the gold, but to procure it thence,
That is the art: who knoweth to commence?
Only consider, in those days of terror,
When human floods swamped land and folk together,
How every one, how great soe'er his fear,
All that he treasured most, hid there or here;
So was it 'neath the mighty Roman's sway,
So on till yesterday, ay, till to-day:
That all beneath the soil still buried lies—
The soil is Cæsar's, his shall be the prize.

TREASURER.

Now for a fool he speaketh not amiss;
Our Cæsar's ancient right, in sooth, was this.

CHANCELLOR.

Satan for you spreads golden snares; 'tis clear,
Something not right or pious worketh here.

STEWARD.

To us at court if welcome gifts he bring,
A little wrong is no such serious thing.

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FIELD MARSHAL.

Shrewd is the fool, he bids what all desire;
The soldier, whence it comes, will not inquire.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You think yourselves, perchance, deceived by me;
Ask the Astrologer! This man is he!
Circle round circle, hour and house, he knows.—
Then tell us, how the heavenly aspect shows.

Murmur of the crowd.

Two rascals—each to other known—
Phantast and fool—So near the throne—
The old old song,—now trite with age—
The fool still prompts—while speaks the sage—

ASTROLOGER

(*speaks*, MEPHISTOPHELES *prompts*).

The sun himself is purest gold; for pay
And favour serves the herald, Mercury;
Dame Venus hath bewitched you from above,
Early and late, she looks on you with love;
Chaste Luna's humour varies hour by hour;
Mars, though he strike not, threats you with his power;
And Jupiter is still the fairest star;
Saturn is great, small to the eye and far;
As metal him we slightly venerate,
Little in worth, though ponderous in weight.
Now when with Sol fair Luna doth unite,
Silver with gold, cheerful the world and bright!
Then easy 'tis to gain whate'er one seeks;
Parks, gardens, palaces, and rosy cheeks;
These things procures this highly learned man.
He can accomplish what none other can.

EMPEROR.

Double, methinks, his accents ring,
And yet they no conviction bring.

Murmur.

Of what avail!—a worn-out tale—
Calendery—and chemistry—
I the false word—full oft have heard—
And as of yore—we're hoax'd once more

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

The grand discovery they misprize,
As, in amaze, they stand around;
One prates of gnomes and sorceries,
Another of the sable hound.
What matters it, though witlings rail,
Though one his suit 'gainst witchcraft press,
If his sole tingle none the less,
If his sure footing also fail?
Ye of all swaying Nature feel
The secret working, never-ending,
And, from her lowest depths up-tending,
E'en now her living trace doth steal.
If sudden cramps your limbs surprise,
If all uncanny seem the spot—
There dig and delve, but dally not!
There lies the fiddler, there the treasure lies!

Murmur.

Like lead it lies my foot about—
Cramp'd is my arm—'tis only gout—
Twitchings I have in my great toe—
Down all my back strange pains I know—
Such indications make it clear
That sumless treasuries are here.

EMPEROR.

To work—the time for flight is past.—
Put to the test your frothy lies!
These treasures bring before our eyes!
Sceptre and sword aside I'll cast,
And with these royal hands, indeed,
If thou lie not, to work proceed.
Thee, if thou lie, I'll send to hell!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thither to find the way I know full well!—
Yet can I not enough declare,
What wealth unown'd lies waiting everywhere:
The countryman, who ploughs the land,
Gold-crocks upturneth with the mould;
Nitre he seeks in lime-walls old,

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And findeth, in his meagre hand,
Scared, yet rejoiced, rouleaus of gold.
How many a vault upblown must be,
Into what clefts, what shafts, must he
Who doth of hidden treasure know,
Descend, to reach the world below!
In cellars vast, impervious made,
Goblets of gold he sees displayed,
Dishes and plates, row after row;
There beakers, rich with rubies, stand;
And would he use them, close at hand
Well stored the ancient moisture lies;
Yet—would ye him who knoweth, trust?—
The staves long since have turned to dust,
A tartar cask their place supplies!
Not gold alone and jewels rare,
Essence of noblest wines are there,
In night and horror veiled. The wise,
Unwearied here pursues his quest.
To search by day, that were a jest;
'Tis darkness that doth harbour mysteries.

EMPEROR.

What can the dark avail? Look thou to that!
If aught have worth, it cometh to the light.
Who can detect the rogue at dead of night?
Black are the cows, and grey is every cat.
These pots of heavy gold, if they be there—
Come, drive thy plough, upturn them with thy share!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Take spade and hoe thyself;—dig on—
Great shalt thou be through peasant toil—
A herd of golden calves anon
Themselves shall tear from out the soil;
Then straight, with rapture newly born,
Thyself thou canst, thy sweet-heart wilt adorn.
A sparkling gem, lustrous, of varied dye,
Beauty exalts as well as majesty.

EMPEROR.

To work, to work! How long wilt linger?

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sire,
Relax, I pray, such vehement desire!
First let us see the motley, joyous, show!
A mind distraught conducts not to the goal.
First must we calmness win through self-control,
Through things above deserve what lies below.
Who seeks for goodness, must himself be good;
Who seeks for joy, must moderate his blood;
Who wine desires, the luscious grape must press;
Who craveth miracles, more faith possess.

EMPEROR.

So be the interval in gladness spent!
Ash-wednesday cometh, to our hearts' content.
Meanwhile we'll solemnize, whate'er befall,
More merrily the joyous Carnival.
(*Trumpets. Exeunt.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That merit and success are link'd together,
This to your fools occurreth never;
Could they appropriate the wise man's stone,
That, not the wise man, they would prize alone.

A spacious Hall, with adjoining apartments, arranged and decorated for a masquerade.

HERALD.

Think not we hold in Germany our revels;
Where dances reign of death, of fools and devils;
You doth a cheerful festival invite.
Our Cæsar, Romeward turning his campaign,
Hath—for his profit, and for your delight—
Crossed the high Alps, and won a fair domain.
Before the sacred feet bowed down,
His right to reign he first hath sought,
And when he went to fetch his crown,
For us the fool's cap hath he brought.
Now all of us are born anew;
And every world-experienced man
Draws it in comfort over head and ears;
A fool beneath it, he appears,

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And plays the sage as best he can.
I see them, how they form in groups,
Now they pair off, now wavering sever;
Choir now with choir together troops,
Within, without, unwearied ever!
The world remaineth as of yore,
With fooleries, ten thousand score,
The one great fool, for ever more!

GARDEN-GIRLS.

Song, accompanied by mandolins.

That to us ye praise may render,
Decked are we in festive sort;
Girls of Florence, we the splendour
Follow of the German court.

Many a flower, we, Flora's vassals,
In our dark brown tresses wear;
Silken threads and silken tassels,
Play their part and grace our hair.

For we hold ourselves deserving,
All your praises, full and clear;
Since our flowers, their bloom preserving,
Blossom through the live-long year.

Cuttings divers-hued were taken,
And arranged with symmetry;
Piece by piece they mirth awaken,
Yet the whole attracts the eye.

Garden-girls and fair to look on,
Fittingly we play our part;
For the natural in woman,
Closely is allied to art.

HERALD.

Now from baskets richly laden,
Which, upon her head and arm,
Beareth every lovely maiden,
Let each choose what each doth charm!
Hasten ye, till bower and alley
Aspect of a garden bears!
Worthy are the crowds to dally
Round the sellers and their wares.

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GARDEN-GIRLS.

In this mart, your flowers unscreening,
Cheapen not, as them you show!
With brief words, but full of meaning,
What he hath, let each one know.

OLIVE-BRANCH (*with fruit*).

I of blossoms envy none,
Quarrels studiously I shun;
They against my nature are:
Marrow of the land, in sooth
Pledge I am of peace and ruth,
To all regions near and far.
Be it my good fortune now
To adorn the loveliest brow.

WHEAT-WREATH (*golden*).

Ceres' gifts, sweet peace expressing,
Would enhance thy charms; be wise!
What is useful, rich in blessing,
As thy best adornment prize!

FANCY-GARLAND.

Coloured flowers, from moss out-peering,
Mallow-like, a wondrous show—
Not in nature's guise appearing,
Fashion 'tis that makes them blow.

FANCY-NOSEGAY.

Theophastus would not venture
Names to give to flowers like these.
Yet, though some perchance may censure
Many still I hope to please.

Who to wreathe her locks permits me
Straight shall win a heightened grace,
Or who near her heart admits me,
Finding on her breast a place.

CHALLENGE.

Be your motley fancies moulded,
For the fashion of the day.
Nature never yet unfolded
Wonders half so strange as they:

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Golden bells, green stalks, forth glancing
From rich locks, their charm enhancing.
But we—

ROSE-BUDS.

hide from mortal eyes.
Happy he who finds the prize!
When draws nigh once more the summer,
Rose-buds greet the bright new-comer.—
Who such happiness would miss?
Promise, then fulfilment,—this
Is the law in Flora's reign,
Swayeth too sense, heart, and brain.

The flower-girls tastefully arrange their wares under green, leafy arcades.

GARDENERS.

Song, accompanied by Theorbos.

Mark the blossoms calmly sprouting,
Charmingly to wreath your brow;
Fruits will not deceive, I trow,
Taste, enjoy them, nothing doubting.
Magnum bonums, cherries, peaches,
Faces offer sun-embrown'd:
Buy, poor judge the eye is found;—
Heed what tongue, what palate teaches.
Luscious fruits to taste invite them
Who behold these rich supplies.
We o'er roses poetize;—
As for apples, we must bite them.
Let us now, with your good pleasure,
Join your youthful choir, in pairs;
And beside your flowery wares,
Thus adorn our riper treasure.
Under leaf-adornèd bowers,
'Mid the merry windings haste;
Each will find what suits his taste;
Buds or leafage, fruit or flowers.

Amid alternate songs, accompanied by guitars and Theorbos, the two choruses proceed to arrange their wares, terrace-wise, and to offer them for sale.

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MOTHER *and* DAUGHTER.

Maiden, when thou cam'st to light,
Full thy tender form of grace;
In its tiny hood bedight,
Lovely was thy infant face.
Then I thought of thee with pride
Of some wealthy youth the bride,
Taking as his wife thy place.

Ah! full many a year in vain,
All unused away have passed;
Of the suitors' motley train
Quickly hath gone by the last!
Thou with one didst gaily dance,
One didst seek with quiet glance,
Or sly elbow-touch, to gain.

All the fêtes that we might plan,
Vainly did we celebrate;
Games of forfeit, or third man,
Fruitless were, they brought no mate;
Many a fool's abroad to-day,
Dear one, now thy charms display,
One thou may'st attach though late.

Girlish playfellows, young and beautiful, enter and join the groups; loud confidential chatting is heard. Fishers and bird-catchers with nets, fishing-rods, limed twigs, and other gear, enter and mingle with the maidens. Reciprocal attempts to win, to catch, to escape, and hold fast, give occasion to most agreeable dialogues.

WOOD-CUTTERS
(*enter, boisterous and uncouth*).

Place! Give place!
We must have space!
Trees we level,
Down they fall,
Crashing to the ground;
As we bear them forth,
Blows we deal around.
To our praise, be sure;—
This proclaim aloud;—

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Laboured not the boor,
Where were then the proud!
How in idless revel
Could they at their ease!
Never then forget,—
If we did not sweat,
That ye all would freeze.

PUNCHINELLOES (*awkward and foolish*).

Fools are ye, poor hacks!
Born with curvèd backs.
Prudent ones are we,
From all burdens free;
For our greasy caps,
Our jerkins and our traps
We bear right easily.
Forthwith at our leisure,
We with slipper'd feet,
Saunter at our pleasure,
On through mart and street,
Standing still or going,
At each other crowing;
When the folk around
Gather at the sound,
Slipping then aside,
Frolicking together,
Eel-like on we glide.
And we care not whether
Ye applaud or blame;
To us 'tis all the same.

PARASITES (*flattering—lustful*).

Porters brave, and you,
Charcoal-burners true,
Kinsmen, ye indeed
Are the men we need.

Bowings low,
Assenting smiles,
Long-drawn phrases,
Crooked wiles,

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Double-breath,
That as you please,
Blows hot or cold;
What profit these?—

Down from heaven
Must fire be given,
Vast, enormous,
If, to warm us,
We no coal had got,
Nor of logs a heap,
Warm our hearth to keep,
Our furnace to make hot.

There is roasting,
There is brewing,
There is toasting,
There is stewing,
Your true taster
Licks the dish;
Sniffs the roast,
Forebodes the fish;
These for great deeds make him able,
Seated at his patron's table.

DRUNKEN MAN (*hardly conscious*).

Naught to-day shall mar my pleasure!
Frank I feel myself and free;
Cheerful songs and jovial leisure,
Both I hither bring with me;
Therefore drink I! Drink ye, drink!
Strike your glasses! Clink ye, clink!
You behind there, join the fun!
Strike your glasses; so, 'tis done!

Let my wife, shrill-tongued, assail me,
Sneering at my coloured vest,
And, despite my vaunting, hail me
Fool, like masquerader dressed;
Still I'll drink! Come drink ye, drink!
Strike your glasses! Clink ye, clink!
Fools in motley, join the fun!
Strike your glasses; so, 'tis done!

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Here I'm blest, whoever chooses
Me, as erring, to upbraid:
If to score mine host refuses,
Scores the hostess, scores the maid;
Always drink I! drink ye, drink!
Up my comrades! clink ye, clink!
Each to other! Join the fun!
To my thinking now 'tis done!

From this place there's now no flying,
Here where pleasures are at hand:
Let me lie, where I am lying,
For I can no longer stand.

CHORUS.

Brothers all, come drink ye, drink!
One more toast, now clink ye, clink!
Firmly sit on bench and board!
'Neath the table lie who's floor'd!

The HERALD *announces various poets, the Poet of Nature, Court-singers, and Ritter-singers, tender as well as enthusiastic. In the throng of competitors of every kind none will allow the others to be heard. One sneaks past with a few words.*

SATIRIST.

Know ye what would me to-day,
The poet, most rejoice and cheer?
If I dared to sing and say,
That which none would like to hear.

Poets of Night and of the Sepulchre send apologies, inasmuch as they are engaged in a most interesting conversation with a newly-arisen Vampire, wherefrom a new kind of poetry may perhaps be developed; the HERALD *must admit the excuse, and meanwhile summons the Greek Mythology, which, though in modern masks, loses neither character nor charm.*

THE GRACES.

AGLAIA.

Charm we bring to life, and grace;
In your gifts let both have place!

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HEGEMONY.

In receiving let the twain,
Preside! 'Tis sweet our wish to gain.

EUPHROSYNE.

And when benefits you own
Chiefly be these graces shown!

The Fates.

ATROPOS.

I, the Eldest, am from yonder
Realm invited, here to spin.
Much to think of, much to ponder,
Lieth life's frail thread within.

That it pliant be and tender,
Finest flax to choose be mine;
That it even be and slender,
Must the cunning finger twine.

If of festive dance and pleasure
Ye too wantonly partake,
Think upon this thread's just measure;
O be cautious! It may break!

CLOTHO.

Know ye, to my guidance lately
They the fateful shears confide.
By our elder's doings greatly
None, in sooth, were edified.

Spinnings, to no issue tending,
Forth she drew to air and light;
Threads of noblest promise rending,
Down she sent to realms of night.

While a novice still in reigning,
I too err'd, in by-gone years;
But to-day, myself restraining,
In the sheath I plunge my shears.

Fain I am to wear the bridle,
Kindly I this place survey;
In these seasons, gay and idle,
Give your revelry full play!

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LACHESIS.

Reason's laws alone obeying,
Order was to me decreed.
Mine the will that, ever-swaying,
Never errs though over-speed.
Threads are coming; threads are going;
Each one in its course I guide,
None permit I over-flowing,
From its skein to swerve aside.
Were I only once to slumber!—
For the world my spirit quakes;
Years we measure, hours we number,
And the hank the weaver takes.

HERALD.

How versed so e'er in lore of ancient fame,
Those who are coming now ye would not know;
Gazing upon these workers of much woe,
Them, as your welcome guests, ye would proclaim.
The Furies these,—none will believe us;—kind,
Graceful in figure, pretty, young, and fair;
If their acquaintance ye would make, beware;
How serpent-like such doves can wound, ye'll find.
Cunning they are, yet now, when every clown
Boastful, his failings shuns not to proclaim,
They too, desiring not angelic fame,
Own themselves plagues of country and of town.

ALECTO.

What help for you? Since young we are and fair,
Ye in such flattering kittens will confide!
Has any here a sweet-heart to his side,
Stealing, we gain his ear, until we dare
To tell him, face to face, *she* may be caught
Winking at this or that one; that 'tis plain,
She halts, is crooked-backed, and dull of brain,
And, if to him betrothed, is good for naught.
To vex the bride doth also tax our skill:
We tell what slighting things, some weeks agone,
Her lover said of her, to such an one.—
They're reconciled, yet something rankles still.

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MEGARA.

That's a mere jest! Let them be mated, then
I go to work, and e'en the fairest joy,
In every case, can through caprice destroy.
The hours are changeful, changeful too are men.
What was desired, once grasp'd, its charm hath lost;
Who firmly holds the madly longed-for prize,
Straight for some other blessing fondly sighs;
The sun he flieth, and would warm the frost.
How to arrange, I know, in such affairs;
And here Asmodi lead, my comrade true,
At the right time mischief abroad to strew;
And so destroy the human race in pairs.

TISIPHONE.

Poison, steel, I mix and whet,
Words abjuring,—for the traitor;—
Lov'st thou others, sooner, later,
Ruin shall o'erwhelm thee yet.
All transform'd to gall and foam
Is the moment's sweetest feeling!
Here no higgling, here no dealing!
Sinned he hath, his sin comes home.
Let none say: "Forgiveness cherish!"
To the rocks my cause I bring;
Hark! Revenge, the echoes ring!
Who betrayeth, he must perish!

HERALD.

Now may it please you, to retire behind;
For what now cometh is not of your kind.—
Ye see a mountain press the crowd among,
Its flanks with brilliant carpet proudly hung;
With lengthen'd tusks, and serpent-trunk below,
A mystery, but I the key will show.
Thron'd on his neck a gentle lady rides,
With a fine wand his onward course she guides.
Aloft the other stands, of stately height,
Girt with a splendour that o'erpowers the sight;
Beside him, chained, two noble dames draw near;
Sad is the one, the other blithe of cheer;

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The one for freedom yearns, the other feels she's free.
Let them declare in turn who they may be!

FEAR.

Torches, lamps, with lurid sheen,
Through the turmoil gleam around;
These deceitful forms between,
Fetters hold me firmly bound.

Hence, vain laughter-loving brood!
I mistrust your senseless grin!
All my foes, with clamour rude,
Strive to-night to hem me in.

Friend like foeman would betray me,
But his mask I recognise;
There is one who fain would slay me,
Now, unmasked, away he hies.

Ah, how gladly would I wander
Hence, and leave this lower sphere;
But destruction, threatening yonder,
Holds me 'twixt despair and fear.

HOPE.

Hail! Beloved sisters, hail!
If to-day and yesterday
Ye have loved this masking play,
Yet to-morrow, trite the tale,
Will your masks aside be thrown;
And if, 'neath the torches' glare,
We no special joy have known,
Yet will we, in day-light fair,
Just according to our pleasure,
Now with others, now alone,
Wander forth o'er lawn and mead;
Work at will, or take our leisure,
Careless live, exempt from need;
And at last, we'll aye succeed.
Everywhere, as welcome guest,
Step we in, with easy mind;
Confident that we the best
Somewhere, certainly, may find.

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PRUDENCE.

Fear and Lope, in chains thus guiding,
Two of man's chief foes, I bar
From the thronging crowds;—dividing,
Clear the way;—now saved ye are!
I this live colosse am leading,
Which, tower-laden, as ye gaze,
Unfatigued is onward speeding,
Step by step, up steepest ways.
But, with broad and rapid pinion,
From the battlement on high,
Gazing on her wide dominion,
Turneth that divinity.
Fame, around her, bright and glorious,
Shining on all sides one sees:
Victory her name,—victorious
Queen of all activities.

ZOILO-THERSITES.

Bah! Bah! The very time I've hit!
You all are wrong, no doubt of it!
Yet what I make my special aim
Is victory, yon stately dame.
She, with her snowy wings, esteems
Herself an eagle, and still deems
That wheresoe'er she bends her sight,
Peoples and land are hers, by right!
But, where a glorious deed is done,
My harness straight I buckle on;
Where high is low, and low is high,
The crooked straight, the straight awry—
Then only am I wholly sound:
So be it on this earthly round.

HERALD.

So take thou then, thou ragged hound,
From my good staff, a master-blow!
There crouch and wriggle, bending low!
The double dwarfish form, behold,
Itself to a vile ball hath rolled!

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The ball becomes an egg!—strange wonder!
It now dilates and bursts asunder:
Thence falleth a twin-pair to earth,
Adder and bat;—a hideous birth;
Forth in the dust one creeps, his brother
Doth darkling to the ceiling flee;
Outside they haste to join each other—
The third I am not fain to be!

Murmur.

Come on! Behind they're dancing—No,
Not I, from hence I fain would go—
Dost thou not feel the spectral rout
Is flitting everywhere about?
It whistled right above my hair—
Close to my feet,—I felt it there—
No one is hurt—'tis not denied,—
But we have all been terrified—
Wholly the frolic now is ended—
'Tis what the brutish pair intended.

HERALD.

Since on me, at festive masque,
Laid hath been the Herald's task,
At the doors I watch with care,
Lest aught harmful, unaware,
Creep into this joyous space;
I nor waver, nor give place.
Yet I fear, the spectral brood,
Through the window may intrude,
And from trick and sorcery,
I know not how to keep you free.
First the dwarf awaken'd doubt,
Now streams in the spectral rout.
I would show you herald-wise,
What each figure signifies.
But what none can comprehend
I should strive to teach in vain.
All must help me to explain!—
Through the crowd behold ye it wend;—
A splendid car is borne along
By a team of four; the throng

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Is not parted, nor doth reign
Tumult round the stately wain;
Bright it glitters from afar;
Shineth many a motley star,
As from magic-lantern cast;
On it snorts with stormful blast.—
I needs must shudder! Clear the way!

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

Stay your wings, ye coursers, stay!
Own the bridle's wonted sway!
Rein yourselves, as you I rein;
When I prompt you, rush amain!—
Honour we this festal ground.
See how press the folk around,
Ring in ring, with wondering eyes.—
Herald, as thy wont is, rise;
From you ere we flee afar,
Tell our name, our meaning show!
Since we allegories are,
'Tis thy duty us to know.

HERALD.

I cannot guess how I should name thee;
I to describe thee should prefer.

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

So, try it then!

HERALD.

We must proclaim thee,
Firstly to be both young and fair;
A half-grown boy;—yet women own
They fain would see thee fully grown;
A future wooer seemest thou to me,
A gay deceiver out and out to be.

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

Not badly spoken! Pray proceed!
The riddle's cheerful meaning strive to read.

HERALD.

Thine eyes swart flash, thy jewelled bandlet glowing
Starlike, amid thy night-like hair;

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And what a graceful robe dost wear,
Down from thy shoulder to thy buskin flowing,
With purple hem and fringes rare!
Thee as a girl one might misprize;
Yet thou, for weal or woe, wouldst be,
E'en now, of worth in maidens' eyes;
Thee they would teach the A B C.

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

And he whose stately figure gleams
Enthroned upon his chariot wain?

HERALD.

A monarch, rich and mild, he seems;
Happy who may his grace obtain,
Henceforth they've naught for which to strive!
His glance discerns if aught's amiss,
Greater his pleasure is to give,
Than to possess or wealth or bliss.

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

Suspend not here thy words, I pray,
Him thou more fully must pourtray.

HERALD.

The noble none can paint. Yet there
Glows the round visage, hale and fair,
Full mouth, and blooming cheeks, descried
Beneath the turban's jewell'd pride;
What ease his mantle folds display!
What of his bearing can I say?
As ruler seems he known to me.

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

Plutus, the god of wealth is he.
Hither he comes in royal state;
Of him the emperor's need is great.

HERALD.

Tell of thyself the what and how to me!

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

I am profusion, I am Poesie;
The bard am I, who to perfection tends

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When freely he his inner wealth expends.
I too have riches beyond measure,
And match with Plutus' wealth my treasure,
For him adorn and quicken dance and show,
And what he lacketh, that do I bestow.

HERALD.

Boasting to thee new charm imparts.
Now show us something of thine arts!

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

See me but snap my fingers, lo!
Around the car what splendours glow!
A string of pearls forth leapeth here;
(*Continually snapping.*)
Take golden clasps for neck and ear;
Combs too, and other precious things,
Crowns without flaw, and jewell'd rings!
Flamelets I scatter too, in play,
Awaiting where they kindle may.

HERALD.

How the good people snatch and seize!
Almost the donor's self they squeeze.
As in a dream he gems doth rain,
In the wide space they snatch amain.
But—here new juggling meets mine eye:
What one doth grasp so eagerly,
Doth prove, in sooth, a sorry prize;
Away from him the treasure flies;
The pearls are loosen'd from their band,
Now beetles crawl within his hand;
He shakes them off, poor fool, instead,
Swarming, they buzz around his head;
Others, in place of solid things,
Catch butterflies, with lightsome wings.
Though vast his promises, the knave
To them but golden glitter gave!

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

Masks, I remark, thou canst announce full well;
Only to reach the essence 'neath the shell,

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Is not the Herald's courtly task;
A sharper vision that dost ask.
But I from every quarrel would be free.—
Master, I speech and question turn to thee.
(*Turning to* Plutus.)
The storm-blast didst thou not confide
To me, of this four-yokèd car?
Lead I not well, as thou dost guide?
Where thou dost point, thence am I far?
Have I not known, on daring wing
For thee the victor's palm to wring?
Full often as for thee I've fought,
Still have I conquered; and if now
The laurel decorates thy brow,
Have not my hand and skill the chaplet wrought?

PLUTUS.

If need there be, that I should witness bear,—
Soul of my soul, thee gladly I declare:
According to my will thou actest ever;
Art richer than myself indeed.
To give thy service its due meed,
Before all crowns the laurel wreath I treasure.
This truthful word let all men hear:
My son art thou, thee doth my soul hold dear.

BOY-CHARIOTEER (*to the crowd*).

Now of my hand the choicest dower,
I've scatter'd in this festive hour;
There glows on this or that one's head
A flame, which I abroad have shed;
From one to other now it hies,
To this one cleaves, from that one flies,
Seldom aloft its flames aspire;
Sudden they gleam, with transient fire;
With many, ere they know the prize,
It mournfully burns out and dies.

Clamour of Women.

He yonder, on the chariot-van,
Is, without doubt, a charletan.
Behind him, crouching, is the clown,
By thirst and hunger so worn down,

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The like was never seen till now;
If pinch'd, he would not feel, I trow.

THE STARVELING.

Avaunt, ye loathèd women-kind!
With you I ne'er a welcome find.—
When ruled the hearth your thrifty dame,
Then Avaritia was my name;
Then throve our household well throughout;
For much came in, and naught went out!
Great was my zeal for chest and bin—
And that, forsooth, you call a sin!
But in these later years, no more
The wife is thrifty as of yore;
She, like each tardy payer, owns
Far more desires than golden crowns;
This for her spouse much care begets;
Where'er he turneth, there are debts;
What she by spinning earns, she spends
On gay attire, and wanton friends;
Better she feasts, and drinketh too
More wine, with her vile suitor crew:
That raised for me of gold the price.
Now, male of sex, I'm Avarice!

Leader of the Women.

Dragon may still with dragon spare;
It's cheat and lies at last, no more!
He comes to rouse the men; beware!
Full troublesome they were before.

WOMEN (*all together*).

The scarecrow! Box his ears! Make haste!
To threat us does the juggler dare?
Us shall his foolish prating scare?
The dragons are but wood and paste;
Press in upon him, do not spare!

HERALD.

Now, by my staff! Keep quiet there!
Yet scarcely needed is my aid.
See, in the quickly opened space,
How the grim monsters move apace!

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Their pinions' double pair displayed!
The dragons shake themselves in ire,
Scale-proof, their jaws exhaling fire—
The crowd recedes; clear is the place.
(Plutus *descends from the chariot.*)

HERALD.

He steps below, a king confessed!
He nods, the dragons move; the chest
They from the chariot, in a trice,
Have lowered, with gold and avarice;
Before his feet it standeth now:
How done a marvel is, I trow.

PLUTUS (*to the* Charioteer).

Now from the burden that oppressed thee here
Thou'rt frank and free; away to thine own sphere!
Here is it not; distorted, wild, grotesque,
Surrounds us here a motley arabesque.
There fly, where on thy genius thou canst wait,
Lord of thyself; where charm the good, the fair;
Where clear thy vision in the clear calm air;
To solitude—there thine own world create!

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

Myself as trusty envoy I approve;
Thee as my nearest relative I love.
Where thou dost dwell, is fulness; where I reign,
Within himself each feeleth glorious gain;
And 'mid life's contradictions wavers he:
Shall he resign himself to thee, to me?
Thy votaries may idly rest, 'tis true;
Who follows me, hath always work to do.
My deeds are not accomplished in the shade,
I only breathe, and forthwith am betrayed.
Farewell! My bliss thou grudgest not to me;
But whisper low, and straight I'm back with thee.
(*Exit as he came.*)

PLUTUS.

Now is the time the treasure to set free!
The locks I strike, thus with the Herald's rod;

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'Tis opened now! In blazing caldrons, see,
It bubbles up, and shows like golden blood;
Next crowns, and chains, and rings, a precious dower:
It swells and fusing threats the jewels to devour.

Alternate cry of the Crowd.

Look here! Look there! How flows the treasure,
To the chest's brim in ample measure!—
Vessels of gold are melting, near
Up-surging, coined rouleaux appear,
And ducats leap as if impressed—
O how the vision stirs my breast!—
My heart's desire now meets mine eye!
They're rolling on the floor, hard by.—
To you 'tis proffered; do not wait,
Stoop only, you are wealthy straight!—
While, quick as lightning, we, anon,
The chest itself will seize upon.

HERALD.

Ye fools, what ails you? What your quest?
'Tis but a masquerading jest.
To-night no more desire ye may;
Think you that gold we give away,
And things of worth? For such as you,
And at such foolish masking too,
E'en counters were too much to pay.
Blockheads! a pleasing show, forsooth,
Ye take at once for solid truth.
What's truth to you? Delusion vain
At every turn ye clutch amain.—
Thou, Plutus, hero of the masque,
This folk to chase, be now thy task!

PLUTUS.

Ready at hand thy staff I see;
For a brief moment lend it me!—
Quickly in fire and seething glare
I'll dip it.—Now, ye masks, beware!
It sputters, crackles, flares outright!
Bravely the torch is now alight;
And pressing round, who comes too nigh,

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Is forthwith scorch'd, relentlessly!—
Now then my circuit is begun.

Cries and Tumult.

O misery! We are undone.—
Escape, let each escape who can!
Back! further back! thou hindmost man!—
Hot in my face it sputtered straight—
Of the red staff I felt the weight—
We all, alas! we all are lost!—
Back, back, thou masquerading host!—
Back, back, unthinking crowd!—Ah me,
Had I but wings, I hence would flee!—

PLUTUS.

Back is the circle driven now;
And no one has been singed, I trow.
The crowds give way,
Scared, with dismay.—
Yet, pledge of order and of law,
A ring invisible I draw.

HERALD.

Achieved thou hast a noble deed;
For thy sage might be thanks thy meed!

PLUTUS.

Yet needs there patience, noble friend;
Still many a tumult doth impend.

AVARICE.

If it so please us, pleasantly,
We on this living ring may gaze around.
For women ever foremost will be found,
If aught allure the palate or the eye.
Not yet am I grown rusty quite!
A pretty face must always please;
And since it nothing costs to-night,
We'll go a-wooing at our ease.
Yet as in this o'ercrowded sphere,
Words are not audible to every ear,
Deftly I'll try,—and can but hope success—
In pantomime my meaning to express.

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Hand, foot, and gesture will not here suffice,
Hence I must strive to fashion some device:
Like moisten'd clay forthwith I'll knead the gold·
This metal into all things we can mould.

HERALD.

The meagre fool, what doeth he?
Hath such a starveling humour? See,
He kneadeth all the gold to dough,
Beneath his hand 'tis pliant too;
Yet howsoe'er he squeeze and strain,
Misshapen it must still remain.
He to the women turns, but they
All scream, and fain would flee away,
With gestures of aversion. Still
Ready the rascal seems for ill;
Happy, I fear, himself he rates,
When decency he violates.
Silence were wrong in such a case;
Give me my staff, him forth to chase!

PLUTUS.

What threats us from without, he bodeth not.
Let him play out his pranks a little longer!
Room for his jests will fail him soon, I wot;
Strong as is law, necessity is stronger.

Enter FAUNS, SATYRS, GNOMES, NYMPHS, *&c., attendants on* PAN, *and announcing his approach.*

Tumult and Song.

From forest-vale and mountain height,
Advancing with resistless might,
The savage host, it cometh straight:
Their mighty Pan they celebrate.
They know, what none beside can guess,
Into the vacant ring they press.

PLUTUS.

You and your mighty Pan I recognize!
Conjoined you've entered on a bold emprize.
Full well I know, what is not known to all,
And ope this narrow space, at duty's call.—

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O may a happy Fate attend!
Wonders most strange may happen now;
They know not where unto they tend;
Forward they have not looked, I trow.

Wild Song.

Bedizened people, glittering brood!
They're coming rough, they're coming rude
With hasty run, with lofty bound,
Stalwart and strong they press around.

FAUNS.

Fauns advance,
Their crisp locks bound
With oak-leaves round,—
In merry dance!
A fine and sharply pointed ear,
Forth from their clustering locks doth peer;
A stumpy nose, with breadth of face—
These forfeit not a lady's grace:
If but his paw the Faun advance,
Not lightly will the fairest shun the dance.

SATYR.

The Satyr now comes hopping in,
With foot of goat, and withered shin;
These sinewy must be and thin.
In chamois-guise, on mountain height,
Around to gaze is his delight;
In freedom's air, with freshness rife,
Child he despiseth, man and wife,
Who, 'mid the valley's smoke and steam,
That they too live, contented dream;
On those pure heights, sequester'd, lone,
The upper world is his alone!

GNOMES.

Tripping, here comes a tiny crew.
They like not keeping two and two;
In mossy dress, with lamplet clear,
Commingling swiftly, they career,
Where for himself his task each plies,
Swarming they glitter, emmet-wise;

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And ever busy, move about,
With ceaseless bustle in and out.—

We the "Good Folk" as kindred own,
As rock-chirurgists well we're known;
Cupping the lofty hills, we drain,
With cunning, from each well-filled vein,
The metals, which aloft we pile,
Shouting, Good luck! Good luck! the while:
Kindness at bottom we intend;
Good men we evermore befriend.
Yet to the light we gold unseal,
That men therewith may pimp and steal,
Nor to the proud, who murder planned
Wholesale, shall fail the iron brand;
These three commands who hath transgressed,
Will take small reckoning of the rest;
Nathless for that we're not to blame:
Patient we are, be ye the same!

GIANTS.

The wild men, such in sooth our name,
Upon the Hartzberg known to fame,
Naked, in ancient vigour strong,
Pell-mell we come, a giant throng;
With pine-stem grasp'd in dexter hand,
And round the loins a padded band,
Apron of leaf and bough, uncouth,—
Such guards the pope owns not, in sooth.

CHORUS OF NYMPHS.

(*They surround the great* PAN.)

He draweth near!
In mighty Pan
The All we scan
Of this world-sphere.
All ye of gayest mood advance,
And him surround, in sportive dance!
For since he earnest is and kind,
Joy everywhere he fain would find;
E'en 'neath the blue o'erarching sky,
He watcheth still, with wakeful eye;

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Purling to him the brooklet flows,
And Zephyrs lull him to repose;
And when he slumbers at mid-day,
Stirs not a leaf upon the spray;
Health-breathing plants, with balsams rare,
Pervade the still and silent air;
The nymph no more gay vigil keeps,
And where she standeth, there she sleeps.
But if, at unexpected hour,
His voice resounds with mighty power,
Like thunder, or the roaring sea,
Then knoweth none, where he may flee;
Panic the valiant host assails,
The hero in the tumult quails.
Then honour to whom honour's due!
And hail to him, who leads us unto you!

Deputation of GNOMES (*to the great* PAN).

When a treasure, richly shining,
Winds through clefts its thread-like way,
Sole the cunning rod, divining,
Can its labyrinth display.

Troglodytes, in caves abiding,
We our sunless homes vault o'er;
Thou, 'mid day's pure airs presiding,
Graciously thy gifts dost pour.

Close at hand, a fount of treasure
We have found, a wondrous vein;—
Promising in fullest measure,
What we scarce might hope to gain.

Perfect thou alone canst make it;
Every treasure in thy hand,
Is a world-wide blessing; take it,
Thine it is, Sire, to command!

PLUTUS (*to the* HERALD).

Our self-possession now must be displayed,
And come what may, we must be undismayed;
Still hast thou shown a strong, courageous soul.
A dreadful incident will soon betide;

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'Twill be by world and after-world denied;
Inscribe it truly in thy protocol!

HERALD

(*grasping the staff which* PLUTUS *holds in his hand*).

The dwarfs conduct the mighty Pan
Softly the source of fire to scan;
It surges from the gulf profound,
Then downward plunges 'neath the ground;
While dark the mouth stands, gaping wide,
Once more up-rolls the fiery tide.
The mighty Pan stands well-content,
Rejoicing in the wondrous sight,
While pearl-foam drizzles left and right.
How may he trust such element!
Bending, he stoops to look within.—
But now his beard hath fallen in!—
Who may he be, with shaven chin?
His hand conceals it from our eyes.—
Now doth a dire mishap arise;
His beard takes fire and backward flies;
Wreath, head, and breast are all ablaze,
Joy is transformed to dire amaze.—
To quench the fire his followers run;
Free from the flames remaineth none;
Still as they strike from side to side,
New flames are kindled far and wide;
Enveloped in the fiery shroud,
Burns now the masquerading crowd.
But what's the tale that's rumour'd here,
From mouth to mouth, from ear to ear!
O night, for aye with sorrow fraught,
To us what mischief hast thou brought!
The coming morn will tidings voice,
At which, in sooth, will none rejoice.
From every side they cry amain,
"The Emperor suffers grievous pain!"
O were some other tidings true!—
The Emperor burns, his escort too.
Accurst be they, for evermore,
Who him seduced, with noisy roar,

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Abroad, begirt with pitchy bough,
To roam, for general overthrow!
O youth, O youth, and wilt thou never
To joy assign its fitting bound?
O Majesty, with reason never
Will thy omnipotence be crowned?
The mimic forest hath caught fire;
Tongue-like the flame mounts high and higher;
Now on the wood-bound roof it plays,
And threats one universal blaze!
O'erflows our cup of suffering;
I know not, who may rescue bring;
Imperial pomp, so rich o'er night,
An ash-heap lies in morning's light.

PLUTUS.

Long enough hath terror swayed;
Hither now be help conveyed.—
Strike, thou hallowed staff, the ground,
Till earth tremble and resound!
Cooling vapours everywhere
Fill the wide and spacious air!
Moisture-teeming mist and cloud
Draw anear, and us o'ershroud;
Veil the fiery tumult, veil!
Curling, drizzling, breathing low,
Gracious cloudlets hither sail,
Shedding down the gentle rain!
To extinguish, to allay,
Ye, the assuagers, strive amain;
Into summer-lightning's glow
Change our empty fiery play!—
Threaten spirits us to hurt,
Magic must its power assert.

Pleasure-garden.

Morning sun.

The EMPEROR, *his court, men and women;* FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES *dressed becomingly, in the usual fashion; both kneel.*

FAUST.

The flaming juggler's play dost pardon, Sire?

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EMPEROR.

I of such sports full many should desire.—
I saw myself within a glowing sphere;
Almost it seemed as if I Pluto were;
A rock abyss there lay, with fire aglow,
Gloomy as night; from many a gulf below,
Seething, a thousand savage flames ascend,
And in a fiery vault together blend;
Up to the highest dome their tongues were toss'd,
Which ever was, and evermore was lost.
In the far space, through spiral shafts of flame,
Peoples I saw, in lengthen'd lines who came;
In the wide circle forward pressed the crowd,
And as their wont hath been, in homage bowed;
I seemed, surrounded by my courtly train,
O'er thousand Salamanders king to reign.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such art thou, Sire! For thee each element
To own as absolute is well content.
Obedient thou hast proven fire to be.
Where it is wildest, leap into the sea—
And scarce thy foot the pearl-strewn floor shall tread,
A glorious, billowy dome o'ervaults thy head;
Wavelets of tender green thou seest swelling,
With purple edge, to form thy beauteous dwelling,
Round thee, the central point; where thou dost wend,
At every step, thy palace homes attend;
The very walls, in life rejoicing, flow
With arrowy swiftness, surging to and fro;
Sea-marvels to the new the gentle light repair;
They dart along, to enter none may dare;
There sports, with scales of gold, the bright-hued snake,
Gapes the fell shark, his jaws thy laughter wake: [1411
Howe'er thy court may round thee now delight,
Such throng as this, before ne'er met thy sight.
Nor long shalt severed be from the most fair;
The curious Nereids, to thy dwelling rare,
'Mid the eternal freshness, shall draw nigh;
The youngest, greedy like the fish, and shy;
The elder prudent. Thetis hears the news,

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Nor to the second Peleus will refuse
Or hand or lip.—Olympos' wide domain——

EMPEROR.

I leave to thee, thou o'er the air may'st reign;
Full early every one must mount that throne.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Earth, noblest Sire! already thou dost own.

EMPEROR.

Hither what happy Fate, with kindness fraught,
Thee from the thousand nights and one hath brought!
If thou, like Scheherazade, prolific art,
To thee my highest favour I'll impart;
Be ever near when, as is oft the case,
Most irksome is our world of common-place!

MARSHAL (*entering in haste*).

Your Highness, never thought I in my life
Tidings to give, with such good fortune rife
As these which, in thy presence, cheer
My raptured heart, absolved from fear;
All reckonings paid, from debt we're eased;—
The usurer's clutches are appeased—
From such hell-torment I am free!
In Heaven can none more cheerful be.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF (*follows hastily*).

Paid in advance the soldiers' due,
Now the whole army's pledged anew.
Blood dances in the trooper's veins;
Vintner and damsel reap their gains.

EMPEROR.

How freely now your breast doth heave!
The marks of care your visage leave!
How hastily you enter!

TREASURER (*entering*).

Sire, proceed
These men to question who have done the deed.

FAUST (*to the* CHANCELLOR).

To you it doth belong the case to state

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CHANCELLOR (*who advances slowly*).

In my old days I am with joy elate!
So hear and see this fortune-weighted scroll,
Which hath to happiness transform'd our dole:

(*He reads.*)

"To all whom it concerneth, be it known:
Who owns this note a thousand crowns doth own.
To him assured, as certain pledge, there lies,
Beneath the Emperor's land, a boundless prize;
It is decreed, this wealth without delay
To raise, therewith the promised sum to pay."

EMPEROR.

Crime I suspect, some huge deceit!
The Emperor's name who here doth counterfeit?
Unpunished still remains such breach of right?

TREASURER.

Remember, Sire! Thyself but yesternight
Didst sign the note.—Thou stood'st as mighty Pan;
Then spake the Chancellor, whose words thus ran:
"This festive pleasure for thyself obtain,
Thy people's weal, with a few pen-strokes gain!"
These mad'st thou clearly; thousand-fold last night
Have artists multiplied what thou didst write;
And that to each alike might fall the aid,
To stamp the series, we have not delayed,
Ten, thirty, fifty, hundreds at a stroke.
You cannot guess, how it rejoiced the folk:
Behold your town, mouldering half dead that lay,
How full of life and bounding joy to-day!
Long as thy name hath blessed the world, till now
So gladly was it ne'er beheld, I trow.
The Alphabet is now redundant grown;
Each in this sign finds happiness alone.

EMPEROR.

My people take it for true gold, you say?
In camp, at court, it passes for full pay?
Much as I wonder, it I must allow.

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MARSHAL.

To stay the flying leaves were hopeless now;
With speed of lightning all abroad they float:
The changers' banks stand open; every note
Is honoured there with silver and with gold;
Discount deducted, if the truth were told.
To butcher, baker, vintner, thence they fare;
With half the world is feasting their sole care;
The other half, new-vestured, bravely shows;
The mercer cuts away, the tailor sews.
In cellars still "The Emperor!" they toast,
While, amid clattering plates, they boil and roast.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Alone who treads the terraced promenade,
Sees there the fair one, splendidly arrayed;
One eye the peacock's fan conceals; the while
This note in view, she lures us with her smile,
And swifter than through eloquence or wit,
Love's richest favour may be won by it.
Oneself with purse and scrip one need not tease.
Hid in the breast, a note is borne with ease,
And with the billet-doux is coupled there;
The priest conveys it in his book of prayer;
The soldier, that his limbs may be more free,
Quickly his girdle lightens. Pardon me,
Your Majesty, if the high work I seem,
Dwelling on these details, to disesteem.

FAUST.

This superfluity of wealth, that deep
Imprisoned in its soil thy land doth keep,
Lies all unused; wide-reaching thought profound
Is of such treasure but a sorry bound;
In loftiest flight, fancy still strives amain
To reach its limit, but still strives in vain—
Yet minds who dare behind the veil to press,
In the unbounded, boundless faith possess.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such paper, in the place of pearls and gold,
Convenient is, we know how much we hold;

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No need for change or barter, each at will
Of love and wine may henceforth drink his fill.
If coin is needed, stands the changer nigh,
If there it faileth, straight the shovel ply;
Goblet and chain at auction fetch their price;
The paper, forthwith cancelled, in a trice
The sceptic shames, who us did erst deride;
The people, used to it, wish naught beside:
So henceforth, through the realm, there's goodly store,
Of jewels, gold, and paper, ever more.

EMPEROR.

You this high aid have rendered to our state;
Great is the service, be the meed as great!
Our realm's subsoil confide we to your care;
Best guardians of the treasure buried there.
Full well ye know the vast, well-guarded hoard,
And when men dig, so be it at your word!

To FAUST *and the* TREASURER.

Ally yourselves, ye masters of our treasure,
The honours of your place fulfil with pleasure,
There where together joined in blest content,
The upper with the under world is blent!

TREASURER.

Not the most distant strife shall us divide;
As colleague be the conjuror at my side.

[*Exit with* FAUST.

EMPEROR.

If I at court each man with gifts endow,
Whereto he'll use them, let each tell me now.

PAGE (*receiving*).

Merry I'll be, and taste life's pleasant things.

ANOTHER (*the same*).

I for my sweetheart will buy chain and rings.

CHAMBERLAIN (*accepting*).

Wine twice as good from this time forth I'll drink.

ANOTHER (*the same*).

The dice already in my pocket clink.

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BANNERET (*thoughtfully*).

My field and castle I from debt will free.

ANOTHER (*the same*).

I'll lay my treasure in my treasury.

EMPEROR.

Courage I hoped, and joy, for new emprize—
But whoso knows you, straight will recognize;
I mark it well, though wealth be multiplied,
Just what ye were, the same will ye abide!

FOOL (*approaching*).

Favours you scatter; grant me some, I pray!

EMPEROR.

What, living yet? Thou'lt drink them soon away.

FOOL.

These magic leaves! I comprehend not quite—

EMPEROR.

That I believe: them thou'lt not spend aright.

FOOL.

There, others drop—I know not what to do—

EMPEROR.

Take them! They've fallen to thy share, adieu!

[*Exit.*

FOOL.

Five thousand crowns in hand! can it be true?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou two-legged paunch, art thou then risen anew?

FOOL.

As oft before, ne'er happily as now.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So great thy joy, it makes thee sweat, I trow.

FOOL.

Is this indeed worth money? art thou sure?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What throat and paunch desire it will procure.

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FOOL.

Can I then field, and house, and cattle buy?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of course! Bid only, thee it will not fail.

FOOL.

Castle with forest, chase, and fish-pond?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay!
Thee as your worship I should like to hail!

FOOL.

As land-owner I'll rock myself ere eve! (*Exit.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In our fool's wit who will not now believe?

Dark Gallery.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why drag me these dark corridors along?
Within hast not enough of sport?
Occasion 'mid the motley throng
For jest and lie, hast not at court?

FAUST.

Speak not of that; in days of old hast thou
Out-worn it to the very soles. But now,
Thy shuffling is a mere pretext
How to evade my questions. Sore perplexed,
I know not how to act, or what to do;
The marshal urges me, the steward too,
The Emperor wills it—hence it straight must be—
Wills Helena and Paris here to see;
Of man and woman-kind the true ideal,
He fain would view, in forms distinct and real.
Quick to the work! My word I may not break.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such promise it was weak, nay, mad to make.

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FAUST.

Comrade, thou hast not thought, I trow,
Whither these arts of thine must lead;
First we have made him rich, and now
Him to amuse we must proceed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou think'st no sooner said than done;
Here before steeper steps we stand,
A foreign realm must here be won,
New debts wilt add to those of old,
With the same ease dost think I can command
Helen, as phantom-notes evoke for gold!
With wizard, witchery, or ghostly ghost,
Or goitered dwarf, I'm ready at my post,
But Devil's darlings, though we mayn't abuse them,
Yet cannot we as heroines produce them.

FAUST.

Still harping on the ancient lyre!
The father thou of hindrances;—with thee
We needs must fall into uncertainty;
For each expedient thou dost claim new hire!
With little muttering, I know, 'tis done;
Ere one looks round, thou'lt bring them to the spot.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Heathen-folk I'm glad to let alone,
In their own hell is cast their lot;
Yet are there means—

FAUST.

Speak quickly, naught withhold!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Loth am I higher secrets to unfold.
In solitude, where reigns nor space nor time,
Are goddesses enthroned from early prime;
'Tis hard to speak of beings so sublime—
The Mothers are they.

FAUST (*terrified*).

Mothers!

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Tremblest thou?

FAUST.

The Mothers! Mothers! strange it sounds, I trow!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And is so: Goddesses, to men unknown,
And by us named unwillingly, I own.
Their home to reach, full deeply must thou mine.
That we have need of them, the fault is thine!

FAUST.

The way?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No way; to the untrodden none,
Not to be trodden, neither to be won
By prayer! Art ready for the great emprize?
No locks are there, no bolts thy way to bar,
By solitudes shalt thou be whirl'd afar:
Such void and solitude canst realize?

FAUST.

To spare such speeches, it were well!
They of the witches' kitchen smell,
And of a time long past and gone.
To know the world have I not sought?
The empty learned, the empty taught?—
Spake I out plainly, as in reason bound,
Then doubly loud the paradox would sound;
By Fortune's adverse buffets over-borne,
To solitude I fled, to wilds forlorn,
And not in utter loneliness to live,
Myself at last did to the Devil give!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And hadst thou swum to ocean's utmost verge,
And there the shoreless infinite beheld,
There hadst thou seen surge rolling upon surge,
Though dread of coming doom thy soul had quell'd,
Thou hadst seen something;—dolphins thou hadst seen,
Cleaving the silent sea's pellucid green,
And flying cloud hadst seen, sun, moon, and star;
Naught, in the everlasting void afar,

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Wilt see, nor hear thy footfall's sound,
Nor for thy tread find solid ground!

FAUST.

Thou speakest as of mystagogues the first,
True neophytes who gulled—only reversed:
I to vacuity by thee am sent,
That art as well as strength I may augment;
Thou wouldest, like the cat, make use of me,
The chestnuts from the fire to snatch for thee.
We'll fathom it! come on, nor look behind!
In this thy naught, the All I hope to find.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Before we part, thy bearing I commend;
I see, the Devil thou dost comprehend.
Here, take this key!

FAUST.

That little thing!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

First hold it fast, not lightly valuing!

FAUST.

It waxes in my hand! It flashes, glows!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Soon shalt thou mark what virtue it bestows.
The key will scent the very place you need;
Follow, thee to the Mothers it will lead.

FAUST (*shuddering*).

The Mothers! Like a blow it strikes mine ear!
What is this word, it troubles me to hear?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So narrow-minded, scared by each new word!
Wilt only hear, what hast already heard?
Inured to marvels, thee let naught astound;
Be not disturbed, how strange soe'er the sound!

FAUST.

My weal I seek not in torpidity;
Humanity's best part in awe doth lie:

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Howe'er the world the sentiment disown,
Once seized—we deeply feel the vast, the unknown.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sink then! Arise! This also I might say:—
'Tis all the same. Escaping from the real,
Seek thou the boundless realm of the ideal.
Delight thyself in forms long past away!
The train, like cloud-procession, glides along;
Swing thou the key, hold off the shadowy throng!

FAUST (*inspired*).

Good! firmly grasping it, new strength is mine,
My breast expands! Now for the great design!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A glowing tripod teaches thee thou hast
The deep attained, the lowest deep, at last;
There, by its light the Mothers thou wilt see;
Some sit, while others, as the case may be,
Or stand, or walk: formation, transformation,
Of mind etern, eternal recreation!
While forms of being round them hover; thee
Behold they not, phantoms alone they see.
Take courage, for the danger is not slight,
Straight to the tripod press thou on, be brave,
And touch it with the key—

(FAUST, *with the key, assumes an attitude of determined authority.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*observing him*).

So, that is right!
It cleaves to thee, it follows like a slave;
Calmly dost mount, fortune doth thee upbear,
Back art thou with it, ere they are aware.
And hither hast thou brought it, by its might,
Hero may'st call, and heroine from night;
The first to venture in such enterprise;
'Tis done—with thee the bold achievement lies
And then by spells, to sorcery allowed,
To gods shall be transformed the incense-cloud.

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FAUST.

And now what next?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Downward thy being strain.
Stamping descend, stamping thou'lt rise again.
(FAUST *stamps and sinks.*)
In his behoof if worketh but the key!
Whether he will return, I'm fain to see.

Hall, brilliantly lighted.

EMPEROR *and princes: The court in movement.*

CHAMBERLAIN (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

You're still our debtors for the spirit-show;
To work! The Emperor doth impatient grow.

STEWARD.

His Highness even now hath question'd me;
Delay not, nor affront his Majesty!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My comrade's for that very purpose gone;
How to commence he knows; he labours on,
Secluded in his study, calm and still,
With mind intensely strung; for who the prize,
Ideal beauty, would evoke at will,
Needs highest art, the magic of the wise.

STEWARD.

To us it matters not, what arts you need;
The Emperor wills that ye forthwith proceed.

A BLONDE (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

One word, good sir! My visage now is clear—
It is not so when baleful summer's here:
Then sprout a hundred freckles, brown and red,
Which, to my grief, the white skin over-spread.
A cure!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis pity, face so fair to see,
In May like panther's cub should mottled be!

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Take spawn of frog, and tongue of toad, the twain
Under the fullest moon distil with care;
Lay on the mixture, when the moon doth wane—
The spring arrives, no blemishes are there.

BRUNETTE.

To fawn upon you, how the crowds advance;
A remedy I ask! A frozen foot
Hinders me sorely when I walk or dance;
Awkward my movement e'en when I salute.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A single tread allow me with my foot!

BRUNETTE.

Well, betwixt lovers that might come to pass—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A deeper meaning, child, my foot-print has:
Like unto like, in sickness is the rede;
Foot healeth foot; with every limb 'tis so.
Draw near! Give heed! My tread return not.

BRUNETTE (*screaming*).

Woe!
Ah, woe! It burns! A hard tread that indeed,
Like horse's hoof!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Receive thy cure as meed.
Now may'st thou dance at pleasure; and salute,
Beneath the festal board, thy lover's foot.

LADY (*pressing forward*).

Make way for me, too grievous is my smart,
Seething, it rankles in my deepest heart:
Bliss in my looks he sought till yesterday—
With her he talks, and turns from me away!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The case is grave, but this my lore receive:
Thou to his side must stealthily make way;
Take thou this coal, a mark upon his sleeve,
His cloak, or shoulder make, as happen may—

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His heart repentant will be thine once more·
The coal thou straight must swallow; after it,
No water near thy lip, no wine, permit—
This very night he'll sigh before thy door.

LADY.

It is not poison?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*offended*).

Honour where 'tis due!
You for such coal much ground must wander o'er;
It cometh from a pyre, that we of yore
More fiercely stirred than now we do.

PAGE.

I love; as still unripe they scorn my youth!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

I know not whom to listen to, in sooth.
(*To the* PAGE.)
Not on the youngest set your happiness;
Those more in years your merits will confess.
(*Others press up to him.*)
Others are coming! What a fearful rout!
Myself with truth I must at last help out—
The sorriest shift! Great is the need! Ah me!
O Mothers, Mothers! Only Faust set free.
(*Looking round.*)
The lights are burning dimly in the hall;
At once the court is moving, one and all;
Advancing in due order them I see,
Through long arcade and distant gallery;
Now in the old Baronial hall, the train
Assemble, them it scarcely can contain;
Its ample walls rare tapestries enrich,
While armour decks each corner, every niche
Here magic-words, methinks, are needed not,
Ghosts, of their own accord, would haunt this spot.

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Baronial Hall.

Dimly illuminated.

Emperor *and Court have entered.*

HERALD.

Mine ancient usage, to announce the play,
The spirits' secret working mars; in vain
The surging tumult to ourselves, to-day,
Would we, on reasonable grounds, explain.
Seats are arranged, ready is every chair;
The Emperor sits before the wall, and there,
On tapestry in comfort may behold
The battles of the glorious days of old.
All now are seated; prince and court around;
While crowded benches fill the hinder ground;
Your lovers too, in these dark hours, will find,
Beside their sweethearts, places to their mind.
So now we're seated, ready for the play;
The phantoms may appear, without delay!
(*Trumpets.*)

ASTROLOGER.

Now let the drama, 'tis the Sire's command,
Begin forthwith its course! ye walls expand!
Naught hinders; magic yields what we require.
The curtains vanish, as up-rolled by fire;
The wall splits open, backward it doth wend;
An ample theatre appears to rise,
A mystic lustre gleams before our eyes;
And I to the proscenium ascend.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*emerging from the prompter's box*).

I hope for general favour in your eyes,
The Devil's rhetoric in prompting lies!
(*To the* Astrologer.)
The time dost know, in which the stars proceed,
And, like a master, wilt my whispering read.

ASTROLOGER.

Through magic power, appears before our gaze,
Massive enough, a fane of ancient days;

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Like Atlas, who of old the heavens up-bare,
Columns, in goodly rows, are standing there;
They for their burden may suffice, when twain
A mighty edifice might well sustain.

ARCHITECT.

That the antique—I cannot think it right;
It as unwieldy we should designate;
The rude is noble styled, the clumsy great!
Slim shafts I love, aspiring, infinite;
The pointed zenith lifts the soul on high;
Such building us doth mostly edify.

ASTROLOGER.

Receive with reverence star-granted hours!
By magic word enthralled be reason's powers;
Here, on the other hand, let phantasy,
Noble and daring, roam more wildly free!
What boldly you desired, he with your eyes perceived!
Impossible, and hence, by faith to be believed.

(FAUST *rises at the other side of the proscenium.*)

ASTROLOGER.

In priestly vesture, crown'd, a wondrous man,
Who now achieves, what trustful he began;
A tripod with him from the gulf ascends;
With the surrounding air the incense blends;
He arms himself, the lofty work to bless:
Henceforth we naught can augur but success.

FAUST.

In your name, Mothers, ye who on your throne
Dwell in the Infinite, for aye alone,
Yet sociably! Around your heads are rife
Life's pictures, restless, yet devoid of life;
What was, there moveth, bright with lustrous sheen;
For deathless will abide what once hath been.
This ye dispense, beings of matchless might,
To day's pavilion, to the vault of night:
Life in its gentle course doth some arrest;
Of others the bold magian goes in quest,
In rich profusion, fearless, he displays
The marvels upon which each longs to gaze.

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ASTROLOGER.

Scarcely the glowing key the censer nears,
When o'er the scene a misty shroud appears;
It creepeth in, cloudlike it onward glides,
Expands, up-curls, contracts, unites, divides.
Now recognize a spirit masterpiece:
The clouds make music; wonders never cease,
The airy tones, one knows not how, float by:
Where'er they move, there all is melody;
The pillar'd shaft, the very triglyph rings;
Yea, I believe that the whole temple sings!
The mist subsides; steps forth, in measured time,
From the light veil, a youth in beauty's prime.
Silent mine office here; his name I need not show;
Who doth the gentle Paris fail to know!

1ST LADY.

O! In his youthful strength what lustrous grace!

2ND LADY.

Fresh as a peach, and full of sap his face!

3RD LADY.

The finely chiselled, sweetly swelling lip!

4TH LADY.

At such a beaker fain wert thou to sip?

5TH LADY.

Though handsome, quite unpolish'd is his mien.

6TH LADY.

A little more refined he might have been.

KNIGHT.

The shepherd youth, methinks, in him I trace;
Naught of the prince or of the courtier's grace!

ANOTHER KNIGHT.

Half naked, fair the stripling seems to be;
But clad in armour him we first must see!

LADY.

Gently he seats himself, with easy grace.

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KNIGHT.

For you his lap were pleasant resting-place?

ANOTHER.

Lightly his arm he bendeth o'er his head.

CHAMBERLAIN.

That is not here allow'd. 'Tis under-bred!

LADY.

You gentlemen are always hard to please.

CHAMBERLAIN.

Before the Emperor to loll at ease!

LADY.

He only acts! He thinks himself alone.

CHAMBERLAIN.

The drama should be courtly near the throne.

LADY.

Gently hath sleep o'ercome the gracious youth.

CHAMBERLAIN.

He snoreth now; 'tis nature, perfect truth.

YOUNG LADY (*enraptured*).

What fragrance with the incense sweetly blends,
That to my inmost heart refreshment sends?

OLDER LADY.

A breath the soul pervades with gracious power!
From him it comes.

OLDEST LADY.

Of growth it is the flower;
It like ambrosia from the youth distils,
And the whole atmosphere around him fills.
(Helena *steps forward.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such then she was! She will not break my rest!
Fair, doubtless; but she is not to my taste.

ASTROLOGER.

For me remains no further duty now,
As man of honour, this I must allow.

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The fair one comes; and had I tongues of fire—
Beauty of old did many a song inspire—
Who sees her is enraptur'd; all too blest
Was he indeed by whom she was possessed.

FAUST.

Have I still eyes? Is beauty's very spring,
Full gushing, to mine inmost sense revealed?
Most blessed gain doth my dread journey bring.
How blank to me the world, its depths unseal'd!
What is it since my priesthood's solemn hour!
Enduring, firmly-based, a precious dower!
Vanish from me of life the breathing power,
If, e'en in thought, I e'er from thee decline!—
The gracious form that raptured once my sight,
That in the magic mirror waked delight,
Was a foam-image to such charms as thine!—
'Tis thou, to whom as tribute now I bring
My passion's depth, of every power the spring,
Love, adoration, madness, heart and soul!

MEPHISTOPHELES
(*from the prompter's box*).

Collect yourself, and fall not from your rôle!

ELDERLY LADY.

Tall and well-shaped! Only too small the head.

YOUNGER LADY.

Her foot! 'Tis clumsy if the truth were said.

DIPLOMATIST.

Princesses of this kind I've seen; and she
From head to foot seems beautiful to me.

COURTIER.

Softly she nears the sleeper, artful, shy.

LADY.

How hateful near that form of purity!

POET.

He is illumined by her beauty's sheen.

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LADY.

Endymion! Luna!—'Tis the pictured scene!

POET.

Quite right! The goddess downward seems to sink;
O'er him she bends, his balmy breath to drink;
A kiss!—The measure's full!—O envied youth!

DUENNA.

Before the crowd—too bold that is, in sooth!

FAUST.

A fearful favour to the boy!—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be still!
And let the phantom do whate'er it will

COURTIER.

She steals away, light-footed;—he awakes.

LADY.

A backward glance, just as I thought, she takes!

COURTIER.

He starts! 'Tis marvellous! he's all amaze.

LADY.

To her no marvel is what meets her gaze.

COURTIER.

To him with coy reserve she turneth now.

LADY.

She takes him into tutelage, it seems;
All men in such a case are fools, I trow;
Himself to be the first, he fondly dreams!

KNIGHT.

Let me admire! Majestically fair—

LADY.

The courtezan! 'Tis vulgar, I declare!

PAGE.

Now in his place to be, full fain I were!

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COURTIER.

Who in such net would not be gladly caught?

LADY.

From hand to hand the jewel hath been passed;
The very gilding is worn off at last.

ANOTHER.

From her tenth year she hath been good for naught.

KNIGHT.

Each takes the best that Fate to him hath sent:
With this fair ruin I were well content.

LEARNED MAN.

Her I behold, yet to confess am free,
Doubts may arise, if she the right one be.
What's present doth into extremes betray;
Cling closely to the letter, that's my way;
I to what's written turn, and there I read:
How she all Troya's grey-beards charmed indeed.
How perfectly this tallies here, I see—
I am not young, and yet she pleases me.

ASTROLOGER.

A boy no more! A man, heroic, brave,
He claspeth her, who scarce herself can save;
With stalward arm aloft he raises her.
Thinks he to bear her off?

FAUST.

Rash fool! Beware!
Thou darest! Hearest not! Forbear, I say!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why thou thyself dost make the phantom-play!

ASTROLOGER.

Only one word! From what did her befall,
"The rape of Helena," the piece I call.

FAUST.

The rape! Count I for nothing here? This key,
Do I not hold it still within my hand?
Through dreary wastes, through waves, it guided me,
Through solitudes, here to this solid land;

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Here is firm footing, here the actual, where
Spirit with spirits to contend may dare,
And for itself a vast, twin-realm prepare.
Far as she was, how can she be more near?
Saved, she is doubly mine! I'll dare it! Hear,
Ye Mothers, Mothers, hear, and grant my quest!
Who once hath known, without her cannot rest!

ASTROLOGER.

What dost thou? Faustus! Faustus!—Her with might,
He seizes; fades the phantom from the sight;
Towards the youth he turneth now the key,
He touches him!—Presto! alas! Woe's me!

(*Explosion*, FAUST *lies upon the ground.*)

(*The phantoms vanish in the air.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*taking* FAUST *upon his shoulders*).

You have it now! With fools oneself to burden,
May to the devil prove a sorry guerdon.

(*Darkness. Tumult.*)

ACT THE SECOND.

High-vaulted, narrow Gothic chamber, formerly FAUST'S, *unaltered.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(*Stepping from behind a curtain. While he raises it and looks back,* FAUST *is seen, stretched upon an old-fashioned bed.*)

Lie there, ill-starred one! In love's chain,
Full hard to loose, he captive lies!
Not soon his senses will regain
Whom Helena doth paralyze.

(*Looking round.*)

Above, around, on every side
I gaze, uninjured all remains:
Dimmer, methinks, appear the colour'd panes,

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The spiders' webs are multiplied,
Yellow the paper, and the ink is dry;
Yet in its place each thing I find;
And here the very pen doth lie,
Wherewith himself Faust to the Devil signed,
Yea, quite dried up, and deeper in the bore,
The drop of blood, I lured from him of yore—
O'erjoyed to own such specimen unique
Were he who objects rare is fain to seek—;
Here on its hook hangs still the old fur cloak,
Me it remindeth of that merry joke,
When to the boy I precepts gave, for truth,
Whereon, perchance, he's feeding now, as youth.
The wish comes over me, with thee allied,
Enveloped in thy worn and rugged folds,
Once more to swell with the professor's pride!
How quite infallible himself he holds;
This feeling to obtain your savans know;
The devil parted with it long ago.

(*He shakes the fur cloak which he has taken down; crickets, moths, and chafers fly out.*)

CHORUS OF INSECTS.

We welcome thy coming,
Our patron of yore!
We're dancing and humming,
And know thee once more.
Us singly, in silence,
Hast planted, and lo!
By thousands, oh Father,
We dance to and fro.
The rogue hides discreetly
The bosom within;
We looseskins fly rather
Forth from the fur skin.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O'erjoyed I am my progeny to know!
We're sure to reap in time, if we but sow.
I shake the old fur-mantle as before,
And here and there out-flutters one or more.—

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Above, around, hasten, belovèd elves,
In hundred thousand nooks to hide yourselves!
'Mid boxes there of by-gone time,
Here in these age-embrownèd scrolls,
In broken potsherds, foul with grime,
In yonder skulls' now eyeless holes!
Amid such rotten, mouldering life,
Must foolish whims for aye be rife.
(*Slips into the fur mantle.*)
Come shroud my shoulders as of yore!
To-day I'm principal once more;
But useless 'tis, to bear the name:
Where are the folk to recognize my claim?
(*He pulls the bell, which emits a shrill penetrating sound, at which the halls shake and the doors spring open.*)

FAMULUS.

(*Tottering up the long dark passage.*)

What a clamour! What a quaking!
Stairs are rocking, walls are shaking:
Through the windows' quivering sheen,
Are the stormful lightnings seen;
Springs the ceiling,—thence, below,
Lime and mortar rattling flow:
And, though bolted fast, the door
Is undone by magic power!
There, in Faust's old fleece bedight,
Stands a giant,—dreadful sight!
At his glance, his beck, at me!
I could sink upon my knee.
Shall I fly, or shall I stay?
What will be my fate to-day!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come hither, friend!—Your name is Nicodemus?

FAMULUS.

Most honour'd Sir, such is my name.—Oremus!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That we'll omit

FAMULUS.

O joy, me you do not forget.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

I know it well: old, and a student yet;
My mossy friend, even a learned man
Still studies on, because naught else he can:
Thus a card-house each builds of medium height;
The greatest spirit fails to build it quite.
Your master, though, that title well may claim—
The noble Doctor Wagner, known to fame,
First in the learned world! 'Tis he, they say,
Who holds that world together; every day
Of wisdom he augments the store!
Who crave omniscience, evermore
In crowds upon his teaching wait;
He from the rostrum shines alone;
The keys doth like Saint Peter own,
And doth of Hell and Heaven ope the gate;
As before all he glows and sparkles,
No fame, no glory but grows dim,
Even the name of Faustus darkles!
Inventor there is none like him.

FAMULUS.

Pardon, most honour'd Sir, excuse me, pray—
If I presume your utterance to gainsay—
This bears not on the question any way;
A modest mind is his allotted share.
The disappearance, unexplained as yet,
Of the great man, his mind doth sorely fret;
Comfort from his return and health are still his prayer.
The chamber, as in Doctor Faustus' day,
Maintains, untouched, its former state,
And for its ancient lord doth wait.
Venture therein I scarcely may.
What now the aspect of the stars?—
Awe-struck the very walls appear;
The door-posts quivered, sprang the bars—
Else you yourself could not have entered here.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Where then bestowed himself hath he?
Lead me to him! bring him to me!

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FAMULUS.

Alas! Too strict his prohibition,
Scarce dare I, without his permission.
Months, on his mighty work intent,
Hath he, in strict seclusion spent.
Most dainty 'mong your men of books,
Like charcoal-burner now he looks,
With face begrimed from ear to nose;
His eyes are blear'd, while fire he blows;
Thus for the crisis still he longs;
His music is the clang of tongs.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Admittance unto me deny?
To hasten his success, the man am I.
(*Exit* FAMULUS. *Mephistopheles seats himself with a solemn air.*)
Scarce have I ta'en my post, when lo!
Stirs from behind a guest, whom well I know;
Of the most recent school, this time, is he,
And quite unbounded will his daring be.

BACCALAUREUS
(*storming along the passage*).

Open find I door and gate!
Hope at last springs up elate,
That the living shall no more
Corpse-like rot, as heretofore,
And, while breathing living breath,
Waste and moulder as in death.

Here partition, screen, and wall
Are sinking, bowing to their fall,
And, unless we soon retreat,
Wreck and ruin us will greet.
Me, though bold, nor soon afraid,
To advance shall none persuade.

What shall I experience next?
Years ago, when sore perplexed,
Came I not a freshman here,
Full of anxious doubt and fear,
On these grey-beards then relied,
By their talk was edified?

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What from musty tomes they drew,
They lied to me; the things they knew
Believed they not; with falsehood rife,
Themselves and me they robbed of life.
How?—Yonder in the murky glare,
There's one still sitting in the Chair—

Drawing near I wonder more—
Just as him I left of yore,
There he sits, in furry gown,
Wrapped in shaggy fleece, the brown!
Then he clever seemed, indeed,
Him as yet I could not read;
Naught will it avail to-day;
So have at him, straight-away!

If Lethe's murky flood not yet hath passed,
Old Sir, through your bald pate, that sideways bends,
The scholar recognize, who hither wends,
Outgrown your academic rods at last.
The same I find you, as of yore;
But I am now the same no more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Glad am I that I've rung you here.
I prized you then not slightingly;
In grub and chrysalis appear
The future brilliant butterfly.
A childish pleasure then you drew
From collar, lace, and curls.—A queue
You probably have never worn?—
Now to a crop I see you shorn.
All resolute and bold your air—
But from the *absolute* forbear!

BACCALAUREUS.

We're in the ancient place, mine ancient Sir,
But think upon time's onward flow,
And words of double-meaning spare!
Quite otherwise we hearken now.
You fooled the simple, honest youth;
It cost but little art in sooth,
To do what none to-day will dare.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

If to the young the naked truth one speaks,
It pleases in no wise the yellow beaks;
But afterwards, when in their turn
On their own skin the painful truth they learn,
They think, forsooth, from their own head it came;
"The master was a fool," they straight proclaim.

BACCALAUREUS.

A rogue perchance!—For where's the teacher found
Who to our face, direct, will Truth expound?
Children to edify, each knows the way,
To add or to subtract, now grave, now gay.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For learning there's in very truth a time;
For teaching, I perceive, you now are prime.
While a few suns and many moons have waned,
A rich experience you have doubtless gained!

BACCALAUREUS.

Experience! Froth and scum alone,
Not with the mind of equal birth!
Confess! what men have always known,
As knowledge now is nothing worth.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*after a pause*).

I long have thought myself a fool;
Now shallow to myself I seem, and dull.

BACCALAUREUS.

That pleases me! Like reason that doth sound;
The first old man of sense I yet have found!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I sought for hidden treasures, genuine gold—
And naught but hideous ashes forth I bore!

BACCALAUREUS.

Confess that pate of yours, though bare and old,
Than yonder hollow skull is worth no more!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*good-naturedly*).

Thou know'st not, friend, how rude is thy reply.

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BACCALAUREUS.

In German to be courteous is to lie.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*still moving his wheel-chair ever nearer to the proscenium, to the pit*).

Up here I am bereft of light and air;
I perhaps shall find a refuge with you there?

BACCALAUREUS.

When at their worst, that men would something be,
When they are naught, presumptuous seems to me.
Man's life is in the blood, and where, in sooth,
Pulses the blood so strongly as in youth?
That's living blood, which with fresh vigour rife,
The newer life createth out of life.
There all is movement, something there is done;
Falleth the weak, the able presses on!
While half the world we 'neath our sway have brought,
What have ye done? Slept, nodded, dream'd, and thought,
Plan after plan rejected;—nothing won.
Age is, in sooth, a fever cold,
With frost of whims and peevish need:
When more than thirty years are told,
As good as dead one is indeed:
You it were best, methinks, betimes to slay.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The devil here has nothing more to say.

BACCALAUREUS.

Save through my will, no devil dares to be.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

The devil now prepares a fall for thee!

BACCALAUREUS.

The noblest mission this of youth's estate.
The world was not, till it I did create;
The radiant Sun I led from out the sea;
Her changeful course the Moon began with me;
The Day arrayed herself my steps to meet,
The Earth grew green, and blossom'd me to greet;

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At my command, upon you primal Night,
The starry hosts unveiled their glorious light.
Who, beside me, the galling chains unbound,
Which cramping thought had cast your spirits round?
But I am free, as speaks my spirit-voice,
My inward light I follow, and rejoice;
Swift I advance, enraptur'd, void of fear,
Brightness before me, darkness in the rear. (*Exit.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Go, in thy pride, Original, thy way!—
True insight would, in truth, thy spirit grieve!
What wise or stupid thoughts can man conceive,
Unponder'd in the ages passed away?—
Yet we for him need no misgiving have;
Changed will he be, when a few years are past;
Howe'er absurdly may the must behave,
Nathless it yields a wine at last.—
(*To the younger part of the audience, who do not applaud.*)
Though to my words you're somewhat cold,
Good children, me you don't offend;
Reflect! The devil, he is old;
Grow old then, him to comprehend!

Laboratory.

(*After the fashion of the middle ages; cumbrous, useless apparatus, for fantastic purposes.*)

WAGNER (*at the furnace*).

Soundeth the bell, the fearful clang
Thrills through these sooty walls; no more
Upon fulfilment waits the pang
Of hope or fear;—suspense is o'er;
The darknesses begin to clear,
Within the inmost phial glows
Radiance, like living coal, that throws,
As from a splendid carbuncle, its rays;
Athwart the gloom its lightning plays.
A pure white lustre doth appear;
O may I never lose it more!—
My God! what rattles at the door?

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MEPHISTOPHELES (*entering*)

Welcome! As friend I enter here.

WAGNER.

Hail to the star that rules the hour!
(*Softly.*)
On breath and utterance let a ban be laid!
Soon will be consummate a work of power.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in a whisper*

What is it, then?

WAGNER.

A man is being made.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A man? and pray what loving pair
Have in your smoke-hole their abode?

WAGNER.

Nay! Heaven forbid! As nonsense we declare
The ancient procreative mode;
The tender point, life's spring, the gentle strength
That took and gave, that from within hath pressed,
And seized, intent itself to manifest
The nearest first, the more remote at length,—
This from its dignity is now dethron'd!
The brute indeed may take delight therein,
But man, by whom such mighty gifts are own'd,
Must have a purer, higher origin.
(*He turns to the furnace.*)
It flashes, see!—Now may we trustful hold,
That if, of substances a hundred-fold,
Through mixture,—for on mixture it depends—
The human substance duly we compose,
And then in a retort enclose,
And cohobate; in still repose
The work is perfected, our labour ends.
(*Again turning to the furnace.*)
It forms! More clear the substance shows!
Stronger, more strong, conviction grows!

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What Nature's mystery we once did style,
That now to test, our reason tries,
And what she organized erewhile,
We now are fain to crystallize.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Who lives, doth much experience glean;
By naught in this world will he be surprised;
Already in my travel-years I've seen,
Full many a race of mortals crystallized.

WAGNER (*still gazing intently on the phial*).

It mounts, it glows, and doth together run,
One moment, and the work is done!
As mad, a grand design at first is view'd;
But we henceforth may laugh at fate,
And so a brain, with thinking-power embued,
Henceforth your living thinker will create.
(*Surveying the phial with rapture.*)
The glass resounds, with gracious power possessed;
It dims, grows clear; living it needs must be!
And now in form of beauty dressed,
A dainty mannikin I see.
What more can we desire, what more mankind?
Unveiled is now what hidden was of late;
Give ear unto this sound, and you will find,
A voice it will become, articulate.—

HOMUNCULUS
(*in the phial, to* WAGNER).

Now, Fatherkin, how goes it? T'was no jest!
Come, let me to thy heart be fondly pressed—
Lest the glass break, less tight be thine embrace!
This is the property of things: the All
Scarcely suffices for the natural;
The artificial needs a bounded space.
(*To* MEPHISTOPHELES.)
But thou, Sir Cousin, Rogue, art thou too here?
At the right moment! Thee I thank. 'Tis clear
To us a happy fortune leadeth thee;
While I exist, still must I active be,

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And to the work forthwith myself would gird;
Thou'rt skill'd the way to shorten.

WAGNER.

Just one word! 325
I oft have been ashamed that knowledge failed,
When old and young with problems me assailed.
For instance: no one yet could comprehend,
How soul and body so completely blend,
Together hold, as ne'er to part, while they 330
Torment each other through the live-long day.
So then—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Forbear! The problem solve for me,
Why man and wife so wretchedly agree?
Upon this point, my friend, thou'lt ne'er be clear;
The mannikin wants work, he'll find it here. 335

HOMUNCULUS.

What's to be done?

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*pointing to a side door*).
Yonder thy gifts display!

WAGNER

(*still gazing into the phial*).
A very lovely boy, I needs must say!
(*The side door opens;* FAUST *is seen stretched upon a couch.*)

HOMUNCULUS (*amazed*).

Momentus!
(*The phial slips from* WAGNER'S *hands, hovers over* FAUST, *and sheds a light upon him.*)
Girt with beauty!—Water clear
In the thick grove; fair women, who undress;
Most lovely creatures!—grows their loveliness: 340
But o'er the rest one shines without a peer,
As if from heroes, nay from gods she came;
In the transparent sheen her foot she laves;
The tender life-fire of her noble frame
She cools in yielding crystal of the waves.— 345
Of swiftly moving wings what sudden noise?
What plash, what plunge the liquid glass destroys?

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The maidens fly, alarmed; alone, the queen,
With calm composure gazes on the scene;
With womanly and proud delight, she sees
The prince of swans press fondly to her knees,
Persistent, tame; familiar now he grows.—
But suddenly up-floats a misty shroud,
And with thick-woven veil doth over-cloud
The loveliest of all lovely shows.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why thou in sooth canst every thing relate!
Small as thou art, as phantast thou art great.
I can see nothing—

HOMUNCULUS.

I believe it. Thou,
Bred in the north, in the dark ages, how,
In whirl of priesthood and knight-errantry,
Have for such sights, thy vision free!
In darkness only thou'rt at home.
(*Looking round.*)
Ye brown, repulsive blocks of stone,
Arch-pointed, low, with mould o'ergrown!
Should he awake, new care were bred,
He on the spot would straight be dead.
Wood-fountains, swans, fair nymphs undressed,
Such was his dream, presageful, rare;
In place like this how could he rest,
Which I, of easy mood, scarce bear!
Away with him!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I like your plan, proceed!

HOMUNCULUS.

Command the warrior to the fight,
The maiden to the dancers lead!
They're satisfied, and all is right.
E'en now a thought occurs, most bright;
'Tis classical Walpurgis-night—
Most fortunate! It suits his bent,
So bring him straightway to his element!

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of such I ne'er have heard, I frankly own.

HOMUNCULUS.

Upon your ear indeed how should it fall?
Only romantic ghosts to you are known;
Your genuine ghost is also classical.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But whitherward to travel are we fain?
Your antique colleagues are against my grain.

HOMUNCULUS.

North-westward, Satan, lies thy pleasure-ground;
But, this time, we to the south-east are bound.—
An ample vale Peneios floweth through,
'Mid bush and tree its curving shores it laves;
The plain extendeth to the mountain caves,
Above it lies Pharsalus, old and new.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Alas! Forbear! For ever be eschewed
Those wars of tyranny and servitude!
I'm bored with them: for they, as soon as done,
Straight recommence; and no one calls to mind
That he in sooth is only played upon
By Asmodeus, who still lurks behind.
They battle, so 'tis said, for freedom's rights—
More clearly seen, 'tis slave 'gainst slave who fights.

HOMUNCULUS.

Leave we to men their nature, quarrel-prone!
Each must defend himself, as best he can,
From boyhood up; so he becomes a man.
The question here is, how to cure this one?
(*Pointing to* FAUST.)
Hast thou a means, here let it tested be;
Canst thou do naught, then leave the task to me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Full many a Brocken-piece I might essay,
But bolts of heathendom fore-close the way.

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The Grecian folk were ne'er worth much, 'tis true,
Yet with the senses' play they dazzle you;
To cheerful sins the human heart they lure,
While ours are reckoned gloomy and obscure.
And now what next?

HOMUNCULUS.

Of old thou wert not shy;
And if I name Thessalian witches,—why,
I something shall have said,—of that I'm sure.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*lustfully*).

Thessalian witches—well! the people they
Concerning whom I often have inquired.
Night after night, indeed, with them to stay,
That were an ordeal not to be desired;
But for a trial trip—

HOMUNCULUS.

The mantle there
Reach hither, wrap it round the knight!
As heretofore, the rag will bear
Both him and thee; the way I'll light.

WAGNER (*alarmed*).

And I?

HOMUNCULUS.

At home thou wilt remain,
Thee most important work doth there detain;
The ancient scrolls unfolding, cull
Life's elements, as taught by rule,
And each with other then combine with care;
Upon the *What*, more on the *How*, reflect!
Meanwhile as through a piece of world I fare,
I may the dot upon the "I" detect.
Then will the mighty aim accomplish'd be;
Such high reward deserves such striving;—wealth,
Honour and glory, lengthen'd life, sound health,
Knowledge withal and virtue—possibly.
Farewell!

WAGNER.

Farewell! That grieves my heart full sore!
I fear indeed I ne'er shall see thee more.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now to Peneios forth we wend!
We must not slight our cousin's aid.
(*To the spectators.*)
At last, in sooth, we all depend
On creatures, we ourselves have made.

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CLASSICAL WALPURGIS NIGHT.

Pharsalian Fields.

Darkness.

ERICHTHO.*

To this night's ghastly fête, as oftentimes before,
I hither come, Erichtho, I, the gloomy one;
Not so atrocious, as the sorry poet-throng
Me in excess have slandered. . . They no measure know
In censure and applause. . . O'erwhitened seems to me,
With waves of dusky tents, the valley, far and wide,
Night-phantom of that dire and most appalling night.
How often 'tis repeated! Will for evermore
Repeat itself for aye. . . empire none gladly yields
To others; none to him, by force who master'd it
And forceful reigns. For each, his inmost self to rule
How impotent soe'er, ruleth right joyously
His neighbour's will, as prompts his own imperious mind. . . .
Nathless a great example here was battled through;
Here force 'gainst force more potent takes its stand,
Freedom's fair chaplet breaks, with thousand blossoms rife,
The stubborn laurel bends around the victor's brow.
Of greatness' budding-day here Pompey dreamed; and there,
Watching the wavering balance, Cæsar wakeful lay!
Strength they shall measure. Knows the world who here prevailed.
Brightly the watch-fires burn, diffusing ruddy flames;
Reflex of blood, once spilt, does from the soil exhale,
And by the night's most rare and wondrous splendour lured,
Hither the legions throng of Hellas' mythic lore.
Round every fire dim shapes, phantoms of ancient days
Flit wavering to and fro, or there recline at ease. . .

* A Thessalian witch consulted by Pompey.

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The moon, not fully orb'd, of clearest light serene,
Uprising, lustre mild diffuses all around.
Vanish the spectral tents, the fires are burning blue.
But lo! above my head, what sudden meteor sails!
It shines, and doth illume a ball corporeal.
I snuff the scent of life. Me it beseemeth not
The living to approach, to whom I noxious am;
That brings me ill-repute, and nothing profits me.
Already it sinks down. With caution I retire.
(*Withdraws.*)

The aerial travellers above.

HOMUNCULUS.

O'er the horror weird and blazing,
Wing once more your circling flight;
Down on vale and hollow gazing,
All phantasmal is the sight.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hideous ghosts, as through the casement
Old, 'mid northern waste and gloom,
I behold,—without amazement,—
Here as there I am at home!

HOMUNCULUS.

Swiftly, there, before us striding,
Mark yon tall, retreating shade!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Seeing us through ether gliding,
Troubled seems she, and afraid.

HOMUNCULUS.

Let her stride! Set down thy burden,—
Him, thy Knight;—the while I speak,
Life to him returns, the guerdon,
He in fable-land doth seek.

FAUST (*touching the ground*).

Where is she?

HOMUNCULUS.

That I cannot say,
But here perchance inquire for her you may.

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Till breaks the dawn, with speed, do thou,
From fire to fire, still seeking, wend;
He nothing more need fear, I trow,
Who, to the Mothers, ventured to descend.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My part to play, I also claim;
And for our weal naught better know,
Than that, forthwith, from flame to flame,
Seeking his own adventures each should go.
Then us once more to re-unite,
Show, little friend, thy sounding light!

HOMUNCULUS.

Thus shall it sound, thus glitter too!
(*The glass rings, and emits a powerful light.*)
And now away to marvels new!

FAUST (*alone*).

Where is she?—Now no further question make! . . .
If this were not the sod, her form that bare,
This not the wave that brake to welcome her,
Yet 'tis the air, that once her language spake!
Here! through a wonder, here on Grecian land!
I felt at once the soil whereon I stand:
As me, the sleeper, a new spirit fired,
An Antæus in heart, I rise inspired.
Assembled here objects most strange I find.
Searching, through this flame-labyrinth I'll wind.
(*He retires.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*prying around*).

As I these little fires still wander through,
I find myself a stranger everywhere;
Quite naked most, some shirted here and there:
The Sphinxes shameless, and the Griffins too,
And wingèd things, with tresses, hurrying past,
Before, behind, within mine eye are glassed . . .
At heart indecent are we, truth to speak,
Yet all too life-like find I the Antique;
It by the modern mind must be controlled,
And over-glossed, in fashions manifold. . . .
A crew repulsive! Yet, a stranger guest,

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In courteous phrase be my salute expressed. . . .
All hail! ye beauteous ladies, grey-beards wise!

GRIFFIN (*snarling*).

Not Grey-beards—Griffins! It the temper tries
To hear oneself styled grey. In every word
Some echo of its origin is heard:
Grim, grievous, grizzled, grimy, grave-yards, grey,
In etymology accord, and they
Still put us out of tune.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet all the same,
The "Gri" contents you in your honour'd name.

GRIFFIN (*as above*).

Of course! For the alliance proved may be,
Oft blamed indeed, but praised more frequently.
Let each one gripe at beauty, empire, gold,
Fortune still aids the Griper if he's bold.

ANTS (*of the colossal kind*).

Of gold ye speak. Thereof we much had stored,
And piled in rocks and caves our secret hoard;
The Arimaspians found it, bore it off—
So far away that now at us they scoff.

GRIFFIN.

We'll bring them straightway to confession.

ARIMASPIAN.

Not on this night of jubilee!
Ere morning, all will squander'd be;
For this time we retain possession.

MEPHISTOPHELES
(*who has seated himself between the Sphinxes*).

How soon, well-pleased, I grow familiar here!
I understand them, man by man.

SPHINX.

Our spirit-tones into your ear
We breathe, embody them you can.
Until we know thee better, tell thy name.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Full many a title I 'mong men may claim.
Are Britons here? They travel far to trace
Renownèd battle-fields, and water-falls,
Old musty classic sites, and ruined walls.
A worthy goal for them this very place;
Of me their ancient plays would testify;
I there was seen as Old Iniquity.

SPHINX.

How came they upon that?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I know not.

SPHINX.

That may be.
To read the starry volume hast thou power?
What sayest to the aspect of the hour?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*looking up*).

Star shooteth after star, bright the shorn moon doth shine,
And I'm content this cozy place within;
I warm myself against thy lion's skin.
Aloft to climb were hurtful, I opine.
Propose some riddles, some charades!—Begin!

SPHINX.

Thyself declare, a riddle that indeed.
Only essay thine inmost self to read:
"Needful to pious, as to bad men found;
Armour to those, ascetic fence to test,
Comrade to these, in every desperate quest.
And both alike to Zeus, a merry jest."

1ST GRIFFIN (*snarling*).

I like him not!

2ND GRIFFIN (*snarling more loudly*).

What wants he here?

BOTH.

The brute belongs not to this sphere!

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MEPHISTOPHELES (*brutally*).

Thou thinkest, maybe, that the stranger's nail,
To scratch with, like thy talons, can't avail?
Let's try, forthwith!

SPHINX (*mildly*).

Here thou may'st ever dwell,
But from our midst thyself wilt soon expel.
In thine own land art wont thyself to please.
If I mistake not, here thou'rt ill at ease.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Enticing art thou, when above descried;
But with the beast below, I'm horrified.

SPHINX.

Thou false one, thou shalt bitterly repent:
These paws are sound: but as for thee,
With thy shrunk hoof thou'rt not content,
It seems, in our society.

SIRENS (*preluding above*).

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What birds are those, on poplar bough
Swinging, the river banks along?

SPHINX.

Beware! the noblest have ere now
Been master'd by the Sirens' song!

SIRENS.

Ah! Misguided one, why linger,
'Mid these hideous wonders dwelling!
Cometh each melodious singer;—
Hark! our choral notes are swelling,
As beseems the Siren-throng.

SPHINXES
(*mocking them in the same melody*).

Force them downward, hither faring;
'Mid the boughs themselves concealing,
They to seize you are preparing;
Ugly falcon-claws revealing,
If ye hearken to their song.

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SIRENS.

Envy, Hate, avaunt ye! Listen!
All the brightest joys that glisten,
'Neath the sky, assemble we!
Now with joy in every feature,
Hail we gladly every creature,
On the earth or in the sea!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Dainty novelties,—there ring
From the throat, and from the string
Tones that sweetly interweave.
Trills on me away are thrown;
Tickle they mine ear alone,
But untouched my heart they leave.

SPHINXES.

Speak not of hearts, for, I believe,
A leathern wallet in its place,
Shrivelled, would better suit thy face.

FAUST (*entering*).

The spectacle contents me;—wondrous creatures,
Ill-favoured, yet with large and stalward features.
E'en now, I augur an auspicious fate;
Whither doth me that earnest glance translate?
(*pointing to the* SPHINXES.)
Once before such took Œdipus his stand;
(*pointing to the* SIRENS.)
Writhed before such Ulyss in hempen band?
(*pointing to the* ANTS.)
By such the mightiest treasure was upstored.
(*pointing to the* GRIFFINS.)
With true and faithful watch, these kept the hoard.
I feel new life my being penetrate;
Great are the forms, the memories are great!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Once thou such shapes had scouted, now
Thou seemest friendly to their kind;
E'en monsters welcome are, I trow,
To him who would the loved one find.

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FAUST (*to the* SPHINXES).

Ye women shapes, straight must ye answer me:
Hath one of you chanced Helena to see?

SPHINX.

We reach not to her day; the last was slain
By Hercules; some tidings thou may'st gain
From Chiron, canst thou him detain.
Round on this ghostly night he doth career;
If he will answer thee, thy goal is near.

SIRENS.

Thou, for certain, shalt not fail! . . . .
When Ulysses, with us whiling,
Sped not forward, unreviling,
He hath told us many a tale.
All to thee we would confide,
If 'midst Ocean's purple tide,
To our seats thou wouldst repair.

SPHINX.

Noble one, their guile beware!
As Ulysses to the mast,—
Thee let our good counsel bind.
Canst thou noble Chiron find,
Thy desire wilt gain at last.

(*Exit* FAUST.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*peevishly*).

What croaks, on pinions rushing by?
So swiftly they elude the eye,
In single file they hurrying fly;
The hunter they would tire, I ween.

SPHINX.

Like storm of wintry tempest, these,
Scarce reach Alcides' arrows keen—
They are the swift Stymphalides;
Their croaking too is kindly meant,
With foot of goose and vulture beak;
To mingle in our sphere they seek,
Their cousinship to prove intent.

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MEPHISTOPHELES (*scared*).

There whiz some other forms of ill—

SPHINX.

For fear of these you need not quake:
These are the heads of the Lernæan snake,
Shorn from the trunk, and think they're something still.—
But say what meaneth this distress?
This troubled air, this restlessness?
Where would you go? Be off, I say!
The group, that yonder meets mine eye,
Leads you to turn your neck awry.
Be not constrained! Begone! Away!
And greet full many a visage fair!
The Lamiæ, wantons sly, are there,
With forehead bold, and winning smile,
As they the Satyr-race beguile:
With them the goat's foot all may dare.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You'll stay, that I may find you here again.

SPHINX.

Yea! mingle with the airy train!
From Egypt we the custom own,
That each a thousand years should keep her throne.
And to our place, if due respect ye pay,
We rule the lunar, rule the solar day.

We, the Pyramids before,
Sit for judgment of the nations,
War and peace and inundations—
Change our features never more.

PENEIOS.

Surrounded by waters and NYMPHS.

PENEIOS.

Sedgy whispers, gently flow;
Sister reeds breathe faint and low;
Willows lightly rustle ye,
Lisp each trembling poplar-tree,

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To my interrupted dream!
Wakens me a tempest drear;
From my rest a trembling fear
Scares me, 'neath my flowing stream.

FAUST (*approaching the stream*).

By mine ear I must believe,
Where these arbours interweave
Bush and bough, there breathes around,
As of human voice the sound;
Prattling seems each wave to play,
And the breeze keeps holiday.

NYMPHS (*to* FAUST).

Oh best were it for thee,
Way-weary and sore,
In coolness reclining,
Thy limbs to restore;—
The rest thus enjoying
That from thee doth flee;
We rustle, we murmur,
We whisper to thee!

FAUST.

Yes, I'm awake! Let them have sway
These peerless shapes, as in their play
Follows mine eye, in eager quest.
How strange the feeling! What are these?
Dreams are they? Are they memories?
Already once wert thou so blest.
Athwart thick-woven copse and bush
Still waters glide;—they do not rush,
Scarcely they rustle as they flow:
From every side their currents bright
A hundred crystal springs unite,
And form a sloping bath below.
Young nymphs, whose limbs of graceful mould,
The gazer's raptured eyes behold,
Are in the liquid mirror glassed!
Bathing with joyance all-pervading,
Now boldly swimming, shyly wading,
With shout and water-fight at last.

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Contented might I be with these,
Mine eye be charmed with what it sees,
Yet to yon covert's leafy screen
My yearning glance doth forward press,
The verdant wealth of whose recess
Shrouds from my gaze the lofty queen.
Most wonderful! Swans now draw near;
Forth from the bays their course they steer,
Oaring with majestic grace;
Floating, tenderly allied,
But with self-complacent pride,
Head and beak they move apace!
But one seems before the rest,
Joyfully the wave to breast,
Sailing swift, without a peer;
Swells his plumage, wave on wave,
That the answering flood doth lave;—
He the hallowed spot doth near. . . .
Now the others swim together,
To and fro, with shining feather;
Soon in splendid strife, they scare
All the timid maids away;
That, from duty swerving, they
For themselves alone may care.

NYMPHS.

Sisters, hearken, lay your ear
To the water's grassy bound!
Ringeth, if I rightly hear,
As of horse's hoof the sound.
Would I knew, who on this night,
Message bears in rapid flight.

FAUST.

As it seems, the earth indeed
Echoes 'neath a hurrying steed.
Yonder turns my glance!
Can such blessed chance
Wait upon me here?
Marvel without peer!
Hither a rider swift doth scour—
Endowed with spirit and with power—

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Borne by a snow-white steed is he. . . .
I err not, him I seek is found—
Of Philyra the son renowned!—
Halt! Chiron! Halt! I'd speak with thee. . . .

CHIRON.

How now! what wouldest thou?

FAUST.

Thy course arrest!

CHIRON.

I pause not.

FAUST.

Take me with thee, grant my quest!

CHIRON.

Mount! So I can inquire, as on we fare,
Whither art bound? Thou standest on the banks;
Prepared I am, thee through the stream to bear.

FAUST (*mounting*).

Where'er thou wilt. Have evermore my thanks. . . .
The mighty man, the pedagogue of old
Whose fame it was, a hero-race to mould:
The noble Argonauts, with all their peers,
Who formed the poet's world, in bygone years—

CHIRON.

That pass we over! Pallas' self indeed
As Mentor is not honour'd; to my thought,
All, in the end, in their own way proceed,
As though, in sooth, they never had been taught.

FAUST.

The leech who names each plant, who knows
All roots, e'en that which deepest grows,
Wounds who assuageth, sickness who doth chase,
In mind and body's strength I here embrace—

CHIRON.

Were hero wounded on the field,
Counsel and aid I could impart;
But, in the end, to priests I yield,
And women-herbalists my healing art.

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FAUST.

In thee the truly great man speaks,
To words of praise who stops his ears;
Who acts, while privacy he seeks,
As were he one of many peers.

CHIRON.

Well skilled thou seemest, to beguile
People and prince with glozing wile.

FAUST.

At least by thee t'will be confessed,—
The greatest of thy time hast seen, the best;
Hast with the noblest vied, in earnest strife,
And lived of demi-gods the arduous life!
But 'mong those figures of heroic mould,
In virtue whom pre-eminent didst hold?

CHIRON.

In the high circle of the Argonauts,
Each valiant was in fashion of his own,
And, by the virtue which inspired his thoughts,
Where others failed, he could suffice alone;
The Dioscuri ever did prevail
Where youthful bloom and beauty turned the scale;
Resolve, prompt deeds for others' welfare, these
The portion fair of the Boreades;
Reflective, wary, strong, in council wise,
So Jason lorded, dear to woman's eyes.
Then Orpheus, tender, contemplative, still;—
Smote he the lyre, all owned his wondrous skill.
Lynceus, through rocks and shoals, who, keen of sight,
Guided the holy ship, by day and night.
In fellowship is danger fronted best,
Where one achieves, extolled by all the rest.

FAUST.

Of Hercules to me wilt naught impart?

CHIRON.

Alas! wake not the longing in my heart. . . .
Never had Phœbus met my gaze,
Ares, or Hermes,—such their name;

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When, as divine what all men praise
Before my raptured vision came!
A monarch born, in youth arrayed
With glorious beauty; homage due
He to his elder brother paid,
And to the loveliest women too;
His second bears not Mother Earth,
Nor Hebe leads to heaven again;
Song strives in vain to tell his worth,
Tortured is marble too, in vain!

FAUST.

To give such form to mortal ken
The sculptor's boasted power is weak.
The fairest hast pourtrayed of men,
Now of the loveliest woman speak!

CHIRON.

What! Woman's beauty! Empty phrase,
Too oft an image void of life;
The being only can I praise,
Joy-giving and with gladness rife.
For Beauty in herself is blest;
Grace makes resistless, where possessed,
Like Helena, whom once I bare.

FAUST.

Her thou hast borne?

CHIRON.

Yea! On this back.

FAUST.

Was I not 'mazed enough? Alack!
And now such seat must bless me!

CHIRON.

By my hair
Me hath she grasped, as thou dost now.

FAUST.

I lose myself! Oh tell me, how?
She is in truth my sole desire!
Her, whence and whither didst thou bear?

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CHIRON.

Easy to tell what you require.
Their little sister, then the robbers' prey,
The Dioscuri had redeemed; but they,—
The ravishers, not wont to be subdued,
Took courage, and with stormful rage pursued;
The brothers, with their sister, urged their way
Towards the marsh, that near Eleusis lay:
The brothers waded; plashing, over it I swam;
Then off she sprang, and fondly pressed
My mane, all-dripping; self-possessed,
She soothed and thanked, with sweet reserve and coy!
How charming was she! Young, of eld the joy!

FAUST.

Just seven years old. . . .

CHIRON.

The philologues, I see,
As they themselves deceived, so have they thee.
Unique, in sooth, your mythologic dame:
After his pleasure her the poet shows;
For ever young, old age she never knows,
Her figure, love-inspiring, aye the same;
Ravish'd when young, courted when youth is flown—
Enough, no bonds of time the poets own.

FAUST.

So let her also by no time be bound!
At Pheræ by Achilles she was found
Beyond time's limits—happiness how rare!
In spite of destiny, love triumphed there;
And should I not, with powerful longing rife,
Draw forth that matchless figure into life,
The deathless being, born of gods the peer,
Tender as great, sublime yet ever dear?
Thou saw'st her once, whom I to-day have seen,
Charming as fair, fair as desired, I ween!
Enthralled is my whole being, heart and brain;
I cease to live, unless I her obtain!

CHIRON.

Stranger! Thou art enraptured, as men deem;
Yet among spirits, brain-struck thou dost seem.

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'Tis well this madness hath assailed thee here,
Since, only for some moments, every year,
My wont it is to Manto to repair;
She, Æscupalius' child, in silent prayer
Implores her sire, who honour thus would gain,
Now to illumine the physicians' brain,
That from rash death-strokes they henceforth refrain—
To me the dearest of the Sibyl's guild,
Not wildly moved, with helpful kindness filled;
After a brief delay, thy perfect cure,
Through power of simples, can her art secure.

FAUST.

But cured I would not be! My mind is strong!
Then were I abject like the vulgar throng!

CHIRON.

Scorn not the healing of the noble fount.
We now are at the place; with speed, dismount.

FAUST.

Whither, upon this night, with horror fraught,
Me, through the pebbly stream, to land hast brought?

CHIRON.

Here Rome and Hellas madly spurned in fight,
(Olympus left, Peneios to the right,)
The mightiest realm that e'er in sand was lost;
The monarch flies, triumphs the burgher host.
Look up! Here stands, significantly near,
The fane eternal, bath'd in moonlight clear.

MANTO (*dreaming within*).

Horse-hoofs shake the air,
Rings the sacred stair;
Demi-gods draw near.

CHIRON.

Right! Open but thine eyes! I'm here!

MANTO (*awaking*).

Welcome! Thou hast not fail'd, I see.

CHIRON.

Still stands thy temple-home for thee!

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MANTO.

Unwearied roam'st thou far and wide?

CHIRON.

In quiet dost thou aye abide,
While I in ceaseless change delight?

MANTO.

I wait, time circles me.—This wight?

CHIRON.

Him hath this ill-reputed night
Caught in its whirl, and hither brought.
Helen, with mind and sense distraught,
Helen, he for himself would win,
But how and where he knows not to begin;
Worthy is he thy healing art to prove.

MANTO.

Who the impossible desires, I love.
(CHIRON *is already far away.*)
Enter, bold man, be joy thy meed!
This gloomy path to Proserpine doth lead
She at Olympus' hollow foot
Doth lurk for unallowed salute.
In bygone time I Orpheus smuggled here;
Do thou fare better! Forward! Do not fear!
(*They descend.*)

The Upper Peneios, as before.

SIRENS.

Plunge into Peneios' flood!
There beseems to swim rejoicing,
Song on song in chorus voicing,
For the unhallow'd people's good.
Without water health is none!
In bright bands to the Ægean,
Speed we now with sounding pæan;
Every joy will then be won.
(*Earthquake.*)

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SIRENS.

Back the foaming wave is rushing,
In its bed it flows no more;
Quakes the earth, the floods are gushing,
Bursting smokes the pebbly shore.
Let us fly! Come, every one!
Bodes this marvel good to none.

Hence! each noble, joyous guest,
Seaward to our gladsome fest,
Where the wavelets' glittering band
Lightly swelling, lave the strand;
There where Luna, mirror'd true,
Moistens us with holy dew!
There is life's unfettered motion—
Here an earthquake's dire commotion!
Hence! Ye wise ones, fly apace!
Horror reigneth in this place.

SEISMOS

(*bellowing and blustering in the depths*).

Once more heave with might and main,
With the shoulders bravely strain:
So the upper world we gain,
Where to us must all things bend!

SPHINX.

What a most unpleasant quaking,
Hideous storm-blast, awe-awaking!
What a heaving, what a throe,
Surging, swaying, to and fro!
Horror not to be endured!
But our post we'll not forsake,
Though all Hell were loose to break.

Now uprears itself a dome,
Wonderful. With age long hoar,
He it is who built of yore
Delos' isle amid the foam,
Heaving it from out the sea,
For her, a mother soon to be;
Striving, pressing, upward-tending,
Arms wide-stretching, back low-bending,

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Atlas-like, amid the surf
Shale he raises, grass and turf,
Pebbles, gravel, loam, and sand,
Tranquil cradle of our strand:
Cross-wise, he a track did wrest
From the valley's tranquil vest:
Caryatid, of giant mould,
He, with strength that ne'er grows old,
Bears, half buried, earth his zone,
A huge scaffolding of stone—
But his course must here be stayed!
Sphinxes here their stand have made.

SEISMOS.

That have I wrought, myself alone,
This will mankind at last declare;
Had I not shaken, and up-thrown,
How had the world been now so fair?
Into the pure ethereal blue,
Their crests how should yon mountains raise,
Had I not heaved them forth to view,
To charm the painter's raptured gaze,
What time (my sires meanwhile surveying,
Chaos and Night), myself I bare
Stoutly, and, with the Titans playing,
Pelion and Ossa tossed like balls in air?
Madly we raged, by youthful heat possessed,
Till, fairly wearied out at last,
With malice, on Parnassus' crest,
We, like twin-caps both mountains cast. . . .
There with the Muses' hallowed choir,
Apollo finds a glad retreat;
For Zeus too, and his bolts of fire,
I raised aloft his glorious seat.
So now, have I, with direful strain,
Pressed from the depths to upper air,
And joyous dwellers call amain
New life henceforth with me to share.

SPHINXES.

Primeval had been deemed, I trow,
What here hath struggled into birth,

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Had we ourselves not witnessed how
It tore itself from out the earth.
Now upwards bushy groves themselves extend,
Rocks pressing upon rocks still forward tend;
Yet not for this shall any sphinx retreat:
Untroubled we retain our sacred seat.

GRIFFINS.

Gold in leaflets, gold in flitters,
Through the crannies how it glitters;
Let none rob you of the prize—
Up! to seize it, Emmets, rise!

CHORUS OF ANTS.

Giants, the light to greet,
Upward-aspiring
Hurl'd it; with pattering feet
Climb, never tiring!
Nimbly press out and in!
Each cleft is screening
(Seek ye each crumb to win,)
Gold worth the gleaning;
Even the least of all
Must ye uncover;
Haste, in each cranny small
Gold to discover.
Swarmers, in quest of pelf
Toil without leisure!
Heed not the hill itself;
Gather the treasure!

GRIFFINS.

In with it; pile the golden heap!
Upon it we our claws will lay;
Bolts of the surest fashion, they
The greatest treasure safe will keep.

PIGMIES.

We a footing here have got,
How it chanced, doth not appear;

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Whence we issued, question not;
Once for all we're settled here!
Seat for merry life doth yield,
Every country, every land;
Is a rocky cleft revealed,
There the dwarf is straight at hand,
Dwarf and dwarfess, model pair,
Swiftly each its labour plies.
Know I cannot if it were
So before in Paradise;
Here all find we for the best,
So our stars we thank; for still,
Mother Earth, in east and west,
Bringeth forth with right good will.

DACTYLS.

Hath she, in a single night
Brought these tiny ones to light,
She the smallest will create;
Each forthwith will find his mate.

ELDEST OF THE PIGMIES.

Hasten, make ready,
Prompt be, and steady!
Swift to the deed!
Let strength be for speed!
Peace still is reigning;
Build uncomplaining
The smithy, to burnish
Armour, and furnish
All war's belongings
Now for the host!

Ants in swift throngings.
Busily post;—
Metals procure, and you,
Dactyls, a tiny crew,
Yet an unnumbered band,
Hear our command;
Wood bring with speed!
Flamelets in secret heap;

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Them still alive to keep,
Coals too we need!

GENERALESSISSIMO.

With arrow and bow
Now march on the foe:
The herons that o'er
Yon fish-pond now soar,
Numberless nesting,
Haughtily breasting,
Shoot altogether,
That so we may
With helm and feather
Ourselves array!

ANTS AND DACTYLS.

Deliverance is vain!
The iron we bring,
They forge the chain;
Our freedom to wring
'Tis not yet the hour:
Crouch then to their power!

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

Cry of murder, dying-wailing!
Wing-strokes, anguished, unavailing!
What lament, what agony,
Pierces to our realms on high!
All are murder'd now; the water,
Red with blood, betrays the slaughter;
Wanton lust of ornament
Hath the heron's plumage shent:
See it o'er the helmet wave
Of each greasy, crook-legged knave!
Comrades of our army, ye
Heron-wanderers of the sea,
Be with us for vengeance mated,
In a cause so near related:
Let none spare or strength or blood!
Deathless hatred to this brood!

(*They disperse, croaking in the air.*)

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MEPHISTOPHELES (*on the plain*).

The Northern witches I could curb; with these,
Your foreign spirits, I am ill at ease.
The Blockberg is convenient when you roam:
Go where you may, you find yourself at home,
For us Dame Ilsa watches on her stone,
Heinrich is cheerful on his mountain-throne,
The Snorers grunt if Elend but appears,
Yet all is settled for a thousand years;
But here, stand still or walk, and who can know
Whether the ground up-heaves not from below?
Through a smooth valley merrily I wind,
And all at once there rises from behind
A mountain,—scarce a mountain,—yet of height
To intercept the sphinxes from my sight. . . .
Adown the valley many a flame aspires;
Round some adventure quiver still the fires . . . .
Dances, and round me hovers to entice,
An amorous crew, with many a coy device.
But soft:—Accustomed to forbidden sweets,
One seeks to snatch them, wheresoe'er one meets!

LAMIÆ

(*luring* MEPHISTOPHELES *after them*).

Fleeter, still fleeter!
Ever advancing!
Then again staying,
Prattling and playing!
Nothing is sweeter
Than the hoar sinner,
After us dancing,
Thus to allure;
Limping and stumbling,
Fretting and grumbling,
To penance sure,
Draweth he nigh;
His stiff leg dragging,
Comes he unflagging,
As him we fly.

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MEPHISTOPHELES (*standing still*).

Accursed Fate! Dupes truly styled!
From Adam downward, fool'd, beguiled!
We age—but who's in wisdom schooled?
Wert not enough already fooled?
We know how good for naught these creatures;
Pinch'd at the waist, with painted features;
No soundness in their bodies slim;—
Grasp where we may, rotten is every limb:
We know, we see, we handle it in life—
And yet we dance, if but the carrion fife!

LAMIÆ (*stopping*).

Hold! He considers, lingers, stands;
Meet him, lest he escape your hands!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*advancing*).

Push on! nor, like a simpleton,
Let web of doubt entangle thee!
For if of witches there were none,
The devil who would devil be!

LAMIÆ.

Round this hero circle we!
Love for one within his breast,
Soon itself will manifest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

By this light's uncertain gleam
Beauteous damosels ye seem,
So from blame shall you be free.

EMPUSA (*rushing in*).

And I also! One with you,
Now admit me to your crew!

LAMIÆ.

One too many, she I ween
Spoiler of our sport hath been.

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EMPUSA (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Thee doth thy cousin dear salute,
Empusa with the Ass's foot!
Thine but a horse's hoof, yet thee,
Cousin, I greet most courteously!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Myself unknown I fancied here—
And yet, alas, near kinsfolk meet;
From Hartz to Hellas, far and near,
So runs the rede, you'll cousins greet!

EMPUSA.

I with resolve can act, can take
Full many a shape; but for thy sake,
That I to thee due honour pay,
The Ass's head I don to-day.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I see, with people of this sort,
Relationship doth much import;
Yet come what may, 'tis all the same;
The ass's head I must disclaim.

LAMIÆ.

This hag avoid! She comes to scare
Whatever lovely seems and fair;
What lovely was and fair before,
When she draws near, is so no more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

These smooth slim cousins, short or tall,
Make me suspicious, one and all;
I fear, those rosy cheeks behind,
Some metamorphoses to find.

LAMIÆ.

Come, take thy choice; we many are.
Catch hold! If reigns thy lucky star,
Thou of the lot may'st draw the best.
What means this hankering delay?
The wooer wretchedly dost play,

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With haughty mien and lofty crest!—
Amid our troop now see him glide;
Throw by degrees your masks aside,
And be your proper selves confest!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've made my choice, the fairest, she . . . .
(*Embracing her.*)
Dry as a besom! Woe is me!
(*Seizing another.*)
And this?. . . a fright, oh wretched lot!

LAMIÆ.

Deserv'st thou better? Think it not!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The little one I fain would clasp. . . . .
A lizard glides from out my grasp,
And serpent-like her polished hair.
Anon a taller one I catch. . . . .
A thyrsus-staff alone I snatch,
That for a head doth pine-cone wear.
Where will this end?. . . One plump and round,
With whom some solace may be found—
I'll try my fortune once again!—
Right flabby, squashy; such a prize,
Your Oriental dearly buys. . . . .
But ah! The puff-ball bursts in twain!

LAMIÆ.

Quick as lightning, disunite!
Hover ye, in dusky flight,
Round the intruding witch's son,
In uncertain, ghastly rings,
Flitter-mice, on noiseless wings!
Too cheaply he'll escape anon.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*shaking himself*).

I have not grown much wiser, that is clear:
The North's absurd, absurd 'tis also here,
Ghosts here as there, a devilish crew,
Folk are insipid, poets too!
'Tis here a masquerade as there,
A sensual dance, as everywhere;

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At beauty's mask I clutched amain—
And seized, what made me stand aghast. . . .
Yet to deceive myself I'm fain,
If only longer it would last!
(*Losing his way among the rocks.*)
Where am I? Whither tend my pains?
Where was a path, there chaos reigns,
I by smooth roads have hither sped,
Rude boulders now impede my tread;
I clamber up and down in vain—
My sphinxes, where shall I regain?
Ne'er had I dreamed so mad a thing:
Such mountain in a single night!
A bold witch-journey is this flight,
Their Blockberg with them here they bring!

OREAD (*from the natural rock*).

Hither ascend! My mountain old
Its form primæval still doth hold—
My steep and rocky steps revere,
Extremest branch of Pindus—here,
Unshaken have I reared my head,
When over me Pompeius fled;
Yon phantom shape that cheats the eye
Away, when crows the cock, will fly,
Such fables oft arise, I see,
And disappear as suddenly.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Honour to thee, thou reverend head;
With lofty oak-strength garlanded,
Moonshine, however clear and bright,
Faileth to pierce thy rayless night!—
But, 'mong the bushes, comes this way
A light, that gleams with modest ray.
How fitly all things happen thus;
In truth! it is Homunculus!—
Whither away, thou tiny friend?

HOMUNCULUS.

Flitting from place to place, I wend.
In the best sense full fain I am to be;

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And long impatiently my glass to break;
Only, from what I've seen and see,
Courage I lack the step to take.
But now, in confidence to speak,
Of two philosophers the track I seek;
I hearken'd, their discourse I overheard;
And Nature—Nature—was their only word:
Apart from these I would not go,
Somewhat of earthly being they must know,
And doubtless I at last shall learn
Whither most wisely I myself may turn.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thy course shape thou thyself. Be wise!
For where your ghosts find entrance, there
Welcome is your philosopher:
That you his art and favour may delight,
A dozen new ones he brings forth to light.
Unless thou errest, reason dormant lies;
Wilt thou exist, through thine own effort rise!

HOMUNCULUS.

Such good advice should not neglected be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So now away! Of this we more shall see.

(*They separate.*)

ANAXAGORAS (*to* THALES).

To yield is adverse to thy stubborn mind;
To bring conviction, needs there further proof?

THALES.

The wave yields willingly to every wind,
But from the beetling crag still keeps aloof.

ANAXAGORAS.

Through fiery vapour came this rock to birth.

THALES.

Moisture hath gender'd all that lives on earth.

HOMUNCULUS (*between them*).

To walk beside you, suffer me!
I also greatly long to be.

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ANAXAGORAS.

Hast thou, O Thales, ever in one night,
Such mountain out of slime brought forth to light?

THALES.

Never was Nature, with her living powers,
Measured by scale of days and nights and hours;
By law each shape she fashioneth, and hence,
E'en in the grand there is no violence.

ANAXAGORAS.

Yet such was here! Plutonic savage fire,
Æolian vaporous force, explosive, dire,
Burst through the ancient crusts of level earth,
And a new mountain came forthwith to birth.

THALES.

Why further press the case? at any rate,
'Tis there, and that is well. In such debate,
Leisure and precious time away one flings,
Your patient folk to keep in leading-strings.

ANAXAGORAS.

Quickly with myrmidons the mountain teems,
The clefts to people: forth there streams
Of pigmies, ants, and gnomes, a living tide,
And other tiny bustling things beside.
(*To* Homunculus.)
After the Great hast ne'er aspired,
But hermit-like hast lived retired;
To lordship if thyself canst bring,
Forthwith I'll have thee crown'd as king.

HOMUNCULUS.

What says my Thales?

THALES.

Not with my consent;
With dwarfs we are with dwarfish deeds content:
While with the great the dwarf doth greatness win.
See there: of cranes the swarthy cloud,
They threaten the excited crowd,

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And so would threat the king; with beak
Sharp-pointed and with talons fierce,
Down-swooping, they the pigmies pierce;
Fateful, their stormful ire they wreak;
A crime the herons doomed to slaughter,
Brooding around their tranquil water;
But that death-shower of arrowy rain,
For bloody vengeance cries amain,
And doth with rage their kindred fill,
The pigmies' guilty blood to spill.
Of what avail helm, spear, and shield?
What helps the dwarf the heron's plume?
How ant and dactyl shun their doom!
Wavers the host,—they fly, they yield.

ANAXAGORAS (*after a pause, solemnly*).

If I, till now, the powers subterrain praise,
I, in this hour, my prayers to heaven upraise. . . .
Thou throned aloft, eternal, aye the same,
Threefold in aspect, and threefold in name,
Amid my people's woe I cry to thee,
Diana, Luna, Hecatè!
Deep pondering mind, expander of the breast,
Mighty within, though outwardly at rest,
Unclose the gulfs abyssmal of thy shade,
Be without spells thine ancient might displayed!
(*Pause.*)
Am I too quickly heard?
And hath my prayer,
Ascending there,
Marred Nature's order with a word?

And greater, ever greater draweth near
The goddess' throne, her full-orbed sphere,
Enormous, fearful to the gaze!
Its fire grows redder through the haze. . . .
No nearer! Threatening orb, I pray;—
Ourselves and land and sea thou'lt sweep away!
Was it then true that dames of Thessaly
Through sinful trust in magic, thee
Have downward from thy pathway sung,
From thee have powers most baleful wrung? . . .

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The glittering shield, behold, it darkles!
Sudden it splits, and flares, and sparkles!
What a hissing! what a rattling!
Thunder and storm-blast fiercely battling!—
Humbled I fall before thy throne—
Pardon! myself invoked it, I alone.
(*Throws himself on his face.*)

THALES.

What hath this man not seen and heard!
I know not rightly how with us it fared.
Like him I have not felt it. Ne'ertheless
The hours are out of tune, we must confess,
And Luna calmly as before,
In her own place aloft doth soar.

HOMUNCULUS.

Behold the pigmies' seat! The mound
Is pointed now, before t'was round.
Convulsion huge I felt; a rock
Down from the moon, with sudden shock,
Hath fallen; and both friend and foe
Were crushed and slaughter'd at a blow!
Yet arts like these I needs must praise,
That, working with creative might,
Upwards and downwards, could upraise,
This mountain in a single night.

THALES.

Peace! 'Twas but fancy. That vile brood,—
To swift destruction let them fare!
That thou wert not their king, is good.
Now to the sea's glad feast repair!
Strange guests are honoured and expected there.
(*They withdraw.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES
(*clambering up the opposite side*).

Up rocky stairs and steep must I to-day,
Through ancient oaks' gnarl'd roots make toilsome way
Upon my Hartz the piny atmosphere
Savours of pitch, and that to me is dear,

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'Tis next to brimstone . . . Here, among the Greeks
E'en for a trace of it one vainly seeks.
Inquisitive I am, and must inquire
Wherewith they feed hell-torment and hell-fire.

DRYAD.

In thine own land be prudently at home;
Thou hast not wit enough abroad to roam.
Towards home thou should'st not turn thy thought; while here
The honour of the sacred oaks revere.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The lost will aye in thought arise;
What we are used to, is our Paradise.
But say, what triple object do I trace,
By the dim light, in yonder cavern's shade?

DRYAD.

The Phorkyads! Go, venture to the place,
And speak to them, if thou art undismayed!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And wherefore not? . . . I see it with amaze.
Proud as I am, e'en I must needs confess,
Their like I ne'er have seen; their ugliness
That of our hellish hags o'er-sways!
Sins reprobated long,—will they
Waken henceforth the least dismay,
If men this three-fold dread survey?
We would not suffer them to dwell
On threshold of our dreariest Hell;
Rooted in Beauty's land of fame,
Here to be styl'd antique they claim . . .
They stir themselves, to scent me they appear,
Like Vampire-Bats, their twitter meets mine ear.

PHORKYAD.

Give me the eye, my sisters, forth to gaze,
So near our fane who boldly thus delays!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Most honoured! To approach you give me leave,
That I your threefold blessing may receive.

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As still unknown indeed I come to you,
Yet am, methinks, a distant cousin too.
Gods ancient and revered I've seen of yore,
Deeply have Ops and Rhea bowed before;
Your own and Chaos' sisters, yester-night,
Or night before, the Parcæ, met my sight;
Yet on your like I ne'er before have gazed.
Silent I am, delighted and amazed.

PHORKYAD.

Intelligent this spirit seems to be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That you no bard hath sung, surprises me.
And say, most worthy ones, how hath it been
That of your charms no pictured forms are seen?
Your shapes should sculpture labour to retain,
Not Juno, Pallas, Venus, and their train!

PHORKYADS.

Immersed in solitude and night profound,
Such thought no entrance to our mind hath found!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How should it, from the world retired, when ye,
Yourselves by none beheld, can no one see!
You in such regions rather should reside
Where art and splendour reign in equal pride,
Where from a marble-block, with genius rife,
Steps forth each day a hero into life,
Where——

PHORKYADS.

Silence! in us wake no longings new:
What would it profit us, if more we knew?
In night begot, to things of night allied,
Unto ourselves scarce known, unknown to all beside.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not much, indeed, in such case can one say.
But each himself to others can convey:
One eye, one tooth suffices for you three;
So would it tally with mythology,

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In two the being of the three to blend,
And your third semblance unto me to lend,
But for brief space.

ONE OF THE PHORKYADS.

What think you, may we try?

THE OTHER.

We'll venture—but without or tooth or eye.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With these the very best away you've ta'en;
Imperfect the stern image would remain!

ONE OF THE PHORKYADS.

Press one eye close—full easily 'tis done;
Now of your canine teeth display but one—
Forthwith, in profile, perfect and complete,
Our sisterly resemblance we shall greet.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Much honour! Be it so!

PHORKYADS.

So be it!

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*as a* PHORKYAD *in profile*).

Done!
Here stand I Chaos' well-beloved son!

PHORKYADS.

Daughters of Chaos we, by ancient right.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Me now they call, oh shame, hermaphrodite!

PHORKYADS.

What beauty our new triad gives to view!
Of eyes, and eke of teeth, we now have two.,

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now must I shroud myself from mortal sight,
In pool of hell the devils to affright. (*Exit.*)

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Rocky bays of the Ægean Sea.
The moon pausing in the zenith.

SIRENS
(*reclined upon the cliffs around, fluting and singing*).

Thou whom from thy realm supernal,
Downward drew, with rites nocturnal,
Weird Thessalian sorceresses,
With thy glance, all things that blesses,
Now illume the throng that presses
Through the waves with billowy motion,
Flooding all the rippling ocean
With the splendour of thy light!
Luna fair, thy vassals greet thee;
Be propitious, we entreat thee!

NEREIDS *and* TRITONS
(*as wonders of the sea*).

Sing aloud, with shriller singing,
Let it, through broad ocean ringing,
Call its people, far and near!—
From the storm's dread whirlpools hiding,
We in stillest depths were biding;
Gracious song allures us here.

See, we deck ourselves enraptured,
With the treasures we have captured,
Golden chain and clasp and gem,
Spangled zone and diadem;
All this fruitage is your prey;
Down to us these shipwreck'd treasures,
You have lured with your sweet measures,
You, the Dæmons of our bay!

SIRENS.

Well we know, through sea-waves gliding,
In their crystal depths abiding,
Live the fishes, sorrow-free;
Yet blithe roamers, hither thronging,
We to-day to know are longing
That ye more than fishes be.

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NEREIDS *and* TRITONS.

Ere your song hath hither brought us,
Of this question we've bethought us;
Sisters, Brothers, hasten we!
Briefest journey, doubt dispelling,
Yieldeth proof sufficing, telling
That we more than fishes be! (*They retire.*)

SIRENS.

In a twinkling, straight away,
Sped to Samothrace have they.
Vanished with a favouring wind!
What their purpose? what to gain,
Where the high Cabiri reign?
Gods they are, the strangest, who,
Self-evolved, are ever new,
Yet to their own nature blind.

Kindly linger on thy height,
Gracious Luna, that the night
Tarry may, lest day-light breaking
Drive us hence, our haunts forsaking!

THALES
(*on the shore, to* HOMUNCULUS).

Thee to old Nereus gladly would I lead;
Not distant are we from his cave indeed;
But sour he is and obstinate,
Moreover hath a stubborn pate!
The race entire of mortal kind
Is never to the grumbler's mind.
But he the future can disclose,
Hence each to him due reverence shows,
And gives him honour at his post;
To many he hath rendered aid.

HOMUNCULUS.

Let's knock, that trial may be made!
At once my glass and flame it will not cost.

NEREUS.

Men's voices are they, that mine ear hath heard?
With anger straight mine inmost heart is stirred!

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Forms—striving still, who high as gods would soar,
Yet to be like themselves, doomed evermore.
Long years could I have dwelt in godlike rest,
But ever was impelled to aid the best;
And when at last I saw the accomplished deed,
It was as though they ne'er had heard my rede.

THALES.

Yet people trust in thee, thou Ocean Seer;
Wise art thou; chase us not! This flamelet here,
That man's similitude doth wear, survey,
In every thing thy counsel he'll obey.

NEREUS.

Counsel! What good to men hath counsel brought?
On stubborn ears fall prudent words in vain;
Oft as the deed dire punishment hath wrought,
Self-willed as ever mortals aye remain.
How fatherly I Paris warned, or e'er
His lust another's consort did ensnare!
On Hellas' shore fearless he stood and bold;
What I in spirit saw, I there foretold:
The reeking winds, the upstreaming ruddy glow,
Rafters ablaze, murder and death below,
Troy's day of doom—fast bound in deathless rhyme,
A terror and a portent for all time.
The scoffer mocked the old man's oracle;
He followed his own lust, and Ilion fell,
A giant corpse, slowly its death-pangs ceased,—
To Pindus' eagles a right welcome feast.
Ulysses too—did I not oft presage
To him dark Circe's wiles, the Cyclop's rage,
His own delay, his comrades' reckless vein,
And what not else? And hath it brought him gain?
Till, sorely battered, he full late, at last,
By favouring wave on friendly shore was cast.

THALES.

Such conduct to the sage must needs give pain;
Yet still the good man trieth once again.
A grain of thanks that richly him repays,
Tons of ingratitude still overweighs.

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I and this youngster no slight boon require.
Wisely *to be* is now his sole desire.

NEREUS.

Spoil not for me my present mood, most rare!
Far other aims to-day engross my care;
My daughters I've invoked to come to me,
The Dorides, the Graces of the sea.
Neither Olympos nor your region bears
Form so replete with grace, so lithe as theirs.
From Dragons of the sea, with loveliest motion,
They cast themselves upon the steeds of Ocean,
One with the element that round them plays,
The very foam would seem their forms to raise.
'Mid rainbow-hues of Venus' pearly car,
Comes Galatea, beauty's choicest star,
Who, since on us hath Cypris ceased to smile,
As goddess honoured is on Paphos' Isle;
And so for long the gracious one doth own,
As heiress, temple-town and chariot-throne.

Away! Harsh words, and hatred in the heart
Have in the Father's raptured hour no part.
Away to Proteus! Ask that being strange
The secret of existence and of change
(*He retires towards the sea.*)

THALES.

We by this step, it seems, have nothing won;
For if we light on Proteus, straight he's gone,
And if he wait, he only says at last
Things that perplex, and make one stand aghast.
Yet, once for all, such counsel thou dost need;
So then to try him, onward let us speed!
(*They retire.*)

SIRENS (*on the rocks above*).

What are these, far off appearing,
Through the billowy realm careering?
Like to sails of snowy whiteness,
Zephyr-guided, such their brightness,
Hither borne with gentle motion,
These the lustrous nymphs of Ocean!

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Downward climb we; hark! They're singing;
Hear ye not their voices ringing!

NEREIDS *and* TRITONS.

Those whom thus our hand upraises
Scatter blessings;—sing their praises!
From Chelone's giant shield,
Shines an awful form revealed:
Gods they are whom we rejoicing
Hither bring, glad pæans voicing.

SIRENS.

Little in height,
Potent in might,
Hoar gods from the wave
The shipwrecked who save!

NEREIDS *and* TRITONS.

To our peaceful revel speeding,
The Cabiri we are leading;
Where their power the hapless shieldeth,
Kindly sway there Neptune wieldeth.

SIRENS.

Yield we must to you.
Ye the sinking crew,
With resistless power,
Save in shipwreck's hour.

NEREIDS *and* TRITONS.

Three we bring, our triumph sharing,
But the fourth refused, declaring
That for all abiding yonder,
He the sole one is to ponder.

SIRENS.

Thus one god doth jeer
At his fellows still.
All the good revere,
Dread ye every ill!

NEREIDS *and* TRITONS.

There of them should seven be.

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SIRENS.

Where then are the other three?

NEREIDS *and* TRITONS.

That we cannot answer: rather,
On Olympos question farther:
There the eighth perchance is pining,
Whom none thinks upon. Inclining
Graciously, they us have greeted—
But all are not yet completed.

The incomparable, these;—
Pressing onward, aye aspiring,
Full of longing, still desiring
What can ne'er be reached, to seize.

SIRENS.

Every power enthroned,
Sun or Moon that sways,
In our prayers is owned;
'Tis our wont; It pays.

NEREIDS *and* TRITONS.

How brightly shines our fame, behold,
Leading this festivity!

SIRENS.

Heroes of the ancient days
Lack henceforth their meed of praise,
How great soe'er their fame of old;
Though they have won the fleece of gold,
Ye have the Cabiri.

(*Repeated in full Chorus.*)

Though they have won the fleece of gold,
We! ye! have the Cabiri.

(*The* NEREIDS *and* TRITONS *pass on.*)

HOMUNCULUS.

These uncouth figures,—I am fain
For earthen pots to take them,
'Gainst them the wise ones strike amain
Their stubborn heads, and break them!

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THALES.

The very thing they most desire.
The rusty coin is valued higher.

PROTEUS (*unperceived*).

This pleases me, the old in fable:
The stranger 'tis, the more respectable!

THALES.

Where art thou, Proteus?

PROTEUS

(*ventriloquizing, now near, now far away*).

Here! and here!

THALES.

I pardon the stale jest; appear,
And with a friend vain words forego!
From a false place dost speak, I know.

PROTEUS (*as from a distance*).

Farewell!

THALES (*softly to* HOMUNCULUS).

He's close at hand. Now brightly flare,
He's curious as a fish; where'er
He hide himself, that flame, be sure,
Hither forthwith will him allure.

HOMUNCULUS.

Full light I'll pour, yet care must take
Lest with the shock the glass should break.

PROTEUS

(*in the form of a gigantic porpoise*).

What shines with radiancy so dear?

THALES

(*concealing* HOMUNCULUS).

Good! If thou wish it, thou canst draw more near;
Let the slight trouble vex thee not, I pray,
Thyself upon two human feet display.
'Tis solely by our leave, and courtesy,
That what we now conceal, who wills may see.

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PROTEUS (*in a noble form*).

Thy sophist's tricks, it seems, dost still employ.

THALES.

Thy figure to transform still gives thee joy.
(*He has uncovered* HOMUNCULUS.)

PROTEUS (*astonished*).

A glittering dwarflein! Ne'er beheld before!

THALES.

Fain to exist, he counsel doth implore.
He is, from him I heard it, come to earth
Only half-formed, through some mysterious birth.
Fairly endowed with qualities ideal,
The power he lacks, firmly to grasp the real,
Till now the glass alone to him gives weight;
But he at once would be incorporate.

PROTEUS.

A genuine virgin's son art thou;
Born ere thou shouldest be, I trow!

THALES (*in a whisper*).

Further it seemeth critical to me:
He an Hermaphrodite appears to be.

PROTEUS.

The sooner 'twill succeed; where'er
He comes, he happily will fare.
With much reflection we may here dispense;
In the broad sea thy being must commence;
On a small scale one there begins,
Well pleased the smallest to devour;
Till, waxing step by step, one wins,
For loftier achievement, ampler power.

HOMUNCULUS.

A tender air is wafted here;
Dear is to me the breeze, the fragrance dear!

PROTEUS.

Right, dearest youth! Farther away
Still more delightful 'twill be found;
Ineffable the airs that play
This narrow tongue of land around.

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Thence, near enough, the train we see,
Now floating hither. Come with me!

THALES.

I too will go with thee, proceed!

HOMUNCULUS.

A threefold spirit-step, wondrous indeed!

TELCHINES *of* RHODES.

(*Upon hippocampi and sea-dragons, bearing Neptune's trident.*)

The trident we forged, wherewith Neptune assuages
Old Ocean's wild waves, when most fiercely he rages:
His clouds when the Thunderer spreads o'er the skies,
To their rolling terrific then Neptune replies;
And when from on high the jagged lightning doth leap,
Then wave after wave dashes up from the deep;
And all that in anguish their joint rage o'erpowered,
Long whirled to and fro, by the depth is devoured;
To-day then the sceptre to us hath he lent.—
Now joyously float we, serene and content!

SIRENS.

You, to Helios dedicated,
You, to bright day consecrated,
Hail we to this hour, whose light
Doth to Luna's praise invite!

TELCHINES.

Thou loveliest Queen of yon o'ervaulting sphere,
The praise of thy brother with rapture dost hear:
To Rhodus' blest island an ear thou dost lend,
Thence one deathless pæan to him doth ascend.
The day-course he opens and with fiery gaze,
When finished his journey, our troop he surveys;
The cities and hills, shore and wave, yield delight
To the glorious God, and are lovely and bright.
No mist hovers o'er us, and should one draw near,
A ray and a zephyr—the island is clear:
His form the high god beholds multiplied there,
As stripling, as giant, the Mighty, the Fair—

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The power of the gods it was we who began
To pourtray in the form, not unworthy, of man.

PROTEUS.

Grudge them not their boastful singing,
To the holy sun, life-bringing,
Dead works are an idle jest.
Fusing mould they; when completed
Stands their god with rapture greeted,
Straight with triumph swells their breast!
These proud gods, so fondly cherished,—
What their doom, inquire ye? Prone,
By an earthquake overthrown,
Melted, they long since have perished.

Toil of earth, whate'er it be,
Nothing is but drudgery;
Life in ocean better fareth:
Thee to endless water beareth
Proteus-Dolphin. (*He transforms himself.*)
Fairly sped!
Bravely, on my back careering,
Thou shalt prosper, onward steering,
And to Ocean thee I'll wed.

THALES.

Obey the noble inspiration,
And at its source begin creation,
Make ready for the great emprize!
By laws eternal still ascending,
Through myriad forms of being wending,
To be a man in time thou'lt rise.
(HOMUNCULUS *mounts the* PROTEUS *dolphin*)

PROTEUS.

In spirit come to boundless ocean:
Unfetter'd there in every motion,
At thine own pleasure thou shalt wend;
But let not higher rank allure thee;
Attaining manhood, I assure thee,
Then all with thee is at an end!

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THALES.

As it may happen; good it seems to me,
In one's own day a stalwart man to be.

PROTEUS (*to* THALES).

One of your stamp, perchance! For they
Abide awhile, nor pass away;
Since 'mong the troops of spirits pale,
As pass the centuries, thy form I hail.

SIRENS (*on the rocks*).

See yon cloudlets, how they mingle
Round the moon in circlet bright!
Doves they are, whom love doth kindle,
With their pinions pure as light!
Paphos hath her bird-choir sent us,
Girt with radiance they appear.
Now our fête may well content us,
Fraught with rapture full and clear!

NEREUS (*approaching* THALES).

Yonder ring, an airy vision
Nightly wanderer might maintain;
But with juster intuition,
Other views we entertain:
Doves they are, whose escort playeth
Round my daughter's pearly car;
Wondrous art their movement swayeth,
Learned by them in days afar.

THALES.

That I also hold for best,
Peace that yieldeth to the good,
If in warm and silent nest
Something holy still doth brood.

PSYLLI *and* MARSI
(*on sea-bulls, sea-calves, and sea-rams*).

In the rugged Cyprian caves,
Sheltered from the shocks of Ocean,
From the earthquake's dire commotion,
Fanned by Zephyr's viewless waves,
There, as in the days afar,
We, with conscious rapture, are

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Guardians of Cythera's car,
And through breathings of the night,
Through the rippling wavelets bright,
Viewless still to mortal sight,
We the loveliest daughter lead.
Us nor wingèd lion scares,
Nor eagle, as our task we ply,
Nor cross, nor crescent, though it flares
Aloft, emblazoned in the sky;
To and fro, alternate swaying,
Each the other driving, slaying,
Fields and towns in ashes laying:
Thus with joyous speed,
Onward our loveliest mistress we lead.

SIRENS.

Circling still, with gentle motion,
Round the chariot, line on line,
Gliding o'er the waves of ocean,
With your movements serpentine,
Come ye stalwart Nereides,
Sturdy damsels, gracious, wild;
Bring ye, tender Dorides,
Galatea, fair and mild,
Image of her mother, she
Earnest is, of god-like mien,
Worthy immortality,
Yet, like earth's fair dames, your queen
Winsome is, with grace serene!

DORIDES

(*passing in chorus before* NEREUS, *mounted upon dolphins*).

Luna, light and shadow throwing,
Round this youthful band, shine clear!
For we come our Father showing
Prayerfully, our bridegrooms dear.
(*To* NEREUS.)
Them, soft pity's voice obeying,
From the rock's fell tooth we bore,
And on moss and sea-weed laying,
Warmed them back to light once more;

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Kisses upon us bestowing,
Thus their grateful temper showing,
View them kindly, we implore!

NEREUS.

Precious indeed the two-fold gain:
To show compassion, and delight obtain!

DORIDES.

Dost praise, O Father, our endeavour?
Grudge us not our joy, well-earned;
Deathless youth, enjoyed for ever
In the bliss of love returned!

NEREUS.

Would ye enjoy your captured treasure!
Then mould each youth to be a man;
Powerless am I to do your pleasure;
Accord your prayer Zeus only can.
The waves, whose foam around you playeth,
All steadfastness in love ignore,
And if its spell no longer swayeth,
Then place them quietly ashore.

DORIDES.

Dear ye are, sweet youths, in sooth;
Yet from you we needs must sever:
We have craved eternal truth,
But the Gods allow it never!

THE YOUTHS.

Gallant sailor-youths and true,
If ye still will fondly tend us;
Life so fair we never knew,
Nor could fate a fairer send us,
(GALATEA *approaches in the shell chariot.*)

NEREUS.

Tis thou, my beloved one!

GALATEA.

O Sire! what delight
Linger, ye dolphins, enchained is my sight.

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NEREUS.

Gone already! They forsake me,
Speeding on with circling motion!
What to them the heart's emotion!
Oh! that with them they would take me!
Yet such rapture yields one gaze,
The livelong year it well repays.

THALES.

Hail! all hail! The cry renew!
Blooms my spirit, pierced through
By the Beautiful, the True! . . . .
All from water sprang amain!
All things water doth sustain:
Ocean grant thy deathless reign!
Were no clouds by thee outspread,
No rich brooklets by thee fed,
On their course no rivers sped,
And no streamlets perfected,
What then were the world, what were ocean and plain?
'Tis thou, who the freshness of life dost maintain.

ECHO

(*chorus of the collective circles*).

'Tis thou, from whom freshness of life pours amain!

NEREUS.

Far distant now they wheel and turn,
And vainly glance for glance must yearn;
Circle in circle wide-extending,
The countless throngs, in order blending,
Urge o'er the waves their glad career.
But Galatea's pearly throne,
Behold I still, behold; alone
Now it glitters like a star
'Midst the crowd; with radiance tender,
Shines through the press the loved one's splendour;
Though so far, so very far,
Still it shimmers bright and clear,
Ever true and ever near!

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HOMUNCULUS.

In this moisture calm and dear,
All I shine on doth appear
Exquisitely fair!

PROTEUS.

In this living, dewy sphere,
First thy flamelet shineth clear,
Breathing tones most rare.

NEREUS.

But lo! what new mystery, fraught with surprise,
Reveals itself now, 'mid yon crowds, to our eyes?
What flames round the shell, round the feet of my child?
Now strongly it glitters, now sweetly, now mild,
As if by the pulses of love it were swayed!

THALES.

Homunculus is it, by Proteus betrayed . . . .
A yearning majestic these symptoms disclose,
Presageful they tell of his passionate throes;
Against the bright throne he'll be shattered! It glows,
It flashes, it sparkles, abroad now it flows!

SIRENS.

What marvel illumines the billows, which dash
Against one another in glory? They flash,
They waver, they hitherward glitter, and bright
All forms are ablaze in the pathway of night;
And all things are gleaming, by fire girt around.
Prime source of creation, let Eros be crowned!

Hail ye billows! Hail to thee,
Girt by holy fire, O sea!
Water hail! Hail fire's bright glare!
Hail to this adventure rare!

ALL TOGETHER.

Hail each softly blowing gale!
Caverns rich in marvels, hail!
Highly honoured evermore
Be the elemental four!

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ACT THE THIRD.

Before the Palace of Menelaus in Sparta.

Enter HELENA, *with a chorus of captive Trojan women.* PENTHALIS, *leader of the chorus.*

HELENA.

The much admired and much upbraided, Helena,
From yonder strand I come, where erst we disembark'd,
Still giddy from the roll of ocean's billowy surge,
Which, through Poseidon's favour and through Euros' might,
On lofty crested backs hither hath wafted us,
From Phrygia's open field, to our ancestral bays.
Yonder King Menelaus, glad of his return,
With his brave men of war, rejoices on the beach.
But oh, thou lofty mansion, bid me welcome home,
Thou, near the steep decline, which Tyndareus, my sire,
From Pallas' hill returning, here hath builded up;
Which also was adorned beyond all Sparta's homes,
What time with Clytemnestra, sister-like, I grew,
With Castor, Pollux, too, playing in joyous sport.
Wings of yon brazen portals, you I also hail!
Through you, ye guest-inviting, hospitable gates,
Hath Menelaus once, from many princes chosen,
Shone radiant on my sight, in nuptial sort arrayed.
Expand to me once more, that I the king's behest
May faithfully discharge, as doth the spouse beseem.
Let me within, and all henceforth behind remain,
That, charged with doom, till now darkly hath round me stormed!
For since, by care untroubled, I these sites forsook,
Seeking Cythera's fane, as sacred wont enjoined,
And by the spoiler there was seized, the Phrygian,
Happened have many things, whereof men far and wide
Are fain to tell, but which not fain to hear is he
Of whom the tale, expanding, hath to fable grown.

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CHORUS.

Disparage not, oh glorious dame,
Honour'd possession of highest estate!
For sole unto thee is the greatest boon given;
The fame of beauty that all over-towers!
The hero's name before him resounds,
So strides he with pride;
Nathless at once the stubbornest yields
To beauty, the presence which all things subdues.

HELENA.

Enough! I with my spouse, ship-borne, have hither sped,
And to his city now by him before am sent.
But what the thought he harbours, that I cannot guess.
Come I as consort hither? Come I as a queen?
Come I as victim for the prince's bitter pangs,
And for the evils dire, long suffered by the Greeks?
Conquered I am; but whether captive, know I not:
For the Immortal Powers fortune and fame for me
Have doomed ambiguous; direful ministers that wait
On beauty's form, who even on this threshold here,
With dark and threat'ning mien, stand bodeful at my side!
Already, ere we left the hollow ship, my spouse
Looked seldom on me, spake no comfortable word;
As though he mischief brooded, facing me he sat.
But now, when, to Eurotas' deeply curving shores
Steering our course, scarce had our foremost vessel's beak
The land saluted, spake he, as by God inspired:
"Here let my men of war, in ordered ranks, disbark;
I marshal them, drawn up upon the ocean strand;
But thou, pursue thy way, not swerving from the banks,
Laden with fruit, that bound Eurotas' sacred stream,
Thy coursers guiding o'er the moist, enamelled meads,
Until thou may'st arrive at that delightful plain,
Where Lacedæmon, once a broad fruit-bearing field,
By mountains stern surrounded lifteth now its walls.
Set thou thy foot within the tower-crown'd princely house,
Assemble thou the maids, whom I at parting left,

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And with them summon too the wise old stewardess.
Bid her display to thee the treasures' ample store,
As by thy sire bequeathed, and which, in peace and war,
Increasing evermore, I have myself up-piled.
All standing shalt thou find in ancient order; for,
This is the prince's privilege, that to his home,
When he returns at last, safe every thing he finds,
Each in its proper place, as he hath left it there.
For nothing of himself the slave hath power to change."

CHORUS.

Oh gladden now, with glorious wealth,
Ever increasing, thine eye and heart!
For beautiful chains, the adornment of crowns,
Are priding themselves, in haughty repose;
But step thou in, and challenge them all,
They arm themselves straight;
I joy to see beauty contend for the prize,
With gold, and with pearls, and with jewels of price.

HELENA.

Forthwith hath followed next this mandate of my lord:
"Now when in order thou all things hast duly seen,
As many tripods take, as needful thou may'st deem,
And vessels manifold, which he at hand requires,
Who duly would perform the sacrificial rite,
The caldrons, and the bowls, and shallow altar-plates;
Let purest water, too, from sacred fount be there,
In lofty pitchers; further, store of season'd wood,
Quick to accept the flame, hold thou in readiness;
A knife, of sharpest edge, let it not fail at last.
But I all other things to thy sole care resign."
So spake he, urging me at once to part; but naught,
Breathing the breath of life, the orderer appoints,
That, to the Olympians' honour, he to slaughter doom'd:
Suspicious seems it! yet, dismiss I further care;
To the high Gods' decree be everything referred,
Who evermore fulfil, what they in thought conceive;
It may, in sooth, by men, as evil or as good
Be counted, it by us, poor mortals, must be borne.
Full oft the ponderous axe on high the priest hath raised,
In consecration o'er the earth-bowed victim's neck.

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Nor could achieve the rite, for he was hinderèd,
Or by approaching foe, or intervening God.

CHORUS.

What now will happen, canst thou not guess;
Enter, queen, enter thou in,
Strong of heart!
Evil cometh and good
Unexpected to mortals;
Though foretold, we credit it not.
Troya was burning, have we not seen
Death before us, terrible death!
And are we not here,
Bound to thee, serving with joy,
Seeing the dazzling sunshine of heaven,
And of earth too the fairest,
Kind one—thyself—happy are we!

HELENA.

Come what come may! Whate'er impends, me it behoves
To ascend, without delay, into the royal house,
Long missed, oft yearned-for, well-nigh forfeited;
Before mine eyes once more it stands, I know not how.
My feet now bear me not so lightly as of yore,
When up the lofty steps I, as a child, have sprung.

CHORUS.

Fling now, O sisters, ye
Captives who mourn your lot,
All your sorrows far from you.
Share ye your mistress' joy!
Share ye Helena's joy,
Who to the dear paternal hearth,
Though returning full late in sooth,
Nathless with surer, firmer tread
Joyfully now approaches!

Praise ye the holy ones,
Happy restoring ones,
Gods, the home-leaders, praise ye!
Soars the enfranchised one,
As upon out-spread wings,
Over the roughest fate, while in vain

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Pines the captured one, yearning-fraught,
Over the prison-battlements
Arms out-stretching, in anguish.

Nathless her a god hath seized,
The exiled one,
And from Ilion's wreck
Bare her hitherward back once more,
To the ancient, the newly-adornèd
Father-house,
After unspeakable
Pleasure and anguish,
Earlier youthful time,
Newly quicken'd, to ponder.

PENTHALIS (*as leader of the chorus*).

Forsake ye now of song the joy-surrounded path,
And toward the portal-wings turn ye forthwith your gaze!
What see I, sisters? Here, returneth not the queen?
With step of eager haste, comes she not back to us?—
What is it, mighty queen, that in the palace-halls,
Instead of friendly hail, could there encounter thee,
And shatter thus thy being? Thou conceal'st it not;
For I abhorrence see, impressed upon thy brow,
And noble anger, that contendeth with surprise.

HELENA

(*who has left the folded doors open, excited*).

No vulgar fear beseems the daughter of high Zeus,
And her no lightly-fleeting terror-hand may touch;
But that dire horror which, from womb of ancient Night,
In time primeval rising, still in divers shapes,
Like lurid clouds, from out the mountain's fiery gorge,
Whirls itself forth, may shake even the hero's breast.
Thus have the Stygian Gods, with horror fraught, to-day
Mine entrance to the house so marked, that fain I am,
Back from the oft-time trod, long-yearned-for threshold, now,
Like to a guest dismissed, departing, to retire.
Yet no, retreated have I hither to the light;
No further shall ye drive me, Powers, whoe'er ye be!

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Some expiation I'll devise, then purified,
The hearth-flame welcome may the consort as the lord.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

Discover, noble queen, to us thy handmaidens,
Devotedly who serve thee, what hath come to pass!

HELENA.

What I have seen ye too, with your own eyes, shall see,
If ancient Night, within her wonder-teeming womb,
Hath not forthwith engulfed, once more, her ghastly birth;
But yet, that ye may know, with words I'll tell it you:—
What time the royal mansion's gloomy inner court,
Upon my task intent, with solemn step I trod,
I wondered at the drear and silent corridors.
Fell on mine ear no sound of busy servitors,
No stir of rapid haste, officious, met my gaze;
Before me there appeared no maid, no stewardess,
Who every stranger erst, with friendly greeting, hailed.
But when I neared at length the bosom of the hearth,
There saw I, by the light of dimly smouldering fire,
Crouched on the ground, a crone, close-veiled, of stature huge,
Not like to one asleep, but as absorbed in thought!
With accent of command I summon her to work,
The stewardess in her surmising, whom perchance
My spouse, departing hence, with foresight there had placed;
Yet, closely muffled up, still sits she, motionless;
At length, upon my threat, up-lifts she her right arm,
As though from hearth and hall she motioned me away.
Wrathful from her I turn, and forthwith hasten out,
Towards the steps, whereon aloft the Thalamos
Rises adorned, thereto the treasure-house hard by;
When, on a sudden, starts the wonder from the floor;
Barring with lordly mien my passage, she herself
In haggard height displays, with hollow eyes, blood-grimed,
An aspect weird and strange, confounding eye and thought.
Yet speak I to the winds; for language all in vain

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Creatively essays to body forth such shapes.
There see herself! The light she ventures to confront!
Here are we master, till the lord and monarch comes;
The ghastly brood of Night doth Phœbus, beauty's friend,
Back to their caverns drive, or them he subjugates.
(PHORKYAS *stepping on the threshold, between the door-posts.*)

CHORUS.

Much have I lived through, although my tresses
Youthfully waver still round my temples;
Manifold horrors have mine eyes witnessed;
Warfare's dire anguish, Ilion's night,
When it fell;

Through the o'erclouded, dust over-shadow'd
Tumult of war, to gods have I hearken'd,
Fearfully shouting; hearken'd while discord's
Brazen voices clang through the field
Rampart-wards.

Ah, yet standing were Ilion's
Ramparts; nathless the glowing flames
Shot from neighbour to neighbour roof,
Ever spreading from here and there,
With their tempest's fiery blast,
Over the night-darkened city.—

Flying, saw I through smoke and glare,
And the flash of the tongued flames,
Dreadful, threatening Gods draw near;
Wondrous figures, of giant mould,
Onward striding through the weird
Gloom of fire-luminous vapour.

Saw I them, or did my mind,
Anguish-torn, itself body forth
Phantoms so terrible—never more
Can I tell; but that I this
Horrible shape with eyes behold,
This of a surety know I!
Yea, with my hands could clutch it even,
Did not fear, from the perilous
Venture, ever withhold me.

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Tell me, of Phorkyas'
Daughters which art thou?
For to that family
Thee must I liken.
Art thou, may be, one of the gray-born?
One eye only, and but one tooth
Using still alternately?
One of the Graiæ art thou?

Darest thou, Horror,
Thus beside beauty,
Or to the searching glance
Phœbus' unveil thee?
Nathless step thou forward undaunted;
For the horrible sees he not,
As his hallowed glances yet
Never gazed upon shadows.

But a tragical fate, alas,
Us, poor mortals, constrains to bear
Anguish of vision, unspeakable,
Which the contemptible, ever-detestable,
Doth in lovers of beauty wake!

Yea, so hearken then, if thou dar'st
Us to encounter, hear our curse,
Hark to each imprecation's threat,
Out of the curse-breathing lips of the happy ones,
Who by the gods created are!

PHORKYAS.

Trite is the word, yet high and true remains the sense:
That Shame and Beauty ne'er together, hand in hand,
Their onward way pursue, earth's verdant path along.
Deep-rooted in these twain dwelleth an ancient grudge,
So that, where'er they happen on their way to meet,
Upon her hated rival turneth each her back;
Then onward speeds her course with greater vehemence,
Shame filled with sorrow, Beauty insolent of mood,
Till her at length embraces Orcus' hollow night,
Unless old age erewhile her haughtiness hath tamed.
You find I now, ye wantons, from a foreign shore,
With insolence o'erflowing, like the clamorous flight

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Of cranes, with shrilly scream that high above our heads,
A long and moving cloud, croaking send down their noise,
Which the lone pilgrim lures, wending his silent way,
Aloft to turn his gaze; yet on their course they fare,
He also upon his: so will it be with us.

Who are ye then, that thus around the monarch's house,
With Mænad rage, ye dare like drunken ones to rave?
Who are ye then that ye the house's stewardess
Thus bay, like pack of hounds hoarsely that bay the moon?
Think ye, 'tis hid from me, the race whereof ye are?
Thou youthful, war-begotten, battle-nurtured brood,
Lewd and lascivious thou, seducers and seduced,
Unnerving both, the soldier's and the burgher's strength!
Seeing your throng, to me a locust-swarm ye seem,
Which, settling down, conceals the young green harvest-field.
Wasters of others' toil! ye dainty revellers,
Destroyers in its bloom of all prosperity!
Thou conquer'd merchandise, exchanged and marketed!

HELENA.

Who in the mistress' presence chides her hand-maidens,
Audacious, doth o'erstep her household privilege;
For her alone beseems, the praise-worthy to praise,
As also that to punish which doth merit blame.
Moreover with the service am I well-content,
Which these have rendered me, what time proud Ilion's strength
Beleaguer'd stood, and fell and sank; nor less indeed
When we, of our sea-voyage the dreary changeful woe
Endured, where commonly each thinks but of himself.
Here also I expect the like from this blithe train;
Not what the servant is, we ask, but how he serves.
Therefore be silent thou, and snarl at them no more!
If thou the monarch's house till now hast guarded well
Filling the mistress' place, that for thy praise shall count;
But now herself is come, therefore do thou retire,
Lest chastisement be thine, instead of well-earn'd meed!

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PHORKYAS.

The menial train to threat, a sacred right remains,
Which the illustrious spouse of heaven-favour'd lord
Through many a year doth earn of prudent governance.
Since that, now recognised, thy ancient place as queen,
And mistress of the house, once more thou dost resume,
The long-time loosen'd reins grasp thou; be ruler here,
And in possession take the treasures, us with them!
Me before all protect, who am the elder-born,
From this young brood, who seem, thy swan-like beauty near,
But as a basely wingèd flock of cackling geese!

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

How hideous beside beauty showeth hideousness!

PHORKYAS.

How foolish by discretion's side shows foolishness!
(*Henceforth the choristers respond in turn, stepping forth singly from the chorus.*)

1st CHORISTER.

Tell us of Father Erebus, tell us of Mother Night!

PHORKYAS.

Speak thou of Scylla, speak of her, thy sister-born!

2nd CHORISTER.

From thy ancestral tree springs many a monster forth.

PHORKYAS.

To Orcus hence, away! Seek thou thy kindred there!

3rd CHORISTER.

Who yonder dwell, in sooth, for thee are far too young.

PHORKYAS.

Tiresias, the hoary, go, make love to him!

4th CHORISTER.

Orion's nurse of old, was thy great-grand-daughter.

PHORKYAS.

Harpies, so I suspect, did rear thee up in filth.

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5th CHORISTER.

Thy cherished meagreness, whereon dost nourish that?

PHORKYAS.

'Tis not with blood, for which so keenly thou dost thirst.

6th CHORISTER. [335

For corpses dost thou hunger, loathsome corpse thyself!

PHORKYAS.

Within thy shameless jaw the teeth of vampires gleam.

7th CHORISTER.

Thine I should stop were I to tell thee who thou art.

PHORKYAS.

First do thou name thyself; the riddle then is solved.

HELENA.

Not wrathful, but in grief, step I between you now,
Forbidding such alternate quarrel's angry noise;
For to the ruler naught more hurtful can befall,
Than, 'mong his trusty servants, sworn and secret strife;
The echo of his mandate then to him no more,
In swift accomplished deed responsively returns;
No, stormful and self-will'd, it rages him around,
The self-bewilder'd one, and chiding still in vain.
Nor this alone; ye have in rude unmanner'd wrath
Unblessèd images of dreadful shapes evoked,
Which so encompass me, that whirl'd I feel myself
To Orcus down, despite these my ancestral fields.
Is it remembrance? Was it frenzy seized on me?
Was I all that? and am I? shall I henceforth be
The dread and phantom-shape of those town-wasting ones?
The maidens quail: but thou, the eldest, thou dost stand,
Calm and unmoved; speak, then, to me some word of sense!

PHORKYAS.

Who of long years recalls the fortune manifold,
To him heaven's highest favour seems at last a dream.
But thou, so highly favoured, past all bound or goal,
Saw'st, in thy life-course, none but love inflamèd men,

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Kindled by impulse rash to boldest enterprise.
Theseus by passion stirred full early seized on thee,
A man of glorious form, and strong as Heracles.

HELENA.

Forceful he bore me off, a ten-year slender roe,
And in Aphidnus' keep shut me, in Attica.

PHORKYAS.

But thence full soon set free, by Castor, Pollux too,
In marriage wast thou sought by chosen hero-band.

HELENA.

Yet hath Patroclus, he, Pelides' other self,
My secret favour won, as willingly I own.

PHORKYAS.

But thee thy father hath to Menelaus wed,
Bold rover of the sea, and house-sustainer too.

HELENA.

His daughter gave he, gave to him the kingdom's sway;
And from our wedded union sprang Hermione.

PHORKYAS.

But while he strove afar, for Crete, his heritage,
To thee, all lonely, came an all too beauteous guest.

HELENA.

Wherefore the time recall of that half-widowhood,
And what destruction dire to me therefrom hath grown!

PHORKYAS.

That voyage unto me, a free-born dame of Crete,
Hath also capture brought, and weary servitude.

HELENA.

As stewardess forthwith, he did appoint thee here,
With much entrusted,—fort and treasure boldly won.

PHORKYAS.

All which thou didst forsake, by Ilion's tower-girt town
Allured, and by the joys, the exhaustless joys of love.

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HELENA.

Remind me not of joys: No, an infinitude
Of all too bitter woe o'erwhelm'd my heart and brain.

PHORKYAS.

Nathless 'tis said thou didst in two-fold shape appear;
Seen within Ilion's walls, and seen in Egypt too.

HELENA.

Confuse thou not my brain, distraught and desolate!
Here even, who I am in sooth I cannot tell.

PHORKYAS.

'Tis also said, from out the hollow shadow-realm,
Achilles, passion-fired, hath joined himself to thee,
Whom he hath loved of old, 'gainst all resolves of Fate.

HELENA.

As phantom I myself, to him a phantom bound;
A dream it was—thus e'en the very words declare.
I faint, and to myself a phantom I become.
(*She sinks into the arms of the semi-chorus.*)

CHORUS.

Silence! Silence!
False seeing one, false speaking one, thou!
Through thy horrible, single-tooth'd lips,
Ghastly, what exhaleth
From such terrible loathsome gulf!

For the malignant one, kindliness feigning,
Rage of wolf 'neath the sheep's woolly fleece,
Far more terrible is unto me than
Jaws of the hound three-headed.
Anxiously watching stand we here:
When? How? Where of such malice
Bursteth the tempest
From this deep-lurking brood of Hell?

Now, 'stead of friendly words, freighted with comfort,
Lethe-bestowing, gracious and mild,
Thou art summoning from times departed,
Thoughts of the past most hateful,
Overshadowing not alone

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All sheen gilding the present,
Also the future's
Mildly glimmering light of hope.
Silence! Silence!
That fair Helena's soul,
Ready e'en now to take flight,
Still may keep, yea firmly keep
The form of all forms, the loveliest,
Ever illumined of old by the sun.
(HELENA *has revived, and again stands in the midst.*)

PHORKYAS.

Forth emerge from fleeting cloudlets, sun resplendent of this day,
If when veiled thou could'st delight us, dazzling now thy splendour reigns.
As the world unfolds before thee, thou dost gaze with gracious look.
Though as hideous they revile me, well the beautiful I know.

HELENA.

Giddy from the void I issue, that in fainting round me closed,
Rest once more I fain would cherish, for sore-weary are my limbs;
Yet the queen it still beseemeth, yea all mortals it beseems,
Self-controlled, to man their spirits, whatsoe'er of ill may threat.

PHORKYAS.

In thy greatness now thou standest, in thy beauty 'fore us there,
Tells thy glance that thou commandest; what command'st thou? speak it forth!

HELENA.

The delay your strife occasioned, now prepare ye to retrieve:
Haste, a sacrifice to order, as the king commanded me!

PHORKYAS.

In the palace all is ready: censer, tripod, sharpen'd axe,
For lustration and for incense; now the destined victim show!

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HELENA.

That to me the king disclosed not.

PHORKYAS.

Spake it not? O doleful word!

HELENA.

What the sorrow that o'erpowers thee?

PHORKYAS.

Queen, it is thyself art meant!

HELENA.

I?

PHORKYAS.

And these.

CHORUS.

Oh woe and wailing!

PHORKYAS.

Thou wilt perish by the axe.

HELENA.

Dreadful—yet surmised! Me wretched!

PHORKYAS.

Unavoidable it seems.

CHORUS.

And to us, ah what will happen?

PHORKYAS. [440

She a noble death will die;
But upon the lofty rafter, that upholds the gable-roof,
As in fowling-time the thrushes, ye shall struggle in a row.

(HELENA *and the chorus stand astounded and terrified, in striking, well-arranged groups.*)

PHORKYAS.

Poor phantoms!—Stand ye there like figures petrified,
In deadly fear to part from day, which is not yours.
Mortals, who phantoms are together like as ye, 445
Not willingly renounce the sun's resplendent beams;

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Yet from their doom may none save them by force or prayer;
All know it, yet can few with pleasure welcome it!
Enough, ye all are lost. So to the work forthwith!
(*She claps her hands; thereupon appear at the door masked dwarfish figures, who execute with alacrity the orders as they are delivered.*)
Approach, thou swarthy, round, misshapen, goblin train!
Roll yourselves hither! Mischief work ye here at will.
The altar, golden-horned, bear ye, and give it place;
And let the gleaming axe o'er-lay the silver rim!
The water-vessels fill, wherewith to wash away
Of black polluting gore, the horror-breathing stain;
The costly carpet here outspread upon the dust,
That so the victim may in royal fashion kneel,
And wrapt within its folds, although with severed head,
Sepulchred straight may be, with honourable rites!

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

The queen, absorbed in thought, beside us stands apart;
Blenching the maidens droop, like meadow-grass when mown;
On me, the eldest, seems a sacred duty laid,
With thee to barter words, thou form of primal eld.
Experienc'd art thou, wise, well-minded seem'st to us,
Although this brainless troop, misjudging, thee reviled:
Tell then, if thou dost know, of rescue possible.

PHORKYAS.

'Tis easy said. Alone it resteth with the queen
Herself to save, and you her handmaidens with her.
Needful is prompt resolve, and of the quickest too!

CHORUS.

Most revered among the Parcæ, wisest of the Sibyls thou,
Sheathèd hold the golden scissors, light and life to us proclaim!
For our tender limbs already, feel we dangling, unrejoicing,
Swinging to and fro, that rather in the dance rejoiced of yore,
Resting then on lover's breast.

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HELENA.

These tremblers leave ye; sorrow feel I, naught of fear;
Yet know'st thou rescue, straight be it with thanks received!
To sage, far-seeing minds, oft the impossible
As possible doth show. Speak on and tell thy thought!

CHORUS.

Speak and tell us, tell us quickly; how may we escape the ghastly,
Odious nooses, that, with menace, like to ornaments the vilest,
Round our necks themselves are coiling? We, poor victims, feel beforehand,
Feel the stifling, feel the choking, if of all the gods, thou, Rhea,
Lofty mother, feel'st no pity!

PHORKYAS.

Have ye patience, to my story's course protracted
Still to hearken? Manifold its windings are.

CHORUS.

Patience enough! For while we hearken still we live.

PHORKYAS.

The man at home who tarries, noble wealth who guards,
And knoweth to cement his dwelling's lofty walls,
As also to secure his roof 'gainst stress of rain,
With him shall all go well, through the long day of life:
But lightly who o'ersteps, with rash and flying foot,
His threshold's sacred bounds, by guilty aim impelled,
Shall find, on his return, the ancient place, indeed,
But altered every thing, if not completely wrecked.

HELENA.

Declare, whereto these trite and well-known proverbs here?
Thou should'st relate; stir not what needs must give offence!

PHORKYAS.

True history it is, in no wise a reproof.
As pirate Menelaus steered from bay to bay;

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Mainland and islands, all he ravaged as a foe,
With spoil returning home, as it within lies stored.
He before Ilion's walls hath wasted ten long years,
But on his homeward course how many know I not;
Meanwhile how fares it here where stands the lofty house
Of Tyndarus? How fares it with the region round?

HELENA.

Is then reproach in thee so thoroughly ingraft,
That, save to utter blame, thy lips thou canst not move?

PHORKYAS.

Thus stood, for many years, forlorn the sloping ridge
That northwards to the height rises in Sparta's rear,
Behind Taygetus, whence, still a merry brook,
Downward Eurotas rolls, and then, along our vale,
Broad-flowing among reeds, gives nurture to your swans.
There in the mountain-vale, behind, a stalwart race
Themselves established, pressing from Cimmerian night,
And have up-reared a fastness, inaccessible,
Whence land and folk around they harry, as they list.

HELENA.

This could they then achieve? Impossible it seems.

PHORKYAS.

They ample time have had; haply, some twenty years.

HELENA.

Is one the lord? Are they a numerous robber-horde?

PHORKYAS.

Not robbers are they, yet is one among them lord.
Of him I speak no blame, though once he sought me here;
He might have taken all, yet did content himself
With some few things—which he free-gifts, not tribute, named.

HELENA.

And what his mien?

PHORKYAS.

No-wise amiss! He pleases me.
A cheerful man he is, courageous, and well-built,

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With understanding dower'd, as few among the Greeks.
As barbarous we brand the race, but yet, methinks,
So savage none can be as heroes, not a few,
Who man-devouring pests at Ilion showed themselves.
His greatness I respect; did trust myself to him.
His fortress! That should ye with your own eyes behold!
'Tis something different from clumsy mason-work
The which your fathers have aloft, at random, piled,
Cyclopean like the cyclops, one unwieldy stone
On stone unwieldy hurling! There quite otherwise,
Upright and level, all is fixed by square and rule.
Gaze on it from without; upward it strives toward heaven,
So straight, so well-adjusted, mirror-smooth like steel;
To clamber there, in sooth, your very thought slides down.
Within are ample courts, broad spaces girt around
With solid mason-work, of divers kinds and use;
Pillars, pilasters, arches, archlets, balconies,
Are there, and galleries, for peering out and in
And scutcheons.

HELENA.

What are they?

PHORKYAS.

Ajax upon his shield,
A coiled serpent bare, as ye yourselves have seen;
The seven chiefs at Thebes have figured emblems borne,
Each one upon his shield, significant and rich:
There moon and star were seen, on heaven's nightly field,
There goddess, hero, ladder, weapons, torches too,
And what with violence still threatens goodly towns.
Devices of like sort beareth our hero-band,
In colour'd splendour, heir'd from primal ancestors;
There lions you behold, eagles, claw too and beak,
Then horns of buffalo, wings, roses, peacock-tails,
Bars also, gold and black and silver, blue and red.
Such symbols in their halls hang pendant, row on row,
In halls that know no bound, ample as is the world;
There might ye dance!

CHORUS.

O tell us, be there dancers there?

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PHORKYAS.

The best; a youthful band, blooming and golden-haired;
Of youth they breathe! Of yore so only Paris breathed,
What time he to the queen approached too near.

HELENA.

Thou fall'st
Quite from thy part! To me declare the final word.

PHORKYAS.

That speakest thou; in earnest say distinctly yes!
Then with that fortress thee I'll straightway compass.

CHORUS.

Speak
That little word, and save thyself and us with thee!

HELENA.

How? Shall I harbour fear, lest Menelaus should
So ruthlessly transgress as rage to wreak on me?

PHORKYAS.

Hast thou forgotten, how he thy Deiphobus,
Thy slaughtered Paris' brother, in unheard-of guise,
Hath mangled, he who strove thy stubborn widow-hood
To bend, and gained his purpose! Nose and ears he lopped,
And mutilated sore; 'twas horror to behold!

HELENA.

That did he unto him; for my sake it was done.

PHORKYAS.

And for his sake, be sure, the like he'll do to thee.
Not to be shared is beauty; her who hath possessed
Entire, destroyeth rather, cursing partnership.
(*Trumpets in the distance; the* CHORUS *shudders.*)
As the shrill trumpets' blare doth ear and entrails seize,
Rending asunder, so her talons jealousy
Fixes in that man's breast, who never can forget
What once he own'd, now lost, by him possessed no more.

CHORUS.

Hear'st thou not the horns resounding? Seest thou not the gleam of arms?

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PHORKYAS.

Be thou welcome! To thee, lord and monarch! gladly give I reckoning.

CHORUS.

But for us?

PHORKYAS.

Ye know full surely: 'fore your eyes her death you see,
Your own death mark too within there; no, for you there is no help. (*Pause.*)

HELENA.

I have the course devised, which next I will pursue.
An adverse Demon art thou, that full well I feel;
And fear thou wilt convert even the good to ill.
Nathless to yonder keep I straight will follow thee.
The rest I know: but what in her deep breast the queen
As mystery conceals, let it remain to all
A secret unrevealed! Now, ancient one, lead on!

CHORUS.

O how gladly go we hence,
Urging our footsteps:
Death in our rear;
Once more before us
Rises a fortress,
With unscalable ramparts;
Us may they shelter as well,
Even as Ilion's keep,
Which succumbed at last
Through contemptible craft alone!

(*Mists diffuse themselves, veiling the back-ground; also the nearer portion of the scene.*)

How! Sisters, how!
Sisters, gaze around!
Was it not cheerfulest day?
Mists are rising, wreathing aloft,
From Eurotas' hallow'd stream!
Vanished hath the beautiful,
Sedge-becrowned marge from the gaze;
And the free, graceful swans,
Proudly, silently, floating,

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Joyfully together,
See I, ah? no more!

Yet, sisters, yet!
Singing hear I them,
Singing harsh tones from afar—
Death presaging, so mortals say;
Ah, that they to us may not,
'Stead of rescue's promised weal,
Ruin dire betoken at last,
Unto us, swanlike maids,
Fair, white-throated ones, and ah!
To our queen swan-gendered!
Woe to us, woe, woe!

All itself over-shrouds,
Wrapt in vapour and mist:
Gaze on each other can we not!
What befalls? Do we walk?
Hover we now,
Tripping with light steps over the ground?
Seest thou naught? Floats not us before
Hermes perchance? Gleams not his golden wand,
Bidding, commanding us back to return,
Back to yon joyless realm, dusky and grey,
With intangible phantoms teeming,
The o'ercrowded, yet aye-empty Hades?

Deepens all at once the darkness. Rayless now dissolves the vapour,
Grey and murky, brown as stone-work. Walls ascend, our glances meeting,
Our free glances meeting sheer. Court is it? deep moat? or cavern?
'Tis in every case appalling! Sisters, ah, we are imprison'd,
'Prison'd now as erst we were!

(*Inner court of the castle, surrounded with rich fantastic buildings of the middle ages.*)

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

Foolish and overswift, true type of woman-kind,
Dependent on the moment, sport of every gust

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Of bale or blessing! Yet not either can ye bear
With constant courage. One still fiercely contradicts
The others, cross-wise she by others is gainsaid;
Only in joy and pain ye, with the self-same tone,
Or howl or laugh. Be still and hearken what the queen,
High-souled, may here decide both for herself and us.

HELENA.

Where art thou, Pythonissa? Whatsoe'er thy name,
From out the gloomy vaults step forth of this stern keep!
Perchance, art gone to seek this wondrous hero-lord,
To herald my approach, reception kind bespeaking!
So take my thanks and quickly lead me unto him!
My wanderings I would end, repose I wish alone.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

Vainly thou lookest, queen, round thee on every side;
The hateful form hath vanished, or perchance remain'd
In yonder mist, from forth whose bosom hitherward,
We came, I wist not how, swiftly without a step;
Perchance, indeed, in doubt this labyrinth she treads,
Where many castles strangely mingle into one,
Greeting august and high demanding from its lord.
But yonder see above, where move in busy throngs,
In corridors, at casements, and through portals wide,
A crowd of menials passing, swiftly here and there;
Distinguished welcome this portends of honour'd guest.

CHORUS.

Expands now my heart! O, yonder behold,
How modestly downward, with lingering step,
A fair youthful throng becomingly move
In march well-appointed! Say, by whose command
Now appeareth well-trained, and so promptly arrayed,
Of blooming boyhood, the glorious race?
What admire I the most? Is it their elegant gait,
Or the tresses that curl round their dazzling white brow,
Or the twin-blooming cheeks, with the hue of the peach,
And shaded like it with soft tender down?
Fain would I bite, but I shrink back in fear;
For in similar venture, replete was the mouth,
I shudder to tell it, with ashes!

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But the most beautiful
Hither are wending;
What are they bearing?
Steps for the throne,
Carpet and seat,
Hangings and tent-
Adorning gear?
Hover the folds on high,
Cloud-garlands forming
Over the head of our queen;
Lo! now invited,
Climbs she the stately couch.
Forward advancing,
Step by step, treading,
Range yourselves there!
Worthy, oh worthy, thrice worthy of her,
Be blessing on such a reception!

(*All that the* CHORUS *has indicated takes place by degrees.*)
(*After pages and squires have descended in long procession,* FAUST *appears above, on the steps, in knightly court costume of the middle ages; he descends slowly and with dignity.*)

LEADER OF THE CHORUS
(*attentively observing him*).

If to this man the gods have not, as is their wont,
But for a season lent this wonder-worthy form,
And if his lofty grace, his love-inspiring mien,
Be not their transient gift, success will sure attend
On all he undertakes, be it in strife with men,
Or in the petty war, with fairest women waged.
To many others him, in sooth, I must prefer,
Others, the highly prized, on whom mine eyes have gazed.
With slow, majestic step, by reverence withheld,
The prince do I behold. Towards him turn, O queen!

FAUST
(*advancing, a man in fetters at his side*).

'Stead of most solemn greeting, as beseemeth,
'Stead of most reverent welcome, bring I thee,
In chains fast manacled, this varlet, who
In duty failing, wrested mine from me.—

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Here bend thy knee, before this noblest dame,
To make forthwith confession of thy guilt!—
This is, exalted potentate, the man,
Of rarest vision, from the lofty tower
Appointed round to gaze, the expanse of heaven
Keenly to overlook, and breadth of earth,
If here or yonder aught present itself,
From the encircling hills, across the vale,
Towards this fortress moving; billowy herds,
Or warlike host perchance; those we defend,
These meet in fight. To-day, what negligence!
Thou comest hither, he proclaims it not;
August reception faileth, honour due
To guest so noble. Forfeited he hath
His guilty life, and in the blood of death,
Well-merited, should lie; but thou alone
May'st punish, or show mercy, at thy pleasure.

HELENA.

High as the honour thou accordest me,
As judge, as potentate, and were it but,
As I suspect, to try me—so will I
The judge's foremost duty now fulfil,
To give the accused a hearing.—Therefore speak!

LYNCEUS, THE TOWER-WARDER.

Let me kneel and gaze upon her,
Let me live or let me die:
Pledged to serve, with truth and honour,
The god-given dame, am I.
Watching for the morning, gazing
Eastward for its rising, lo!
In the south, my vision dazing,
Rose the sun a wondrous show.
Neither earth nor heavenward turning,
Depth nor height my vision drew:
Thitherward I gazed, still yearning,
Her, the peerless one, to view.
Eyesight keen to me is granted,
Like to lynx on highest tree;
From the dream, which me enchanted,
Hard I struggled to be free.

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Could I the delusion banish—
Turret—tower—barred gateway see?
Vapours rise, and vapours vanish;
Forward steps this deity!

Eye and heart to her I tender!
I inhale her gentle light;
Blinding all, such beauty's splendour
Blinded my poor senses quite;

I forgot the warder's duty,
I forgot the entrusted horn;
Threaten to destroy me—Beauty
Tameth anger, tameth scorn.

HELENA.

The ill, myself occasioned, dare I not
Chastise. Ah, woe is me! What ruthless fate
Pursues me, everywhere the breasts of men
So to befool, that they nor spare themselves
Nor aught that claimeth reverence. Plundering now,
Seducing, fighting, harrying here and there,
Gods, heroes, demi-gods, yea dæmons too,
Perplexed have led me, wandering to and fro;
Singly, the world I maddened, doubly, more;
Now threefold, fourfold, bring I woe on woe!—
This guiltless man discharge, let him go free,
No shame should light upon the god-befool'd.

FAUST.

Filled with amaze, O queen, I see at once
The unerring smiter, here the smitten one;
The bow I see, wherefrom hath sped the shaft
This man that wounded. Shaft doth follow shaft,
And me they smite. Them crosswise I perceive,
Feather'd, and whirring round through court and keep.
What am I now? Thou makest, all at once,
My trustiest, rebellious; insecure
My very walls; henceforth my hosts, I fear,
Will serve the conquering unconquered queen.
What now remaineth, save myself to yield,
And all I fancied mine, to thy sole sway?
Freely and truly, let me at thy feet,

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Acknowledge thee as queen, who, coming here,
Hath won forthwith possession and a throne.

LYNCEUS

(*with a chest, followed by men bearing other chests*).

Back, queen, thou seest me once more!
One glance the rich man doth implore;
Poor as a beggar feeleth he,
Yet rich as prince—beholding thee.

What was I erst—what am I now?
What can I wish—what aim avow?
What boots it keenest sight to own?
Its glance reboundeth from thy throne!

We from the east still onward pressed,
And soon o'ermastered was the west;
A host of nations, long and vast—
The foremost knew not of the last;

The foremost fell; the next advance;
Ready the third with doughty lance—
Strengthened was each a hundred-fold;
Thousands, unmark'd, lay stark and cold.

We rushed along, we stormed apace,
Lordship we won, from place to place;
And where to-day I sway achieved,
Next day another sacked and reaved.

Rapid the glance we took—one laid
His hand upon the fairest maid,
The steer one seized of surest tread;
The horses all with us were led.

But my delight was everywhere
To peer about for things most rare;
And what another held in store,
To me was withered grass, no more.

On treasure's track I onward sped,
Only by my keen insight led;
In every coffer I could see,
Transparent was each chest to me.

Thus heaps of gold at length were mine,
And jewel-stones, with lustrous shine?—

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The emerald's resplendent green
Alone may grace thy breast, fair queen.

Let pearl-drops hang 'twixt lip and ear,
The spoil of ocean! rubies, near
Thy dainty cheeks, their radiance lose,
Quenched by their vermeil-tinctured hues.

The greatest treasures thus to-day,
Before thy presence here I lay;
And at thy feet, in homage yield
Harvest of many a bloody field.

Though I full many a chest have brought,
Yet more I have, with treasure fraught;
Let me attend thy path, and lo!
Thy treasure-vaults shall straight o'erflow.

For scarce dost thou the throne ascend,
Already bow, already bend,
Reason, and wealth, and sovereign power,
Before thy beauty's peerless dower.

All this I firmly held, as mine—
Freely relinquished, now 'tis thine!
Its worth I deemed both vast and high—
Its nothingness I now descry.

What once was mine, doth from me pass,
Scatter'd like mown and withered grass.
With one kind look, give back once more,
In full, the worth it owned before!

FAUST.

Hence quickly with the burden boldly earned,
Not blamed in sooth, but yet without reward.
Already all is hers, which in its depths
The castle hides; to offer special gifts
Is bootless. Hence! Treasure on treasure heap,
In order due; of splendour yet unseen
Set forth the exalted pomp; and let the vaults
Glitter like heaven new-born; from lifeless life
A paradise prepare; before her steps,
With eager haste, let carpet, rich in flowers,
Unroll on flowery carpet! Let her tread

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Meet dainty footing and the brightest sheen,
Blinding to all but gods, her glance arrest!

LYNCEUS.

Slight is our lord's behest; 'tis play,
A pleasant pastime, to obey:
Not wealth alone, the blood no less
O'ersways this beauty's fond excess!
Tamed is the host, and falchions keen,
Now blunt and lame, have lost their sheen;
The sun beside her form divine,
Weary and cold, forgets to shine;
While near the riches of her face,
Empty is all, devoid of grace. (*Exit.*)

HELENA (*to* FAUST).

With thee I fain would speak, therefore ascend,
And seat thee at my side! The vacant place
Invites its owner, and secures me mine.

FAUST.

First, kneeling, let my true allegiance be
Accepted, noble lady; let me kiss
The hand that now uplifts me to thy side!
Me as co-regent strengthen of thy realm,
No bound that knows; and for thyself obtain
Adorer, liegeman, warder, all in one!

HELENA.

Full many a wonder do I see and hear;
Amazement strikes me, much I have to ask.
Yet fain I am to know wherefore the speech
Of yonder man sounds strangely, strange and sweet:
Each tone appears accordant with the next,
And hath a word found welcome in the ear,
Another woos caressingly the first.

FAUST.

If thee our people's utterance thus delights,
O then be sure, their song will ravish thee,
Appeasing to their depths both ear and mind.
Yet were it best this language to essay;
Alternate speech invites it, calls it forth.

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HELENA.

How thus to speak so sweetly I would know.

FAUST.

'Tis easy, from the heart the words must flow;
And when with fond desire the bosom yearns,
We look around and ask—

HELENA,

Who with us burns?

FAUST.

The spirit looks nor forward nor behind,
The present only—

HELENA,

There our bliss we find.

FAUST.

Wealth is it, pledge and fortune; I demand,
Who granteth confirmation?

HELENA.

This—my hand.

CHORUS.

Who would now upbraid our princess
Grants she to this castle's lord
Friendliest demeanour?
For confess, together are we
Captives now, as oft already,
Since the tragical overthrow
Ilios', and our piteous voyage,
Labyrinthine, with sorrow fraught.
Women wont to men's affection,
Choosers are they not in sooth,
Rather adepts are they;
And to gold-ringleted shepherds,
May-be to Fauns darkly bearded,
As to them the occasion comes,
O'er thy delicate limbs must they
Yield completely an equal right,
Near and nearer sit they already,
Each on other reclining,

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Shoulder to shoulder, knee to knee,
Hand in hand, rock they themselves
Over the throne's
High and loftily-cushioned state:
For no scruple hath majesty,
Secretest raptures,
'Fore the eyes of the people,
All unblushingly thus to display,

HELENA.

I feel myself so distant, yet so near,
And all too gladly say: Here am I! here!

FAUST.

I tremble; scarcely breathe, words die away:
A dream it is, vanished have place and day!

HELENA.

Outworn I feel, and yet as life were new,
With thee entwined, to thee the unknown one true.

FAUST.

Forbear to ponder thy strange destiny!
Being is duty, were it momently.

PHORKYAS (*entering impatiently*).

On love's primer cast your eyes,
Its sweet lessons analyse,
Fondly sport in lover-wise!
Yet thereto time fails, I ween.
Feel ye not the storm o'erhanging?
Hear ye not the trumpet clanging!
Ruin nears, with threatening mien.

Menelaus comes, and gleaming
With him waves of people streaming;
Arm ye for the conflict keen!
Girt by victors, conquest-heated,
Like Deiphobus, mal-treated,
Forfeit thou must pay, O queen;
These light ware, shall from the halter
Dangle; ready on the altar
Sharpen'd axe for thee is seen!

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FAUST.

Bold interruption, she annoyingly intrudes!
Not e'en in peril brook I senseless violence.
Ill message hideous make the fairest messenger;
Most hideous thou who dost ill tidings gladly bring.
They shall not profit thee; ay, shatter thou the air
With empty breath. In sooth, no danger lurketh here,
And danger's self would seem but idle threatening.

(*Signals. Explosions from the towers, trumpets and cornets, martial music, a powerful army marches across the stage.*)

FAUST.

No, straight assembled thou shalt see
Our heroes' close united band!
For woman's grace none wins but he
Who knows to shield with forceful hand.

(*To the leaders, who separate themselves from their columns and step forward.*)

With bridled rage and silent power,
Which victory must crown at length,
Ye of the north, the youthful flower,
Ye of the east, the blooming strength!

Steel-clad, with sunbeams round them breaking,
Empires they shatter with their spear;
They march—beneath them earth is shaking;—
They pass—it thunders in their rear.

At Pylos from our barques we landed—
The ancient Nestor was no more;
In vain their troops the kinglings banded,
'Gainst our free host, on Hellas' shore.

Drive from these walls, my voice obeying,
King Menelaus back to sea;
There let him, sacking and way-laying,
Fulfil his will and destiny.

I hail you dukes, for so ordaineth
Sparta's fair queen; before her lay
Mountain and valley; while she reigneth,
Ye too shall profit by her sway.

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Guard, German, wall and fence extending,
Corinthus' bay, whate'er assails;
Goths, I confide to your defending,
Achaia, with its hundred vales;

March, Franks, your course to Elis steering,
Messene be the Saxon's share;
Normans, the sea from pirates clearing,
Of Argolis the strength repair.

Then shall each one, at home abiding,
Prowess and strength abroad make known;
Yet Sparta shall, o'er all presiding,
Be still our queen's ancestral throne.

Rejoicing in their lands, each nation
She sees, with every blessing crown'd;
Justice and light and confirmation,
Seek at her feet, with trust profound.

(FAUST *descends, the princes close a circle round him, in order better to hear his instructions and commands.*)

CHORUS.

Who the fairest fain would possess,
Foremost, let him for weapons
Stoutly and wisely look all around!
Fond words for him may have won
What on earth is the highest:
Yet in peace possesseth he not;
Fawners slily entice her from him,
Spoilers daringly snatch her from him;
This to guard against be he prepared!

I for this commend our prince,
Prize him higher than others,
Who, brave and prudent, himself hath leagued,
So that the stalwart obedient stand,
To his beck still attentive;
Loyally they his hests fulfil,
To his own profit, one and all,
Having his guerdon in his lord's thanks,
And for the loftiest glory of both

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For who shall snatch her away
From her potent possessor?
She is his, to him be she granted,
Doubly granted by us, whom he
Within, e'en like her, with impregnable ramparts,
Without, by mightiest host, surrounds.

FAUST.

Our gifts to these are great and glorious:
To every one a goodly land,
Fertile and broad. March on victorious!
Here in the midst take we our stand.
Girt round by waves in sun-light dancing,
Half island, thee—whose hill-chains blend
With Europe's mountains, widely branching—
Will they in rivalry defend.
Blessed be this land, all lands transcending,
To every race, for evermore,
Which sees my queen the throne ascending,
As erst her birth it hailed of yore.
When, 'mid Eurotas' reedy whisper,
Forth from the shell she burst to light,
Her mighty mother, brothers, sister,
Were blinded by the dazzling sight.
This land, her choicest bloom that layeth
Before thee, waiting thy behest—
Though the wide earth thy sceptre swayeth,
Oh love thy father-land the best!
What though the sun's keen arrow coldly playeth,
Upon the mountain-summits, jagg'd and bare
Yet where the rock the verdure over-layeth,
The wild goat nibbling, crops its scanty fare;
The spring leaps forth, united plunge the fountains,
And meadow, gorge, and valley, all are green,
On broken pastures of a hundred mountains,
Spread far and wide, the woolly herds are seen;
With measured tread, cautious, in line divided,
By the steep edge, the hornèd cattle wend;
Yet for them all a shelter is provided,
O'er many a cave the vaulted rock doth bend!

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Pan shields them there, and many a nymph appeareth.
In moist and bushy caverns dwelling free;
And yearning after higher spheres, upreareth
Its leafy branches tree close-pressed to tree—

Primeval woods! The giant oak there standing,
Links bough to bough, a stubborn, tortuous, maze;
The gentle maple, with sweet juice expanding,
Shoots clear aloft and with its burden plays—

And motherly for child and lambkin streameth,
'Mid silent shades, warm milk prepared for them;
Fruit close at hand, the plain's ripe nurture, gleameth,
And honey droppeth from the hollow stem.

Pleasure is here a birthright; vieing
In gladness cheek and lip are found,
Each in his station is undying,
Content and blooming health abound.

And thus to all his father's strength unfoldeth
The gentle child, environed by sweet day.
Amazed we stand; each asks, as he beholdeth:
If gods they be, or men? so fair are they.

So when the part of hind Apollo playeth,
Like him the fairest shepherd-youth appears;
For there where Nature in clear circle swayeth,
Harmoniously are linked her several spheres.
(*Taking his seat beside* HELENA.)

Thus happy Fate hath me, hath thee attended;
Behind us henceforth let the past be thrown!
From God supreme, oh feel thyself descended:
Thou to the primal world belong'st alone.

Thee shall no firm-built fortress capture;
Strong in eternal youth, expands
For us a sojourn, fraught with rapture,
Arcadia, near to Sparta's lands.

Allured to this blest region, hither
Hast fled to brightest destiny:
Thrones change to bowers that never wither;
Arcadian be our bliss and free!

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(*The scene is entirely changed. Close arbours recline against a series of rocky caverns. A shady grove extends to the base of the encircling rocks.* Faust *and* Helena *are not seen. The* Chorus *lies sleeping, scattered here and there.*)

PHORKYAS.

How long these maids have slept, in sooth I cannot tell;
Or whether they have dreamed what I before mine eyes
Saw bright and clear, to me is equally unknown.
So wake I them. Amazed the younger folk shall be,
Ye too, ye bearded ones, who sit below and wait,
Hoping to see at length these miracles resolved.
Arise! Arise! And shake quickly your crisped locks!
Shake slumber from your eyes! Blink not, and list to me!

CHORUS.

Only speak, relate, and tell us, what of wonderful hath chanced!
We more willingly shall hearken that which we cannot believe;
For we are aweary, weary, gazing on these rocks around.

PHORKYAS.

Children, how, already weary, though you scarce have rubbed your eyes?
Hearken then! Within these caverns, in these grottoes, in these bowers,
Shield and shelter have been given, as to lover-twain idyllic,
To our lord and to our lady—

CHORUS.

How, within there?

PHORKYAS.

Yea, secluded
From the world; and me, me only, they to secret service called.
Highly honoured stood I near them, yet, as one in trust beseemeth,
Round I gazed on other objects, turning hither, turning thither,

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Sought for roots for barks and mosses, with their properties acquainted;
And they thus remained alone.

CHORUS.

Thou would'st make believe that yonder, world-wide spaces lie within,
Wood and meadow, lake and brooklet; what strange fable spinnest thou!

PHORKYAS.

Yea, in sooth, ye inexperienced, there lie regions undiscovered:
Hall on hall, and court on court; in my musings these I track.
Suddenly a peal of laughter echoes through the cavern'd spaces;
In I gaze, a boy is springing from the bosom of the woman
To the man, from sire to mother: the caressing and the fondling,
All love's foolish playfulnesses, mirthful cry and shout of rapture,
Alternating, deafen me.
Naked, without wings, a genius, like a faun, with nothing bestial,
On the solid ground he springeth; but the ground, with counter-action,
Up to ether sends him flying; with the second, third rebounding
Touches he the vaulted roof.
Anxiously the mother calleth: Spring amain, and at thy pleasure:
But beware, think not of flying, unto thee is flight denied.
And so warns the faithful father: In the earth the force elastic
Lies, aloft that sends thee bounding; let thy toe but touch the surface,
Like the son of earth, Antæus, straightway is thy strength renewed.
And so o'er these rocky masses, on from dizzy ledge to ledge,

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Leaps he ever, hither, thither, springing like a stricken ball.
But in cleft of rugged cavern suddenly from sight he vanished;
And now lost to us he seemeth, mother waileth, sire consoleth,
Anxiously I shrug my shoulders. But again, behold, what vision!
Lie there treasures hidden yonder? Raiment broidered o'er with flowers
He becomingly hath donned;
Tassels from his arms are waving, ribbons flutter on his bosom,
In his hand the lyre all-golden, wholly like a tiny Phœbus,
Boldly to the edge he steppeth, to the precipice; we wonder,
And the parents, full of rapture, cast them on each other's heart;
For around his brow what splendour! Who can tell what there is shining?
Gold-work is it, or the flaming of surpassing spirit-power?
Thus he moveth, with such gesture, e'en as boy himself announcing
Future master of all beauty, through whose limbs, whose every member,
Flow the melodies eternal: and so shall ye hearken to him,
And so shall ye gaze upon him, to your special wonderment.

CHORUS.

This call'st thou marvellous,
Daughter of Creta?
Unto the bard's pregnant word
Hast thou perchance never listened?
Hast thou not heard of Ionia's,
Ne'er been instructed in Hellas'
Legends, from ages primeval,
Godlike, heroical treasure?
All, that still happeneth
Now in the present,

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Sorrowful echo 'tis,
Of days ancestral, more noble;
Equals not in sooth thy story
That which beautiful fiction,
Than truth more worthy of credence,
Chanted hath of Maia's offspring!

This so shapely and potent, yet
Scarcely-born delicate nursling,
Straight have his gossiping nurses
Folded in purest swaddling fleece,
Fastened in costly swathings,
With their irrational notions.
Potent and shapely, ne'ertheless,
Draws the rogue his flexible limbs,
Body firm yet elastic,
Craftily forth; the purple shell,
Him so grievously binding,
Leaving quietly in its place;
As the perfected butterfly,
From the rigid chrysalid,
Pinion unfolding, rapidly glides,
Boldly and wantonly sailing through
Sun-impregnated ether.

So he, too, the most dextrous,
That to robbers and scoundrels,
Yea, and to all profit-seekers,
He a favouring god might be,
This he straightway made manifest,
Using arts the most cunning.

Swift from the ruler of ocean he
Steals the trident, yea, e'en from Arès
Steals the sword from the scabbard;
Arrow and bow from Phœbus too,
Also his tongs from Hephæstos:
Even Zeus', the father's, bolt,
Him had fire not scared, he had ta'en.
Eros also worsted he,
In limb-grappling, wrestling match;
Stole from Cypria as she caressed him,
From her bosom, the girdle.

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(*An exquisite, purely melodious lyre-music resounds from the cave. All become attentive, and appear soon to be inwardly moved; henceforth, to the pause indicated, there is a full musical accompaniment.*)

PHORKYAS.

Hark those notes so sweetly sounding;
Cast aside your fabled lore:
Gods, in olden time abounding,—
Let them go! their day is o'er.

None will comprehend your singing;
Nobler theme the age requires:
From the heart must flow, up-springing,
What to touch the heart aspires.

(*She retires behind the rock.*)

CHORUS.

To these tones, so sweetly flowing,
Dire one! dost incline thine ears,
They in us, new health bestowing,
Waken now the joy of tears.

Vanish may the sun's clear shining,
In our soul if day arise,
In our heart we, unrepining,
Find what the whole world denies.

HELENA, FAUST, EUPHORION *in the costume indicated above.*

EUPHORION.

Songs of childhood hear ye ringing,
Your own mirth it seems; on me
Gazing, thus in measure springing,
Leap your parent-hearts with glee.

HELENA.

Love, terrestrial bliss to capture,
Two in noble union mates;
But to wake celestial rapture,
He a precious three creates.

FAUST.

All hath been achieved. For ever
I am thine, and mine thou art,

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Blent our beings are—oh never
May our present joy depart!

CHORUS.

Many a year of purest pleasure,
In the mild light of their boy,
Crowns this pair in richest measure.
Me their union thrills with joy!

EUPHORION.

Now let me gambol,
Joyfully springing!
Upward to hasten
Through ether winging,
This wakes my yearning,
This prompts me now!

FAUST.

Gently! son, gently!
Be not so daring!
Lest ruin seize thee
Past all repairing,
And our own darling
Whelm us in woe!

EUPHORION.

From earth my spirit
Still upward presses;
Let go my hands now,
Let go my tresses,
Let go my garments,
Mine every one!

HELENA.

To whom, bethink thee,
Now thou pertainest!
Think how it grieves us
When thou disdainest
Mine, thine, and his,—the all
That hath been won.

CHORUS.

Soon shall, I fear me,
The bond be undone!

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HELENA *and* FAUST.

Curb for thy parents' sake,
To us returning,
Curb thy importunate
Passionate yearning!
Make thou the rural plain
Tranquil and bright.

EUPHORION.

But to content you
Stay I my flight.
(*Winding among the* CHORUS *and drawing them forth to dance.*)
Round this gay troop I flee
With impulse light.
Say is the melody,
Say is the movement right?

HELENA.

Yea, 'tis well done; advance,
Lead to the graceful dance
These maidens coy!

FAUST.

Could I the end but see!
Me this mad revelry
Fills with annoy.

EUPHORION *and the* CHORUS.

(*Dancing and singing, they move about in interweaving lines.*)

Moving thine arms so fair
With graceful motion,
Tossing thy curling hair
In bright commotion;
When thou with foot so light
Over the earth doth skim,
Thither and back in flight,
Moving each graceful limb;
Thou hast attained thy goal,
Beautiful child,
All hearts thou hast beguiled,
Won every soul. (*Pause.*)

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EUPHORION.

Gracefully sporting,
Light-footed roes,
New frolic courting,
Scorn ye repose:
I am the hunter,
Ye are the game.

CHORUS.

Us wilt thou capture,
Urge not thy pace;
For it were rapture
Thee to embrace,
Beautiful creature,
This our sole aim!

EUPHORION.

Through trees and heather,
Bound all together,
O'er stock and stone!
Whate'er is lightly won,
That I disdain;
What I by force obtain,
Prize I alone.

HELENA *and* FAUST.

What vagaries, sense confounding!
Naught of measure to be hoped for!
Like the blare of trumpet sounding,
Over vale and forest ringing.
What a riot! What a cry!

CHORUS (*entering quickly one by one*).

Us he passed with glance scorn-laden;
Hastily still onward springing,
Bearing now the wildest maiden
Of our troop, he draweth nigh.

EUPHORION (*bearing a young maiden*).

I this wilful maid and coy
Carry to enforced caress;
For my pleasure for my joy
Her resisting bosom press,

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Kiss her rebel lips, that so
She my power and will may know.

MAIDEN.

Loose me! in this frame residing,
Burns a spirit's strength and might;
Strong as thine, our will presiding
Swerveth not with purpose light.
Thinkest, on thy strength relying,
That thou hast me in a strait?
Hold me, fool! thy strength defying,
For my sport, I'll scorch thee yet!
(*She flames up and flashes into the air.*)
Follow where light breezes wander,
Follow to rude caverns yonder,
Strive thy vanish'd prey to net!

EUPHORION (*shaking off the last flames*).

Rocks all around I see,
Thickets and woods among!
Why should they prison me?
Still am I fresh and young.
Tempests, they loudly roar,
Billows, they lash the shore;
Both far away I hear;
Would I were near!
(*He springs higher up the rock.*)

HELENA, FAUST, *and* CHORUS.

Wouldst thou chamois-like aspire?
Us thy threaten'd fall dismays!

EUPHORION.

Higher must I climb, yet higher,
Wider still must be my gaze.
Know I now, where I stand:
'Midst of the sea-girt land,
'Midst of great Pelops' reign,
Kin both to earth and main.

CHORUS.

Canst not near copse and wold
Tarry, then yonder,

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Ripe figs and apple-gold
Seeking, we'll wander;
Grapes too shall woo our hand,
Grapes from the mantling vine.
Ah, let this dearest land,
Dear one, be thine!

EUPHORION.

Dream ye of peaceful day?
Dream on, while dream ye may!
War! is the signal cry.
Hark! cries of victory!

CHORUS.

War who desireth
While peace doth reign,
To joy aspireth
Henceforth in vain.

EUPHORION.

All whom this land hath bred;
Through peril onward led,
Free, of undaunted mood,
Still lavish of their blood,
With soul untaught to yield,
Rending each chain!
To such the bloody field,
Brings glorious gain.

CHORUS.

High he soars,—mark, upward gazing,—
And to us not small doth seem:
Victor-like, in harness blazing,
As of steel and brass the gleam!

EUPHORION.

Not on moat or wall relying,
On himself let each one rest!
Firmest stronghold, all defying,
Ever is man's iron breast!

Dwell for aye unconquered would ye?
Arm, by no vain dreams beguiled!

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Amazons your women should be,
And a hero every child!

CHORUS.

O hallowed Poesie,
Heavenward still soareth she!
Shine on, thou brightest star,
Farther and still more far!
Yet us she still doth cheer;
Ever her voice to hear,
Joyful we are.

EUPHORION.

Child no more; a stripling bearing
Arms appears, with valour fraught:
Leagued with the strong, the free, the daring,
In soul already who hath wrought.
Hence, away!
No delay!
There where glory may be sought.

HELENA *and* FAUST.

Scarcely summoned to life's gladness,
Scarcely given to day's bright gleam,
Downward now to pain and sadness
Wouldst thou rush, from heights supreme!
Are then we
Naught to thee?
Is our gracious bond a dream?

EUPHORION.

Hark! What thunders seaward rattle,
Echoing from vale to vale!
'Mid dust and foam, in shock of battle,
Throng on throng, to grief and bale!
And the command
Is, firm to stand;
Death to face, nor ever quail.

HELENA, FAUST, *and* CHORUS.

Oh what horror! Hast thou told it!
Is then death for thee decreed?

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EUPHORION.

From afar shall I behold it?
No! I'll share the care and need!

HELENA, FAUST, *and* CHORUS.

Rashness to peril brings,
And deadly fate!

EUPHORION.

Yet—see a pair of wings
Unfoldeth straight!
Thither—I must, I must—
Grudge not my flight!

He casts himself into the air; his garments support him for a moment; his head flames, a trail of light follows him.)

CHORUS.

Icarus! Icarus!
Oh woeful sight!

(*A beautiful youth falls at the parents' feet, we imagine that in the dead we recognize a well-known form; yet suddenly the corporeal part vanishes; the aureole rises like a comet to heaven; dress, mantle, and lyre remain lying on the ground.*)

HELENA *and* FAUST.

Follows on joy new-born
Anguishful moan!

EUPHORION'S VOICE (*from the depths*).

Leave me in realms forlorn,
Mother, not all alone! (*Pause.*)

CHORUS (*dirge*).

Not alone—for hope we cherish,
Where thou bidest thee to know!
Ah, from daylight though thou perish,
Ne'er a heart will let thee go!
Scarce we venture to bewail thee,
Envying we sing thy fate:
Did sunshine cheer, or storm assail thee,
Song and heart were fair and great.

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Earthly fortune was thy dower,
Lofty lineage, ample might,
Ah, too early lost, thy flower
Withered by untimely blight!
Glance was thine the world discerning,
Sympathy with every wrong,
Woman's love for thee still yearning,
And thine own enchanting song.

Yet the beaten path forsaking,
Thou didst run into the snare:
So with law and usage breaking,
On thy wilful course didst fare;
Yet at last high thought has given
To thy noble courage weight,
For the loftiest thou hast striven—
It to win was not thy fate.

Who does win it? Unreplying,
Destiny the question hears,
When the bleeding people lying,
Dumb with grief, no cry uprears!—
Now new songs chant forth, in sorrow
Deeply bowed lament no more;
Them the earth brings forth to-morrow,
As she brought them forth of yore!

(*Full pause. The music ceases.*)

HELENA (*to* FAUST).

An ancient word, alas, approves itself in me:
That joy and beauty ne'er enduringly are linked!
Rent is the bond of life, with it the bond of love;
Lamenting both, I say a sorrowful farewell,
And throw myself once more, once only, in thine arms.—
Persephoneia, take the boy, take also me!
(*She embraces* FAUST, *her corporeal part vanishes, her garment and veil remain in his arms.*)

PHORKYAS.

Hold fast what doth of all alone remain to thee,
The garment, loose it not! Already hale
The Demons at its skirts, and it would fain
Drag to the nether regions. Hold it fast!

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The Goddess is it not, whom thou hast lost,
Yet godlike 'tis. Avail thee of the high
Inestimable gift, and upward soar;
Thee o'er all common things 'twill swiftly bear
Through ether, long as there thou canst abide.
We meet again, far, far away from here.
(HELENA'S *garments dissolve into clouds, they envelop* FAUST, *raise him aloft, and pass with him from the scene.*)

PHORKYAS.

(*Takes* EUPHORION'S *dress, mantle, and lyre from the earth, steps into the proscenium; holding up the spoils, she says.*)
A happy find hath me bestead.
The flame in sooth is vanished,
Yet for the world no grief I know:
Enough remaineth bards to consecrate,
Envy to scatter in their guild and hate;
And am I powerless genius to bestow,
Its vesture I can lend, at any rate.
(*She sits down in the proscenium, at the foot of a pillar.*)

PENTHALIS.

Now hasten, girls! At length we are from magic free,
From the soul-swaying spell of the Thessalian hag;
Free also from the blare confused of jangling tones,
The ear perplexing, and still worse the inner sense.
Away to Hades! Thither hath in haste the queen,
With earnest step, descended. Now, ye faithful maids,
Do ye, without delay, follow upon her track.
Her at the throne we find of the Inscrutable.

CHORUS.

Royal ladies, certes, everywhere are content;
E'en in Hades places take they supreme,
Proud to be with their peers allied,
With Persephone in friendship knit;
We, meanwhile, far-off in meadows
Deep of asphodel abiding,
With far-reaching poplars,
And unfruitful willows conjoined,
What amusement or joy have we!
Flitting, bat-like to twitter—
Whispering, undelightsome, and ghostlike!

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LEADER *of the* CHORUS.

Who hath no name achieved, nor at the noble aims,
Belongs but to the elements; so hence, begone!
My vehement desire is with my queen to be;
Not merit 'tis alone, fidelity as well,
Secure in yonder spheres, the individual life. (*Exit.*)

ALL.

Back are we given now to the daylight;
Certes, persons no more,
That feel we, that know we;
Nathless return we never to Hades!
Nature, eternally living,
Claims in us spirits,
We in her, a title undoubted.

A portion of the CHORUS.

We, amid the wavy-trembling of these thousand rustling branches,
Gently lure with dalliance charming from the root the vital currents,
Up into the boughs; with foliage, soon with lavish wealth of blossoms,
We adorn our tresses, floating in the breeze for airy growth.
Falls the fruit, forthwith assemble life-enjoying folk and cattle,
For the grasping, for the tasting, swiftly coming, onward pressing,
And, as 'fore the Gods primeval, so all bend around us here.

ANOTHER PORTION.

Where these rocky walls are imaged in the smooth, far-gleaming mirror,
Moving in the gentle wavelets, soothingly we onward glide,
Listen, hearken, to all music: birdie's singing, reedy-fluting,
Is it Pan's loud voice tremendous — voice responsive straight replies:

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Whisper is it?—we too whisper; thunders it?—we roll our thunder
In o'erwhelming repercussion, threefold, tenfold, echoing back.

A THIRD PORTION.

Sisters, we, of spirit mobile, hasten with the brooklets onwards;
For yon hill-slopes, richly mantled, charm us rising far away.
Ever downwards, ever deeper, in meandering course we water
Now the meadows, then the pastures, then the garden round the house;
There, across the landscape, slender cypress shafts our banks o'er-peering,
Telling of our crystal mirror, upwards into ether soar.

A FOURTH PORTION.

Roam ye others, at your pleasure; we will circle, we will rustle
Round the slopes so richly planted, on its prop where sprouts the vine.
By the vintager's emotion, we throughout the live-long day,
See what doubtful issue waiteth on his busy loving care:
Now with hoe, and now with mattock, earth up-heaping, pruning, binding,
Prayeth he to all Celestials, chiefly to the Sun-God prays.

Bacchus frets himself, the weakling, little for his faithful vassal,
Rests in arbours, leans in grottoes, toying with the youngest faun;
For his visions what he lacketh, dreaming half inebriate,
Stored in skins, in jars and vessels, ready for his use he finds,
Right and left in cool recesses treasured for eternal time.

But at length have the Celestials, hath now Helios 'fore them all,
Breathing, moistening, warming, glowing, filled the berries' teeming horn:

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Where the vintager in silence labour'd, there is sudden life,
Busy stir in every alley, rustles round from vine to vine;
Baskets creak, and pitchers clatter, and the loaded vine-troughs groan,
All towards the mighty wine-press, to the presser's sturdy dance;
And so is the sacred fullness of the purely-nurtured berries
Rudely trodden; foaming, seething, now it mingles, foully squash'd;
And now splits the ear the cymbal, with the beaker's brazen tones,
For himself hath Dionysós from his mysteries revealed;
Comes he with goat-footed satyrs, reeling nymphs goat-footed too,
And meanwhile unruly brayeth shrill, Silenus' long-eared beast—
Naught is spared; all law and order cloven hoofs are treading down—
All the senses whirl distracted, hideously the ear is stunned;
Drunkards for their cups are groping, over-full are head and paunch;
Careful one is, there another, yet the tumult waxes loud:
Since the newer must to garner, they the old skins quickly drain.

(*The curtain falls.* PHORKYAS, *in the proscenium, rises to a gigantic height, descends from the cothurni, lays aside mask and veil, and reveals herself as* MEPHISTOPHELES, *in order, so far as it may be necessary, to comment upon the piece by way of epilogue.*)

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ACT THE FOURTH.

High mountain.

Strong jagged rocky summit. A cloud approaches, leans against the rock, and sinks down upon a projecting level. It divides.

FAUST (*steps forth*).

On deepest solitudes down-gazing, far below my feet,
Full thoughtfully I tread this lofty mountain ridge,
My cloudy car forsaking, me which softly bare,
Through days of sunshine, hither over land and sea.
Slowly it melts from me, not scattered suddenly;
Towards the East the mass strives in its rolling march.
In admiration lost, the eye strives after it;
Moving it now divides, wavelike, and full of change;
Yet will it shape itself—mine eye deceives me not,
On sun-illumined pillows, gloriously reclines,
Of giant size indeed, a god-like female form;
I see it, like to Juno, Leda, Helena;
In majesty and love before mine eye it floats!
Ah, now it scatters; formless, broad, up-towering,
Rests in the East, and there, like ice-hills far away,
Mirrors of fleeting life the deep significance.
Yet round me hovers still, a mist-wreath, tender, light,
Surrounding breast and brow, cheering, caressing, cool.
Lightly it rises now, still lingering, high and higher,—
Together draws. Doth me a rapturing form delude,
As youth's first fondly prized, long-yearn'd for, highest good?
Well up the earliest treasures of my deepest heart:
To me Aurora's love, so light of wing, it shows,
The swift-experienced glance, the first, scarce understood,
Which, long and firmly held, each treasure over-shone!
Like beauty of the soul rises the gracious form,

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Dissolveth not, but upward into ether floats,
And with it, of my being draws the best away.
(*A seven-league boot tramps down, another immediately follows.* MEPHISTOPHELES *descends. The boots stride onward in haste.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That's forward striding, I must own!
But tell me, what dost thou intend,
That 'mid such horrors dost descend,
Such wilderness of yawning stone?
Though not precisely here, I know it well;
This was in sooth the very floor of Hell.

FAUST.

Of foolish legends never fails thy store;
Such to give forth dost thou begin once more?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*seriously*).

When God the Lord—the reason well I know,—
Us from the air had banned to depths profound,
There, where of fire eterne the central glow
With lurid flames still circles round and round.
By the too brilliant light, we found that we
O'ercrowded were, and placed unpleasantly.
Forthwith to cough the devils all were fain;
From top to bottom straight they spat amain;
With sulphur-stench and acids thus inflated,
Hell, with foul gas, so hugely was dilated,
That earth's smooth surface, by the fiery blast,
Thick as it was, cracking must burst at last.
That all things are reversed we now discern;
What bottom was, is summit in its turn;
Also in this the proper lore they base,
To give the undermost the highest place;
For from the hot and slavish cave we fare
Into the lordship of the boundless air;
An open secret, long time well concealed,
And to the folk only of late revealed.

FAUST.

To me are mountain-masses grandly dumb;
I question neither whence nor why they come.

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Herself when Nature in herself had founded,
This globe of earth she then hath purely rounded,
Took both in summit and in gorge delight,
Piled rock on rock, and mountain-height on height;
The hills she fashioned next with gentle force,
And to the valleys sloped their downward course:
Then growth and verdure came, and for her joy
She needs no mad convulsive freak employ.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay! so you say, sun-clear to you it lies;
But who was present there, knows otherwise.
I was at hand when, seething still below,
Swelled the abyss, belching a fiery tide,
When Moloch's hammer rocks, with thunderous blow
Welding, the fragments scatter'd far and wide.
'Neath massive foreign blocks still groans the land—
Such hurling-might say who can comprehend?
This your philosopher can't understand;
There lies the rock, must lie, and there's an end;
But to our shame doth all our thinking tend.
Your genuine common folk alone conceive,
And naught disturbs them in their creed;
Long since their wisdom ripen'd: they believe
A marvel 'tis, Satan receives his meed;
On crutch of faith my pilgrim hobbles on
To Devil's bridges, to the Devil's stone.

FAUST.

Note-worthy 'tis, Nature, as now I do,
To study from the Devil's point of view.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be Nature what she may, what do I care!
My honour's touched: the Devil, sooth, was there!
We are the folk, the mighty to attain:
Convulsion, madness, force. 'Tis written plain!—
But now, at last, to make my meaning clear,
Did nothing please thee in our upper sphere?
In boundless space the world thou hast surveyed,
Its kingdoms and their glory, all displayed.

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And yet, insatiate as thou art,
To thee did they no joy impart?

FAUST.

A project vast allured me on;
Divine it!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That I'll do anon.
Some capital I'd choose; therein a store
Of burgher-feeding rubbish at its core;
With crooked alleys, gabled peaks,
Markets confined, kale, turnips, leeks,
And shambles where blue flies repair,
On well-fed joints to batten—there,
At any moment shalt thou find
Stench and activity combined;
Wide squares, with spacious streets between,
Which arrogate a lordly mien;
And lastly, boundless to the eye,
Beyond the gate, the suburbs lie.
Of coaches too, th' eternal roar,
Still rattling, behind, before,
Would charm me and the ceaseless flow
Of ant-swarms, running to and fro;
And let me walk, or let me ride,
Their central point I should abide,
By thousands honour'd and admired.

FAUST.

Such things I slightly estimate.
That men, it is to be desired,
Should multiply, should live at ease,
Be taught, developed if you please;—
More rebels thus you educate.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then, in grand style, with conscious power, I'd rear
A pleasure-castle, some fair pleasance near:
Hill, valley, meadow, forest, glade,
Into a splendid garden made,

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With velvet lawns and verdurous walls,
Straight paths, art-guided shadows, waterfalls,
From rock to rock constrained to wind,
And water-jets of every kind;
Majestic soaring there while at the sides,
With whiz and gush, threadlike the stream divides.
Then for the loveliest women I'd prepare
A tiny lodge, cosy and quiet; there
The countless hours, according to my mood
I'd spend, in that sweet social solitude—
Women, I say: since, once for all,
I in the plural think upon the Fair.

FAUST.

Modern and base! Sardanapal!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Might one but guess thy purpose? High,
Doubtless, and grandly bold! Since thou
By so much nearer to the moon didst fly,
Aptly thy choice might thither tend, I trow!

FAUST.

Not so. Upon this globe of ours
For grand achievement still there's space;
Something astounding shall take place,
For daring toil I feel new powers.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fame also to achieve thou'rt fain?
That thou hast been with heroines is plain.

FAUST.

Dominion and estate by me are sought.
The deed is everything, the fame is naught!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet poets shall arise, thy fame
To after ages to proclaim,
Through folly, folly to inflame.

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FAUST.

That is beyond thy scope, I ween;
How knowest thou, what man desires?
Adverse thy nature, bitter, keen,
How knoweth it, what man requires?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be thy will done, since yield I must.
Me with the circuit of thy whims entrust.

FAUST.

Mine eye was fixed upon the open sea:
Aloft it tower'd, up-heaving; then once more
Withdrew, and shook its waves exultingly,
To storm the wide expanse of level shore—
That angered me, since arrogance of mood,
In the free soul, that values every right,
Through the impetuous passion of the blood,
Harsh feeling genders, in its own despite.
I deemed it chance; more keenly eyed the main:
The billow paused, and then rolled back again,
And from its proudly conquered goal withdrew;
The hour returns, the sport it doth renew—

MEPHISTOPHELES (*ad spectatores*).

For me there's nothing novel here, I own;
This for some hundred thousand years I've known.

FAUST (*continues passionately*).

On through a thousand channels it doth press,
Barren itself, and causing barrenness;
It waxes, swells, it rolls and spreads its reign
Over the waste and desolate domain.
There, power-inspired, wave upon wave sweeps on,
Triumphs awhile, retreats—and naught is done:
It to despair might drive me to survey
Of lawless elements the aimless sway!
To soar above itself then dared my soul;
Here would I strive, this force would I control!
And it is possible. Howe'er the tide
May rise, it fawneth round each hillock's side;

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However proudly it may domineer,
Each puny height its crest doth 'gainst it rear,
Each puny deep it forcefully allures.
So swiftly plan on plan my mind matures:
This glorious pleasure for thyself attain;
Back from the shore to bar the imperious main,
Narrow the limits of the watery deep,
Constrain it far into itself to sweep!
My purpose step by step I might lay bare:
That is my wish, to aid it boldly dare!

(*Drums and martial music behind the spectators, from the distance, on the right hand.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How easy 'tis!—Hear'st thou the drums afar?

FAUST.

What, war again!—The prudent likes not war.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In peace or war the prudent doth obtain
From every circumstance his proper gain.
We watch, we mark each favouring moment; now,
The occasion smileth—Faustus, seize it thou!

FAUST.

Me, I entreat, this riddling nonsense spare.
And short and good, speak out;—thyself declare.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

On my way hither I became aware
That the good emperor is vexed with care;
Thou knowest him. The while we him amused,
And with the show of riches him abused,
Then the whole world to him was cheap, since he
While young attained to regal dignity;
This false resolve did then beguile his leisure,
That possible it is and right
Together these two interests to unite,
At once to govern, and to take one's pleasure.

FAUST.

A grievous error! He who would command,
His highest bliss must in commanding find.

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With lofty will his bosom must expand,
Yet what he willeth may not be divined;
To trusty ear he whispers his intent,
'Tis realized,—all feel astonishment:
So holds he still the most exalted place,
The worthiest. Enjoyment doth debase!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such is he not; on pleasure he was bent!
Meanwhile the realm by anarchy was rent,
Where high and low were ranged against each other,
And brother still pursued and slaughtered brother,
Castle 'gainst castle, town 'gainst town had feud,
Guild against noble too; in conflict rude,
Chapter and flock against their bishop rose;
Who on each other gazed, were foes;
Within the churches death and murder reign,
Merchant and traveller at the gates were slain;
All waxed in daring, nor to small extent;
To live was self-defence.—So matters went.

FAUST.

They went, they limped, they fell, again they rose,
Were overturn'd, rolled headlong—such the close.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And such condition no one dared to blame,
Authority each could and each would claim;
The smallest even proudly reared his crest.
At length too mad it grew e'en for the best.
The able, they forthwith arose with might,
And said: Who gives us peace is lord, by right;
The Emperor cannot, will not!—Let us choose
Another, in the realm who shall infuse
Fresh life, and safety unto each assign,
Who in a world its vigour that renews,
Together peace and justice shall combine!

FAUST.

That sounds like priest-craft.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Priests in sooth were there;
The well-fed paunch, that was their primal care;
They implicated were above the rest.
The tumult swelled, the priests the tumult blest;
Our Emperor, whom we beguiled, perchance
To his last battle hither doth advance.

FAUST.

I pity him—so frank, so kind of heart.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let us look on. There's hope ere life depart.
Him from this narrow vale let us deliver!
If rescued now, he rescued is for ever.
How yet the die may fall, who may divine!
Vassals he'll have, if Fortune on him shine.

(*They ascend the middle range of hills and survey the disposition of the army in the valley. Drums and military music resound from below.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well chosen the position is, I see;
We'll join them, perfect then the victory.

FAUST.

What there may we expect? Deceit!
Illusive sorcery! A hollow cheat!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cunning to win war's lofty game!
Be constant to thy mighty aim,
The while thy goal dost bear in sight;
Secure we to the Emperor throne and land,
Then kneel, from him receiving as thy right,
The fief of the unbounded strand.

FAUST.

Already much for me hast done;
By thee be now a battle won!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, do thou win it; forthwith here
As general-in-chief appear.

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FAUST.

To my true honour it would tend,
There to command where naught I comprehend!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The general's staff, let that provide,
So the field-marshal's safe whate'er betide.
War's want of council to its source I've traced;
War's council I forthwith have based
On mountain's and on man's primeval force:
Blest who together draws their joint resource.

FAUST.

What yonder bearing arms appears?
Hast thou aroused the mountaineers?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, but like Master Peter Squenze,
Of the whole mass the quintessence.
(*The three mighty ones enter.*)
My fellows now are drawing near!
Divers the clothes, the arms, they wear,
Of different ages they appear;
With them not badly shalt thou fare.
(*ad spectatores.*)
There's not a child but loves to see
Harness and arms of warlike knight;
And, allegoric as the rascals be,
They, for that reason, give the more delight.

BULLY

(*young, lightly armed, in motley attire*).

If one but looks into my eyes,
Straight let his jaws my clenchèd fist beware,
And if a coward from me flies,
Forthwith I seize him by the hair!

HAVEQUICK

(*manly, well armed, in rich attire*).

Such brawls are foolish, are invidious,
They forfeit what the occasion brings;
In *taking* only be assiduous;
Hereafter look to other things.

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HOLDFAST

(*in years, strongly armed, without attire*).

Not much by such a course is won;
Through great possessions soon we run,
Borne by the stream of life away.
To take is good, 'tis better fast to hold;
Be still by the gray carle controlled,
And none from thee takes aught away.

(*They descend the mountain together.*)

On the Headland.

Drums and martial music from below. The Emperor's tent is pitched. Emperor, General-in-chief, Attendants.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

Still duly weighed appears our course,
Back to this vale at hand that lies,
To lead when somewhat pressed our force;
Our choice of ground, I trust, is wise.

EMPEROR.

How it succeeds must soon be known.
Me this half flight, this yielding, grieves, I own.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

On our right flank, my prince, now cast your eyes!
Such ground doth war's ideal realize:
Not steep the hills, nor yet too easy to ascend,
The enemy ensnaring, while they ours befriend;
We, on the wavelike plain, are half concealed—
No cavalry durst venture on such field.

EMPEROR.

Save to commend naught now remains for me;
Here strength and courage can well tested be.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

There, where the middle plain allures the sight,
Behold the phalanx, eager for the fight;
In the bright sunshine, gilded by its rays,
The lances glitter through the morning haze.
How darkly waves the mighty square below!
For bold emprize its thousands all aglow.

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The mass's strength thou thus canst comprehend;
To them I trust, the foemen's strength to rend.

EMPEROR.

So fair a sight ne'er have I seen before:
Such host is worth its number, twice told o'er.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

Of our left flank naught have I to relate.
Holding the stubborn cliffs, stout heroes wait;
Ablaze with arms, the rocky height ascends,
Which the close entrance to the pass defends.
Here, where the bloody onslaught none expect,
The hostile force will, I foresee, be wrecked.

EMPEROR.

There march my lying kinsfolk, still who claim'd,
As me they uncle, cousin, brother, named,
More and more license; till the sceptre's strength,
Its honour from the throne, they stole at length;
The empire, through their feuds, distracted lies,
Now, leagued as rebels, they against me rise!
The many waver, swayed from side to side;
Then headlong rush, borne onward by the tide.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

A trusty man, abroad for tidings sent,
Hastes down the rocks; oh happy be the event.

FIRST SPY.

Fair success on us hath waited;
Through our bold and crafty art,
Here and there we penetrated;
Little good can we impart:
Many pure allegiance proffered;
But for their inaction they,
In excuse, these pretexts offered,
Public danger, civil fray—

EMPEROR.

Self-seekers, caring for themselves alone,
To duty, honour, gratitude, are blind!
If full your measure, you ne'er call to mind,
Your neighbour's house-fire may consume your own.

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GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

The second comes, descending heavily;
Tremble his limbs, a weary man is he.

SECOND SPY.

First with pleasure we detected
The wild tumult's erring course.
Undelaying, unexpected,
A new emperor leads his force;
And with his behests complying,
O'er the plain the concourse sweep.
This false banner, proudly flying,
They all follow now—like sheep!

EMPEROR.

As gain a rival emperor I hail;
That I am emperor, now first I feel!
But as a soldier did I don the mail;
For higher purpose now I'm clad in steel.
At every festival, how bright so e'er,
Though naught was wanting—danger failed me there.
When to the ring-sport at your call I went;
My heart beat high, I breathed the tournament;
From war had ye not held me back, my name
For deeds heroic had been known to fame!
What self-reliance in my breast did reign,
When I stood mirrored in the fire-domain;
The ruthless element pressed on elate,
'Twas but a show, and yet the show was great.
Fame, victory, my troubled dreams displayed—
I'll now achieve, what basely I delayed!

(*Heralds are dispatched to challenge the rival Emperor.*)

FAUST *in armour, with half-closed visor. The three mighty ones, armed and clothed, as above.*

FAUST.

We come, we hope uncensured—foresight here
May yet avail, though needless it appear.
Thoughtful, thou know'st, and wise the mountain-race,
Of rock and nature they the secrets trace;
Spirits, who long have left the level ground,
Are to their rocky heights more firmly bound:

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Through labyrinthine clefts they labour, where
Rich fumes metallic fill the gaseous air;
Untired they separate, combine and test;
The hidden to make known is their sole quest;
With the light touch of spirit-might, they rear
Transparent figures, then in crystal clear
And its eternal silence, mirror'd true,
The doings of the upper-world they view.

EMPEROR.

This I have heard, and think that it may be;
But, honest man, say: what is this to me?

FAUST.

The Norcian sorcerer, the Sabine, he
True, honourable servant is to thee;
What ghastly fate appalled him, on the pyre!
Crackled the brushwood, rose the tongues of fire;
Dry faggots all around up-piled were seen,
Mingled with pitch, with brimstone-bars between,
Man's, god's, or devil's aid had been in vain—
Your majesty then burst the fiery chain!
'Twas there, in Rome. Deeply to thee he's bound,
And o'er thy path keeps watch with care profound;
Himself forgetting, from that moment he
Questions the stars, questions the depths for thee.
He bade us, at the swiftest, hither post,
To succour thee. Great powers the mountains boast:
There Nature works, omnipotently free—
The priest's dull mind blames it as sorcery.

EMPEROR.

On festal day when guest on guest we greet,
Joyful themselves, who joyance come to meet,
Well pleased we see them enter, each and all,
And, man by man, contract the spacious hall;
Yet highest welcome is the brave man's dower,
Who, as ally to aid us, comes with power,
When morning breaks, which doubtful issues wait,
While over it are poised the scales of Fate.
Nathless withhold awhile thy stalwart hand,
In this high moment, from the willing brand!

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Honour the hour, when many thousands wend
To battle, for or 'gainst me to contend!
Man's self is man! Who would be thron'd and crown'd,
Of the high honour must be worthy found.
Now may this phantom, that against us stands,
This self-styled emperor, ruler of our lands,
The army's duke, lord of our feudal train,
By my own hand, be thrust to death's domain!

FAUST.

Whate'er the need to end the glorious fight,
To peril thine own head cannot be right.
Is not the helm with crest and plumage deck'd?
The head, our zeal which fires, it doth protect.
Without the head what could the members do?
Let that but sleep, forthwith all slumber too;
If it be injured, all are straight unsound,
And all revive, if it with health be crown'd.
Promptly the arm its own strong right doth wield,
And to protect the skull uplifts the shield;
Its proper duty well the sword doth know,
Parries with strength, and then returns the blow;
The active foot shares in the common weal,
And on the slain foe's neck doth plant the heel.

EMPEROR.

Such is mine anger: him I thus would treat,
Make his proud head a foot-stool for my feet!

HERALDS (*returning*).

Little profit, little credit,
From our challenge did we gain;
Noble 'twas, yet while we read it,
Us they flouted with disdain:
"Spent your Emperor's power,"—they say,
"Like echo in yon narrow vale;
Would we think of him to-day;—
Once there was:—so runs the tale."

FAUST.

What hath occurred doth with their wish accord,
Who firm and true for thee would draw the sword.

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The foe approach; thy troops impatient stand;
The moment favours; straight the charge command!

EMPEROR.

To the command all claim I now resign.
(*To the* GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.)
To execute that duty, prince, be thine!

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

March then our right wing onward to the field!
The foemen's left, who even now ascend,
Ere they complete their final step, shall yield
To their tried valour who the slope defend!

FAUST.

Permission grant that this blithe hero be
Enrolled among thy ranks, immediately,
That with thy ranks incorporate, he may
Have for his powerful nature ample play.
(*He points to the right.*)

BULLY (*steps forward*).

His face to me who shows doth not escape,
Till both his jaws I've smashed with sudden bang;
His back to me who turns, I strike his nape,—
Dangling adown his back, neck, head, and top-knot hang!
And if, with sword and club, thy men
Will strike, as on I rage before,
Man over man down-smitten, then
The foe shall welter in their gore! (*Exit.*)

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

Now let the centre phalanx follow slow,
And in full force with caution meet the foe!
Distressed, they yield already on the right,
Their plan, by our attack, is shattered quite.

FAUST (*pointing to the middle one*).

Let this one also thy command obey.

HAVEQUICK (*steps forward*).

Unto the host's heroic pride,
Shall thirst for booty be allied;

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Upon this goal be all intent;
The rival emperor's sumptuous tent.
Not long upon his throne he'll boast indeed!
Myself to battle will this phalanx lead.

SPEED-BOOTY, Sutler-woman
(*fawning upon him*).

Although his wife I may not be,
A sweetheart dear is he to me.
For us what harvest now is ripe!
Woman is fierce when she doth gripe,
Is ruthless when she robs; press on,
All is allowed—when we have won. (*Exeunt.*)

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

Upon our left, as was to be expected,
With furious charge, their right is now directed.
The defile's rocky path they hope to gain;
To thwart their purpose man for man must strain.

FAUST (*beckons to the left*).

Sire, I entreat, look also on this one;
If strength be stronger made, no harm is done.

HOLDFAST (*steps forward*).

For the left wing dismiss all care!
For where I am, safe is possession there:
Herein doth age approve itself, we're told;
No lightning rendeth, what I hold! (*Exit.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES
(*coming down from above*).

Now to the back-ground turn your gaze;
Forth from the jagged and rocky ways,
See how the armèd warriors pour,
The narrow paths to straiten more,
With helm, shield, harness, sword and spear,
A wall they're forming in our rear,
Waiting the sign to strike the blow.
(*Aside, to the knowing ones.*)
From whence they come, ask not to know.
No time I lost; where I appear'd,
The armour-halls around were clear'd

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Footmen and horsemen, stood they there,
As if yet lords of earth they were;
Knight, emperor, king, they were of yore,
Now are they empty snail-shells, nothing more,—
Full many a ghost, thus arm'd for strife,
The middle ages have brought back to life;
What devilkin therein may lurk,
For this time it may do its work.

(*Aloud.*)

Hark, in their anger, how they clatter,
And like tin-plates, each other batter;
Torn banners too, flapping aloft one sees,
That wait impatiently to catch the breeze.
Reflect, an ancient race stands ready there,
And in this modern combat fain would share.

(*Terrible flourish of trumpets from above; perceptible wavering in the hostile army.*)

FAUST.

Now dark the whole horizon shows,
Yet here and there presageful glows
A ruddy and portentous ray;
The weapons gleam, distained with blood;
The atmosphere, the rock, the wood,
The heavens, mingle in the fray.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Firmly the right flank holds its ground;
Among them towering there I see
Stout Hans, the nimble giant, he
His wonted strokes now deals around.

EMPEROR.

First on one lifted arm I gazed,
A dozen now I see up-raised:
Not nature's laws are working here!

FAUST.

Of mist-wreaths hast not heard, above
The coast of Sicily that rove?
There hovering in day-light clear,
Up-lifted in the middle-air,
Mirror'd in exhalations rare,

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A wondrous show the vision takes.
There cities waver to and fro,
There gardens rise, now high, now low,
As form on form through ether breaks.

EMPEROR.

It looks suspicious! For I there
See all the lofty spear-tops glare;
And through our phalanx, on each lance
I see a nimble flamelet dance:
Too spectral seems to me the sight!

FAUST.

Pardon, my lord! The traces they
Of spirit-natures passed away,
A reflex of the mighty Pair,
By whom were sailors wont to swear:
Here they collect their final might.

EMPEROR.

To whom are we beholden, say,
That nature, for our weal to-day,
Her rarest powers should here unite?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To whom save him, that master high,
Thy fate who bears within his breast?
The strong threat of thine enemy
His soul hath stirred to deep unrest.
His gratitude will see thee saved,
Though death in the attempt he braved.

EMPEROR.

They cheered, with pomp around my march they pressed;
I now was something: That I fain would test,
So, without thought, it pleased me, then and there,
To grant to that white beard the cooling air.
Thus of the clergy I the sport have crossed,
And have, in sooth, thereby their favour lost;
Now shall I, when so many years are passed,
Of that glad deed the fruitage reap at last?

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FAUST.

Rich interest bears the generous deed.
Now heavenward be thy glance directed:
An omen he will send; give heed!
Straight it appears—as I expected.

EMPEROR.

An eagle hovers in the heavenly height;
A griffin, with wild threats, attends his flight.

FAUST.

Give heed! Auspicious seems the sign.
Your griffin is of fabled line;
How, self-forgetting, can he dare
Himself with genuine eagle to compare!

EMPEROR.

Forthwith, in wide-spread circles wending,
Around they wheel; now, through the sky,
Impetuous, they together fly,
Each other's throat and plumage rending.

FAUST.

Mark how the sorry griffin, torn
And ruffled sore, his flight now steereth,
With drooping lion-tail, forlorn,
And 'mid the tree-tops disappeareth.

EMPEROR.

So be it, e'en as these portend!
With wonder filled, I wait the end.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*towards the right*).

Pressed by our onslaught, oft-repeated,
Our foes must yield, well nigh defeated,
Yet, waging still a dubious fight,
Onward they press toward their right,
And thus embarrass in the fray
The left flank of their chief array.

Our phalanx its firm point doth bring,
Like lightning 'gainst their dexter wing,
The foe, where weakest, they engage.
Now, as when storm-vexed billows rage,

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Wildly contend, with equal might,
Both armies in the double fight.
More glorious deed was never done,
Ours is the field, the victory's won!

EMPEROR
(*on the left side, to* FAUST).

Suspicious yonder it doth seem;
Our station hazardous I deem,
No stones they hurl against the foe,
Scaled are the lower rocks, and lo!
Deserted those above appear;
The foe,—in solid mass, draw near;
With might and main still pressing on,
Perchance the passage they have won:
Of skill unholy such the end!
Your arts to futile issues tend! (*Pause.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hither, my ravens twain are winging!
For us what message are they bringing?
We are, I fear, in evil plight.

EMPEROR.

What want these birds, mischance portending?
They come their swarthy sails extending,
Straight from the hot and rocky fight.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the ravens*).

Close to mine ears now take your post.
Whom you protect, is never lost;
For shrewd your counsel is and right.

FAUST (*to the Emperor*)

Of pigeons thou hast heard, returning
Homeward, for nest and fledglings yearning,
Steering their flight from far off lands.
But here a difference obtaineth:
Pigeons suffice while peace still reigneth,
But war the raven-post demands.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The message tells of sore distresses.
See yonder how the tumult presses

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Our heroes' rocky wall around!
The nearest heights are now ascended,
Win they the pass by ours defended,
In sorry plight we should be found.

EMPEROR.

So I deluded am at last!
Around me you have drawn your net;
I've shudder'd, since it held me fast!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Take courage! Naught is lost as yet;
Patience unties the hardest knot!
Still sharpest is the final stand.
My trusty messengers I've got;
Command me, that I may command.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF
(*who meanwhile has arrived*).

With these thou hast thyself allied,
I long have grieved to see them at thy side;
No stable good doth conjuring earn.
To change the battle now I can't pretend;
They have begun it, they may end!
My staff I unto thee return.

EMPEROR.

It for some better hour retain,
Which Fate for us may have in store.
This fellow and his ravens twain,
His horrid comrades, I abhor!

(*To* MEPHISTOPHELES).

The staff I can't on thee bestow,
Thou seemest not the proper man;
Command, and save us from the foe!
Then happen may what happen can.
(*Exit into the tent with the* GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Him may the stupid staff defend!
To us small profit would it lend;
There was a kind of cross thereon.

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FAUST

What is to do?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, all is done!
Now haste, my cousins, swart and fleet,
To the great mountain lake; the Undines greet,
And for a seeming flood, entreat them fair!
The actual they indeed, through female art,
Hard to conceive, from semblance know to part;
That it the actual is, then each will swear. (*Pause.*)

FAUST.

The water-maidens must our raven-pair
Rightly have flattered and with cunning rare:
Yonder it drops already; see,
From many a bare rock's barren side,
Gushes the full, swift-flowing tide—
'Tis over with their victory.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Strange greeting give the rushing streams—
Perplexed the boldest climber seems.

FAUST.

Already downward brook to brook is sweeping,
Doubled from many a gorge again they're leaping;
A stately water-arch one stream doth throw;
Now o'er the rock's broad level smoothly gliding,
Anon, with flash and roar, again dividing,
It plunges step-wise to the vale below.
To stem the flood what boots their brave endeavour?
Them from the mighty flood may none deliver.
Before the tumult wild myself must quail!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nothing I see of all these watery lies;
They bring illusion but to human eyes;
With joy the wondrous change I hail.
Headlong the masses pour, a shining throng;
The fools imagine they will soon be drown'd,
And while they snort upon the solid ground,

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Like swimmers laughably they move along.
Now reigns confusion all around. (*The ravens return.*)
To the high master you I will commend.
Yourselves, would ye as masters prove—attend;
Straight to the glowing smithy fare,
To the dwarf-folk, who tireless there
Strike sparks from metal and from stone—
With them, while chattering, desire
A shining, dazzling, bursting fire,
As to man's highest fancy shown.
True, lightning-flashes gleaming from afar,
And, swift as vision, fall of loftiest star,
May happen every summer night;
But flashes amid tangled bushes found,
And stars that hiss upon the humid ground—
These are in sooth, no common sight:
So must ye, without much annoy,
Entreaties first, and then commands, employ.
(*Exeunt the ravens. All happens as prescribed.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thick darkness o'er the foe is spreading!
They in uncertainty are treading!
Deluding flashes everywhere;
Then blindness, from the sudden glare!—
All that has wondrously succeeded;
But now some terror-sound is needed.

FAUST.

The hollow weapons from the armouries,
Feel themselves stronger in the open breeze;
They rattle there above, and clatter on—
A wonderful discordant tone.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quite right. They can be reined no more;
As in the gracious times of yore,
The sound of knightly blows is rife;
Armlets and leg-protecting gear,
As Guelfs and Ghibellines appear,
Swift to renew the eternal strife:
Firm in transmitted hate, they close,

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While far and wide resound their blows,
The rancour ending but with life.

At last, in every devil's fête
Most potently works party-hate,
Till the last horror closes all;
Discordant sounds of rout and panic,
Between whiles, piercing, shrill, Satanic,
Through the wide valley rise and fall.

(*War tumult in the Orchestra, passing at last into cheerful military music.*)

The rival Emperor's tent. Throne, rich surroundings.

HAVEQUICK, SPEED-BOOTY.

SPEED-BOOTY.

So here the first we are, I see!

HAVEQUICK.

No raven flies so fast as we.

SPEED-BOOTY.

What treasure-heaps lie here and there!
Where to begin? To finish, where?

HAVEQUICK.

So full the space, I'm hard to please:
I know not what I first should seize!

SPEED-BOOTY.

This carpet is the thing for me,
My bed is apt too hard to be.

HAVEQUICK.

Here a steel-club is hanging, such,
Long, as mine own, I've wished to clutch.

SPEED-BOOTY.

The mantle red, with golden seams—
I've seen its fellow in my dreams.

HAVEQUICK (*taking the weapon*).

With this full soon the work is done:
One strikes him dead, and passes on.
Much hast thou packed, yet, for thy pains,
Nothing of worth thy sack contains:

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This plunder in its place may rest.
One among many, take this chest!
The host's appointed pay they hold;
Within its belly is pure gold.

SPEED-BOOTY.

A murderous weight is this! I may
Nor lift, nor carry it away.

HAVEQUICK.

Duck quickly! Thou must bend! I'll pack
The booty on thy stalwart back.

SPEED-BOOTY.

Alack! alack! 'Tis all in vain!
The load will break my back in twain.
(*The chest falls, and springs open.*)

HAVEQUICK.

There lies of ruddy gold a heap;
Be quick, the prize away to sweep!

SPEED-BOOTY (*stoops down*).

Now fling it in my lap with speed!
There's plenty to supply our need.

HAVEQUICK.

Now there's enough! Away then pack!
(*She rises.*)
The apron has a hole, alack!
Where thou dost stand, and where dost go,
The treasure lavishly dost sow.

HALBERDIERS (*of our Emperor*).

Sacred this place! What do ye here?
Why pillage thus the Emperor's gear?

HAVEQUICK.

Cheaply we sold our limbs, I trow!
Our share of spoil we gather now,
In hostile tents, the victors' due;
And we—why we are soldiers too.

HALBERDIERS.

It suits not in our ranks to be
Soldier at once and thief. For he

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To serve our Emperor who would claim,
Must bear an honest soldier's name!

HAVEQUICK.

Such honesty we know, by you
'Tis Contribution styled! Ye, too,
Upon the self-same footing live:
The pass-word of your trade is—Give!

(*To* SPEED-BOOTY).

Off with thy prey, right speedily!
For here no welcome guests are we.

(*Exeunt.*)

FIRST HALBERDIER.

Say, wherefore didst thou not bestow
Upon the rascal's cheek a blow?

SECOND.

I know not; me my strength forsook;
So phantom-like to me their look!

THIRD.

Something there came to mar my sight.
It glimmered—I saw naught aright.

FOURTH.

In sooth, I know not what to say.
So hot it was the live-long day!
Fearful, oppressive, close, as well;
While one man stood, another fell;
We groped, still striking at the foe;
Opponents fell at every blow—
Floated before our eyes a mist;
Then in our ear it buzzed, hummed, hissed.
So on it went—now are we here;
The manner of it is not clear!

Enter the EMPEROR, *with four Princes.*

(*The* HALBERDIERS *retire.*)

EMPEROR.

Be with him as it may, the day is ours. Sore-battered,
Over the level plain the foe in flight are scattered.
Here stands the vacant throne; with tapestry hung round,
The traitor's treasure too narrows the tented ground.

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By our own guards defended, we wait with exultation,
And with imperial pomp, the envoys of each nation.
Here from all sides arrive glad tidings hour by hour:
The realm is pacified, and gladly owns our power.
Though in our fight perchance some magic arts were wrought,
Yet at the last, ourselves—we, only we, have fought.
To combatants, in sooth, chance still may work for good—
From Heaven falls a stone, on foemen it rains blood;
Strange sounds of wondrous power from rocky caves may flow,
Which lift our courage high, and strike with fear the foe.
Object of lasting scorn, prostrate the vanquished lies,
While to the favouring God the victor's praises rise;
All blend with him, nor need that he should give the word—
"We praise Thee, Lord our God!" from million throats is heard.
Yet as the highest praise, my own breast I'll explore,
Searching with pious glance, which rarely happed before.
A young and joyous prince, of time may waste the dower:
Him years will teach, at last, th' importance of the hour.
Hence to ally myself with you, most worthy four,
For house, and court, and realm, will I delay no more.

(*To the* FIRST.)

Thine was, O Prince, the wise arrangement of the host,
And in the crisis thou heroic skill couldst boast;
Therefore work thou as may with times of peace accord.
Arch-Marshal name I thee; to thee I give the sword.

ARCH-MARSHAL.

Thy host, within the realm till now employed alone,
Shall on the border guard thy person and thy throne.
Then be it ours, when crowds make glad on festive day
Thy large ancestral hall, thy banquet to array.
I'll hold it at thy side, or bear it thee before,
Of highest majesty the escort evermore.

EMPEROR (*to the* SECOND).

With valour who, like thee, doth courtesy unite,
Arch-Chamberlain shall be. The duties are not light.

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Of all the house-retainers chief art thou; them I find
But sorry servants, still to household strife inclined:
In honour held, may they, from thy example, see
How they to prince, to court, to all, may gracious be.

ARCH-CHAMBERLAIN.

The master's lofty thought to further, bringeth grace:
Ever to aid the good, nor injure e'en the base,
Frank, without guile to be, and calm without disguise,
That thou shouldst know me, Sire, this boon alone I prize.
Dare fancy to that feast press on with pinions bold—
Thou goest to the board, I reach the ewer of gold,
Thy rings I take, that while joy reigneth and delight,
Thy hand may be refresh'd, while gladdens me thy light.

EMPEROR.

Too earnest feel I now to think of joyous fest;
Yet be it so—a glad commencement still is best!

(*To the* THIRD.)

Arch-Steward thee I choose. Therefore henceforth to thee
The chase, the poultry-yard, the farm shall subject be.
Choice of my favourite dishes still for me prepare,
As them the month brings round, and dressed with proper care.

ARCH-STEWARD.

Strict fasting be for me the duty that I boast,
Until before thee placed the dish to please thee most:
The kitchen-service shall with me co-operate,
The far to bring anear, seasons to ante-date.
Thee charm not viands rare, wherewith thy board is graced;
Simple and racy food, thereto inclines thy taste.

EMPEROR (*to the* FOURTH).

Since festivals perforce alone engage us now,
To Cupbearer transformed, young hero, straight be thou!
Arch-Cupbearer, henceforth the duty shall be thine
To see our cellars stored richly with generous wine.
Be temperate thyself; be not misled through mirth,
Howe'er allurements tempt, to which the hour gives birth!

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ARCH-CUPBEARER.

Your highness, youth itself, if trust therein be shown,
Stands, ere one looks around, to man's full stature grown.
Myself I too transport to that great festive day:
The imperial side-board then right nobly I'll array;
Of gold and silver there shall splendid vessels shine,
Yet first the loveliest cup will I select as thine—
A clear Venetian glass, wherein joy lurking waits:
The flavour it improves, yet ne'er inebriates.
In such a wondrous cup too great our trust may be;
Thy moderation, sire, still more protecteth thee.

EMPEROR.

What, in this solemn hour, I have conferred on you,
Receive with confidence, from valid lips and true;
Great is the Emperor's word, and every gift makes sure,
For confirmation yet there needs his signature.
This duty to prepare, and royal writ thereto,
The fitting man appears, at the fit moment too.

(*The* ARCHBISHOP *and* ARCH-CHANCELLOR *enter.*)

If to the key-stone trusts its weight the vaulted arch,
Securely built it then defies time's onward march.
Thou see'st four princes here. E'en now we have decided
How governance shall be for house and court provided.
What the whole realm concerns, be that with weight and power,
To you, ye princes five, entrusted from this hour.
In landed wealth ye shall all others far excel;
Hence, with their heritage who from our standard fell,
The bounds of your possessions I forthwith expand:
Ye faithful ones, be yours full many a goodly land,
Also the lofty right, should time the occasion send,
Through purchase, chance, exchange, their limits to extend;
To practise undisturb'd, this is secured to you,
What sovereign rights soe'er, as land-lords, are your due;
As judges, be it yours to speak the final doom,—
From your high stations none will to appeal presume.

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Then tribute, tax, and tithe, safe-conduct, toll, and fee,
Mine-salt, and coinage-dues, your property shall be.
That thus my gratitude may validly be shown,
In rank I you have raised next the Imperial throne.

ARCHBISHOP.

In name of all be given our deepest thanks to thee!
Us mak'st thou strong and firm,—thy power shall strengthened be.

EMPEROR.

Yet higher dignities I to you five will give.
Still live I for my realm, and still rejoice to live;
Nathless of my great sires the chain withdraws my gaze,
From keen endeavour back, the coming doom to face:
I also, in *His* time, must bid my friends adieu;
The emperor to name shall then belong to you.
On the high altar raised, crown ye his sacred brow,
And peacefully shall end, what stormful was e'en now!

ARCH-CHANCELLOR.

With pride in their deep breasts, with lowly gestures, stand
Princes, before thee bow'd, the foremost of the land.
So long as in our veins the faithful current plays,
The body we, which still thy lightest impulse sways!

EMPEROR.

And, to conclude, what we to-day have done, made sure,
Shall be henceforth for aye, by writ and signature;
Ye hold indeed as lords, possession, full and free,
Yet on these terms—that it partioned ne'er shall be,
And howsoe'er encreased, what ye from us receive
Ye to your eldest son shall undivided leave.

ARCH-CHANCELLOR.

For our weal and the realm's, to parchment will I straight,
With joyful mind, confide a statute of such weight;
The Chancery shall seal and document procure,
Then shall confirm it, Sire, thy sacred signature!

EMPEROR.

And so I you dismiss, that on this glorious day,
In solemn conclave met, deliberate ye may.

(*The temporal lords retire. The* ARCHBISHOP *remains, and speaks in a pathetic tone.*)

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ARCHBISHOP.

The chancellor is gone; the bishop doth remain,
His father's heart for thee trembles with anxious pain:
Him a deep warning soul impels thine ear to seek.

EMPEROR.

What in this joyous hour is thy misgiving? Speak!

ARCHBISHOP.

With what a bitter pang find I, in such an hour,
Thy consecrated head in league with Satan's power!
Confirm'd upon thy throne, as it appeareth,—true;
But in despite of God, and Father Pontiff too!
Hearing of this, forthwith, will he pronounce thy doom;
With sacred fire thy realm, accurst, will he consume;
For he forgets not how, the day when thou wast crown'd,
E'en at that hour supreme, the sorcerer hast unbound;
To Christendom's foul shame, on that accursed head,
From out thy diadem, mercy's first beam was shed.
Now smite upon thy breast, and from thy guilty prey
Back to our holy church some little share repay.
The broad hill-space whereon thy tent did lately stand,
Where, thee to aid, themselves did evil spirits band,
There, where the Prince of Lies did late thine ears abuse,
Taught piously, that spot devote to pious use,—
With mountains and thick wood, so far as they extend,
With verdant slopes which yield rich pasture, without end;
Clear lakes, alive with fish, unnumber'd brooks that flow,
With swift and snakelike course, down to the vale below;
Then the broad vale itself, with meadow, hollow, plain—
Let thy repentance speak, and mercy thou'lt obtain!

EMPEROR.

For this, my grievous fault, terror so fills my mind,
By thine own measure be the bounds by thee assign'd.

ARCHBISHOP.

First shall the space defiled, by sin so desecrated,
To service of the Highest straight be consecrated!
Swift, to the spirit-eye, the massive walls aspire,
The morning sun's first beam already gilds the choir;

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Cross-wise the structure grows, the nave, in length and height
Expanding, straightway fills believers with delight.
Through the wide portal now, they throng with ardent zeal,
While over hill and vale resounds the bells' first peal—
From lofty towers they ring, which heavenward strive amain,
The penitent draws near, there to be born again.
On consecration day—that day soon may we see!—
The highest ornament shall then thy presence be.

EMPEROR.

And be my pious wish, through work so great made known,
The Lord our God to praise, and for my sin atone!
Enough! Already raised my spirit now I feel.

ARCHBISHOP.

As chancellor, I claim both covenant and seal.

EMPEROR.

A deed which to the church shall all these rights secure—
Bring it, I will with joy affix my signature.

ARCHBISHOP

(takes leave, but turns back again at the door).

Thou, as the work proceeds, to it must dedicate
The land's collective dues—tribute, and tithe, and rate—
For ever. Ample wealth for due support we need,
And careful governance still heavy costs doth breed.
For swift erection too, on spot so waste, some gold,
From thy rich plunder, thou from us wilt not withhold.
Moreover, we shall want—this I cannot disguise—
Timber, and lime, and slate, and such far-off supplies;
Taught from the pulpit, these the willing people bears:
The church still blesses him, who for her service cares.
(Exit.)

EMPEROR.

Heavy and sore the sin whose burden I bewail!
Those odious sorcerers have wrought me grievous bale!

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ARCHBISHOP

(returning once more with profound obeisance).

Pardon, O Sire, thou hast to that unworthy man
The realm's seashore conveyed; yet him shall smite the ban,
Unless with tithe and dues, with rent and taxes, thou,
Repentant, also there our holy church endow.

EMPEROR *(with ill-humour).*

The land is not yet there; broad in the sea it lies.

ARCHBISHOP.

For him the time will come who potent is and wise.
For us still may your word in its full powers remain.

(Exit.)

EMPEROR *(alone).*

So may I sign away the realm o'er which I reign!

ACT THE FIFTH.

Open country.

WANDERER.

Yes, 'tis they, their branches rearing,
Hoary lindens, strong in age;—
There I find them, reappearing,
After my long pilgrimage!
'Tis the very spot;—how gladly
Yonder hut once more I see,
By the billows raging madly,
Cast ashore, which sheltered me!
My old hosts, I fain would greet them,
Helpful they, an honest pair;
May I hope to-day to meet them?
Even then they aged were.
Worthy folk, in God believing!
Shall I knock? or raise my voice?

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Hail to you if, guest receiving,
In good deeds ye still rejoice!

BAUCIS (*a very aged woman*).

Stranger dear, beware of breaking
My dear husband's sweet repose!
Strength for brief and feeble waking
Lengthened sleep on age bestows.

WANDERER.

Mother, say then, do I find thee,
To receive my thanks once more,
In my youth who didst so kindly,
With thy spouse, my life restore?
Baucis, to my lips half-dying,
Art thou, who refreshment gave?

(*The husband steps forth.*)

Thou Philemon, strength who plying,
Snatched my treasure from the wave?
By your flames, so promptly kindled,
By your bell's clear silver sound—
That adventure, horror-mingled,
Hath a happy issue found.
Forward let me step, and gazing
Forth upon the boundless main,
Kneel, and thankful prayers upraising,
Ease of my full heart the strain!

(*He walks forward upon the downs.*)

PHILEMON (*to* BAUCIS).

Haste to spread the table, under
The green leafage of our trees.
Let him run, struck dumb with wonder,
Scarce he'll credit what he sees.

(*He follows the wanderer. Standing beside him.*)

Where the billows did maltreat you,
Wave on wave in fury rolled,
There a garden now doth greet you,
Fair as Paradise of old.
Grown more aged, as when stronger,
I could render aid no more;
And, as waned my strength, no longer

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Rolled the sea upon the shore:
Prudent lords, bold serfs directing,
It with trench and dyke restrained;
Ocean's rights no more respecting,
Lords they were, where he had reigned.
See, green meadows far extending;—
Garden, village, woodland, plain.
But return we, homeward wending,
For the sun begins to wane.
In the distance sails are gliding,
Nightly they to port repair;
Bird-like, in their nests confiding,
For a haven waits them there.
Far away mine eye discerneth
First the blue fringe of the main;
Right and left, where'er it turneth,
Spreads the thickly-peopled plain.

In the Garden. The three at table.

BAUCIS (*to the stranger*).

Art thou dumb? No morsel raising
To thy famished lips?

PHILEMON.

I trow,
He of wonders so amazing
Fain would hear; inform him thou.

BAUCIS.

There was wrought a wonder truly,
Yet no rest it leaves to me;
Naught in the affair was duly
Done, as honest things should be!

PHILEMON.

Who as sinful can pronounce it?
'Twas the emperor gave the shore;—
Did the trumpet not announce it
As the herald passed our door?
Footing firm they first have planted
Near these downs. Tents, huts, appeared;

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O'er the green, the eye, enchanted,
Saw ere long a palace reared.

BAUCIS.

Shovel, axe, no labour sparing,
Vainly plied the men by day;
Where the fires at night shone flaring,
Stood a dam, in morning's ray.
Still from human victims bleeding,
Wailing sounds were nightly borne;
Seaward sped the flames, receding;
A canal appeared at morn!
Godless is he, naught respecting;
Covets he our grove, our cot;
Though our neighbour, us subjecting,
Him to serve will be our lot.

PHILEMON.

Yet he bids, our claims adjusting,
Homestead fair in his new land.

BAUCIS.

Earth, from water saved, mistrusting,
On thine own height take thy stand.

PHILEMON.

Let us, to the chapel wending,
Watch the sun's last rays subside;
Let us ring, and prayerful bending,
In our fathers' God confide!

Palace.

Spacious ornamental garden; broad, straight canal.
FAUST *in extreme old age, walking about, meditating.*

LYNCEUS, THE WARDER
(through a speaking trumpet).

The sun sinks down, the ships belated
Rejoicing to the haven steer.
A stately galley, deeply freighted,
On the canal, now draweth near;
Her chequer'd flag the breeze caresses,
The masts unbending bear the sails:

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Thee now the grateful seaman blesses,
Thee at this moment Fortune hails.
(*The bell rings on the downs.*)

FAUST (*starting*).

Accursed bell! Its clamour sending,
Like spiteful shot it wounds mine ear!
Before me lies my realm unending;
Vexation dogs me in the rear;
For I, these envious chimes still hearing,
Must at my narrow bounds repine;
The linden grove, brown hut thence peering,
The mouldering church, these are not mine.
Refreshment seek I, there repairing?
Another's shadow chills my heart,
A thorn, nor foot nor vision sparing,—
O far from hence could I depart!

WARDER (*as above*).

How, wafted by the evening gales,
Blithely the painted galley sails;
On its swift course, how richly stored!
Chest, coffer, sack, are heaped aboard.

A splendid galley, richly and brilliantly laden with the produce of foreign climes.

MEPHISTOPHELES. *The three mighty comrades.*

CHORUS.

Here do we land,
Here are we now.
Hail to our lord;
Our patron, thou!

(*They disembark. The goods are brought ashore.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So have we proved our worth—content
If we our patron's praises earn:
With but two ships abroad we went,
With twenty we to port return.
By our rich lading all may see
The great successes we have wrought.
Free ocean makes the spirit free:

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There claims compunction ne'er a thought!
A rapid grip there needs alone;
A fish, a ship, on both we seize.
Of three if we the lordship own,
Straightway we hook a fourth with ease,
Then is the fifth in sorry plight—
Who hath the power, has still the right;
The *What* is asked for, not the *How*.
Else know I not the seaman's art:
War, commerce, piracy, I trow,
A trinity, we may not part.

THE THREE MIGHTY COMRADES.

No thank and hail;
No hail and thank!
As were our cargo
Vile and rank!
Disgust upon
His face one sees:
The kingly wealth
Doth him displease!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Expect ye now
No further pay;
For ye your share
Have ta'en away.

THE THREE MIGHTY COMRADES.

To pass the time,
As was but fair;
We all expect
An equal share.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

First range in order,
Hall on hall,
These wares so costly,
One and all!
And when he steps
The prize to view,

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And reckons all
With judgment true,
He'll be no niggard;
As is meet,
Feast after feast
He'll give the fleet.
The gay birds come with morning tide;
Myself for them can best provide.
(*The cargo is removed.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

With gloomy look, with earnest brow
Thy fortune high receivest thou.
Thy lofty wisdom has been crowned;
Their limits shore and sea have found;
Forth from the shore, in swift career,
O'er the glad waves, thy vessels steer;
Speak only from thy pride of place,
Thine arm the whole world doth embrace.
Here it began; on this spot stood
The first rude cabin formed of wood;
A little ditch was sunk of yore
Where plashes now the busy oar.
Thy lofty thought, thy people's hand,
Have won the prize from sea and land.
From here too——

FAUST.

That accursed here!
It weighs upon me! Lend thine ear;—
To thine experience I must tell,
With thrust on thrust, what wounds my heart;
To bear it is impossible——
Nor can I, without shame, impart:
The old folk there above must yield;
Would that my seat those lindens were;
Those few trees not mine own, that field,
Possession of the world impair.
There I, wide view o'er all to take,
From bough to bough would scaffolds raise;
Would, for the prospect, vistas make,
On all that I have done to gaze;

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To see at once before me brought
The master-work of human thought,
Where wisdom hath achieved the plan,
And won broad dwelling-place for man.—
Thus are we tortured;—in our weal,
That which we lack, we sorely feel!
The chime, the scent of linden-bloom,
Surround me like a vaulted tomb.
The will that nothing could withstand,
Is broken here upon the sand:
How from the vexing thought be safe?
The bell is pealing, and I chafe!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such spiteful chance, 'tis natural,
Must thy existence fill with gall.
Who doubts it! To each noble ear,
This clanging odious must appear;
This cursed ding-dong, booming loud,
The cheerful evening-sky doth shroud,
With each event of life it blends,
From birth to burial it attends,
Until this mortal life doth seem,
Twixt ding and dong, a vanished dream!

FAUST.

Resistance, stubborn selfishness,
Can trouble lordliest success,
Till, in deep angry pain one must
Grow tired at last of being first!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why let thyself be troubled here?
Is colonizing not thy sphere?

FAUST.

Then go, to move them be thy care!
Thou knowest well the homestead fair,
I've chosen for the aged pair—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We'll bear them off, and on new ground
Set them, ere one can look around.

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The violence outlived and past,
Shall a fair home atone at last.

(*He whistles shrilly.*)

The THREE *enter.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come! straight fulfil the lord's behest;
The fleet to-morrow he will feast.

THE THREE.

The old lord us did ill requite;
A sumptuous feast is ours by right.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the spectators*),

What happ'd of old, here happens too:
Still Naboth's vineyard meets the view.
(1 *Kings* xvi.)

Deep night.

LYNCEUS THE WARDER (*on the watch-tower, singing*).

Keen vision my birth-dower,
I'm placed on this height,
Still sworn to the watch-tower,
The world's my delight.
I gaze on the distant,
I look on the near,
On moon and on planet,
On wood and the deer:
The beauty eternal
In all things I see;
And pleased with myself
All bring pleasure to me.
Glad eyes, look around ye
And gaze, for whate'er
The sight they encounter,
It still hath been fair!

(*Pause.*)

Not alone for pleasure-taking
Am I planted thus on high;
What dire vision, horror-waking,
From yon dark world scares mine eye!
Fiery sparkles see I gleaming

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Through the lindens' two-fold night;
By the breezes fanned, their beaming
Gloweth now with fiercer light!
Ah! the peaceful hut is burning;
Stood its moss-grown walls for years;
They for speedy help are yearning—
And no rescue, none appears!
Ah the aged folk, so kindly,
Once so careful of the fire,
Now, to smoke a prey, they blindly
Perish, oh misfortune dire!
'Mid red flames, the vision dazing,
Stands the moss-hut, black and bare;
From the hell, so fiercely blazing,
Could we save the honest pair!
Lightning-like the fire advances,
'Mid the foliage, 'mid the branches;
Withered boughs,—they flicker, burning,
Swiftly glow, then fall;—ah me!
Must mine eyes, this woe discerning,
Must they so far-sighted be!
Down the lowly chapel crashes
'Neath the branches' fall and weight;
Winding now, the pointed flashes
To the summit climb elate.
Roots and trunks the flames have blighted;
Hollow, purple-red, they glow!

(*Long pause. Song.*)

Gone, what once the eye delighted,
With the ages long ago!

FAUST (*on the balcony, towards the downs*).

From above what plaintive whimper?
Word and tone are here too late!
Wails my warder; me, in spirit
Grieves this deed precipitate!
Though in ruin unexpected
Charred now lie the lindens old,
Soon a height will be erected,
Whence the boundless to behold.

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I the home shall see, enfolding
In its walls, that ancient pair,
Who, my gracious care beholding,
Shall their lives end joyful there.

MEPHISTOPHELES *and* THE THREE (*below*).

Hither we come full speed. We crave
Your pardon! Things have not gone right!
Full many a knock and kick we gave,
They opened not, in our despite;
Then rattled we and kick'd the more,
And prostrate lay the rotten door;
We called aloud with threat severe,
Yet sooth we found no listening ear.
And as in such case still befalls,
They heard not, would not hear our calls;
Forthwith thy mandate we obeyed,
And straight for thee a clearance made.
The pair—their sufferings were light,
Fainting they sank, and died of fright.
A stranger, harbour'd there, made show
Of force, full soon was he laid low;
In the brief space of this wild fray,
From coals, that strewn around us lay,
The straw caught fire; 'Tis blazing free,
As funeral death-pyre for the three.

FAUST.

To my commandments deaf were ye!
Exchange I wished, not robbery.
For this your wild and ruthless part;—
I curse it! Share it and depart!

CHORUS.

The ancient saw still rings to-day:
Force with a willing mind obey;
If boldly thou canst stand the test,
Stake house, court, life, and all the rest!
(*Exeunt.*)

FAUST.

The stars their glance and radiance veil;
Smoulders the sinking fire, a gale

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Fans it with moisture-laden wings,
Vapour to me and smoke it brings.
Rash mandate—rashly too obeyed!—
What hither sweeps like spectral shade?

Midnight.
Four gray women enter.

FIRST.

My name, it is Want.

SECOND.

And mine, it is Blame.

THIRD.

My name, it is Care.

FOURTH.

Need, that is my name.

THREE (*together*).

The door is fast-bolted, we cannot get in;
The owner is wealthy, we may not within.

WANT.

There fade I to shadow.

BLAME.

There cease I to be.

NEED.

His visage the pampered still turneth from me.

CARE.

Ye sisters, ye cannot, ye dare not go in;
But Care through the key-hole an entrance may win.
(CARE *disappears.*)

WANT.

Sisters, gray sisters, away let us glide!

BLAME.

I bind myself to thee, quite close to thy side.

NEED.

And Need at your heels doth with yours blend her breath.*

* Noth and Tod, the German equivalents for Need and Death, form a rhyme. As this cannot be rendered in English, I have introduced a slight alteration into my translation.

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THE THREE.

Fast gather the clouds, they eclipse star on star.
Behind there, behind, from afar, from afar,
There comes he, our brother, there cometh he—Death.

FAUST (*in the palace*).

Four saw I come, but only three went hence.
Of their discourse I could not catch the sense;
There fell upon mine ear a sound like breath,
Thereon a gloomy rhyme-word followed—Death;
Hollow the sound, with spectral horror fraught!
Not yet have I, in sooth, my freedom wrought;
Could I my pathway but from magic free,
And quite unlearn the spells of sorcery,
Stood I, oh nature, man alone 'fore thee,
Then were it worth the trouble man to be!
Such was I once, ere I in darkness sought,
And curses dire, through words with error fraught,
Upon myself and on the world have brought;
So teems the air with falsehood's juggling brood,
That no one knows how them he may elude!
If but one day shines clear, in reason's light—
In spectral dream envelopes us the night;
From the fresh fields, as homeward we advance—
There croaks a bird: what croaks he? some mischance!
Ensnared by superstition, soon and late;
As sign and portent, it on us doth wait—
By fear unmanned, we take our stand alone;
The portal creaks, and no one enters,—none.

(*Agitated.*)

Is some one here?

CARE.

The question prompteth, yes!

FAUST.

What art thou then?

CARE.

Here, once for all, am I.

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FAUST.

Withdraw thyself!

CARE.

My proper place is this.

FAUST

(*first angry, then appeased. Aside*).

Take heed, and speak no word of sorcery.

CARE.

Though by outward ear unheard,
By my moan the heart is stirred;
And in ever-changeful guise,
Cruel force I exercise;
On the shore and on the sea,
Comrade dire hath man in me,
Ever found, though never sought,
Flattered, cursed, so have I wrought.
Hast thou as yet Care never known

FAUST.

I have but hurried through the world, I own.
I by the hair each pleasure seized;
Relinquished what no longer pleased,
That which escaped me I let go,
I've craved, accomplished, and then craved again;
Thus through my life I've storm'd—with might and main,
Grandly, with power, at first; but now indeed,
It goes more cautiously, with wiser heed.
I know enough of earth, enough of men;
The view beyond is barred from mortal ken;
Fool, who would yonder peer with blinking eyes,
And of his fellows dreams above the skies!
Firm let him stand, the prospect round him scan,
Not mute the world to the true-hearted man.
Why need he wander through eternity?
What he can grasp, that only knoweth he.
So let him roam adown earth's fleeting day;
If spirits haunt, let him pursue his way;
In joy or torment ever onward stride,
Though every moment still unsatisfied!

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CARE.

To him whom I have made mine own
All profitless the world hath grown:
Eternal gloom around him lies;
For him suns neither set nor rise;
With outward senses perfect, whole,
Dwell darknesses within his soul;
Though wealth he owneth, ne'ertheless
He nothing truly can possess.
Weal, woe, become mere phantasy;
He hungers 'mid satiety;
Be it joy, or be it sorrow,
He postpones it till the morrow;
Of the future thinking ever,
Prompt for present action never.

FAUST.

Forbear! Thou shalt not come near me!
I will not hear such folly. Hence!
Avaunt! This evil litany
The wisest even might bereave of sense.

CARE.

Shall he come or go? He ponders;—
All resolve from him is taken;
On the beaten path he wanders,
Groping on, as if forsaken.
Deeper still himself he loses,
Everything his sight abuses,
Both himself and others hating,
Taking breath—and suffocating,
Without life—yet scarcely dying,
Not desparing—not relying.
Rolling on without remission:
Loathsome ought, and sad permission,
Now deliverance, now vexation,
Semi-sleep,—poor recreation,
Nail him to his place and wear him,
And at last for hell prepare him,

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FAUST.

Unblessèd spectres! Ye mankind have so
Treated a thousand times, their thoughts deranging;
E'en uneventful days to mar ye know,
Into a tangled web of torment changing!
'Tis hard, I know, from demons to get free,
The mighty spirit-bond by force untying;
Yet Care, I never will acknowledge thee,
Thy strong in-creeping, potency defying.

CARE.

Feel it then now; as thou shalt find
When with a curse from thee I've wended:
Through their whole lives are mortals blind—
So be thou, Faust, ere life be ended!
(*She breathes on him.*)

FAUST (*blind*).

Deeper and deeper night is round me sinking;
Only within me shines a radiant light.
I haste to realize, in act, my thinking;
The master's word, that only giveth might.
Up, vassals, from your couch! my project bold,
Grandly completed, now let all behold!
Seize ye your tools; your spades, your shovels ply;
The work laid down, accomplish instantly!
Strict rule, swift diligence,—these twain
The richest recompence obtain.
Completion of the greatest work demands
One guiding spirit for a thousand hands.

Great fore-court of the Palace.
Torches.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*as overseer leading the way.*)

This way! this way! Come on! come on!
Ye Lemures, loose of tether,
Of tendon, sinew, and of bone,
Half natures, patched together!

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LEMURES (*in chorus*).

At thy behest we're here at hand;
Thy destined aim half guessing—
It is that we a spacious land
May win for our possessing.
Sharp-pointed stakes we bring with speed,
Long chains wherewith to measure.
But we've forgotten why indeed
To call us was thy pleasure.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No artist-toil we need to-day;
Sufficeth your own measure here:
At his full length the tallest let him lay!
Ye others round him straight the turf uprear;
As for our sires was done of yore,
An oblong square delve ye once more.
Out of the palace to the narrow home—
So at the last the sorry end must come!

LEMURES

(*digging, with mocking gestures*).

In youth when I did live and love,
Methought, it was very sweet!
Where frolic rang and mirth was rife,
Thither still sped my feet.

Now with his crutch hath spiteful age
Dealt me a blow full sore:
I stumbled o'er a yawning grave,
Why open stood the door!

FAUST

(*comes forth from the palace, groping his way by the door posts*).

How doth the clang of spades delight my soul!
For me my vassals toil, the while
Earth with itself they reconcile,
The waves within their bounds control,
And gird the sea with stedfast zone—

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

And yet for us dost work alone,

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While thou for dam and bulwark carest;
Since thus for Neptune thou preparest,
The water-fiend, a mighty fête;
Before thee naught but ruin lies;
The elements are our allies;
Onward destruction strides elate.

FAUST.

Inspector!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here.

FAUST.

As many as you may,
Bring crowds on crowds to labour here;
Them by reward and rigour cheer;
Persuade, entice, give ample pay!
Each day be tidings brought me at what rate
The moat extends which here we excavate.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*half aloud*).

They speak, as if to me they gave
Report, not of a moat—but of a grave.*

FAUST.

A marsh along the mountain chain
Infecteth what's already won;
Also the noisome pool to drain—
My last best triumph then were won:
To many millions space I thus should give,
Though not secure, yet free to toil and live;
Green fields and fertile; men, with cattle blent,
Upon the newest earth would dwell content,
Settled forthwith upon the firm-based hill,
Up-lifted by a valiant people's skill;
Within, a land like Paradise; outside,
E'en to the brink, roars the impetuous tide,
And as it gnaws, striving to enter there,
All haste, combined, the damage to repair.

* The play of words contained in the original cannot be reproduced in translation, the German for moat being Graben, and for grave Grab.

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Yea, to this thought I cling, with virtue rife,
Wisdom's last fruit, profoundly true:
Freedom alone he earns as well as life,
Who day by day must conquer them anew.
So girt by danger, childhood bravely here,
Youth, manhood, age, shall dwell from year to year;
Such busy crowds I fain would see,
Upon free soil stand with a people free;
Then to the moment might I say:
Linger awhile, so fair thou art!
Nor can the traces of my earthly day
Through ages from the world depart!
In the presentiment of such high bliss,
The highest moment I enjoy—'tis this.

(FAUST *sinks back, the* LEMURES *lay hold of him and lay him upon the ground.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Him could no pleasure sate, no joys appease,
So wooed he ever changeful phantasies;
The last worst empty moment to retain,
E'en to the last, the sorry wretch was fain.
Me who so stoutly did withstand—
Time conquers,—lies the old man on the sand!
The clock stands still—

CHORUS.

Stands still, no sound is heard;
The index falls—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It falls, 'tis finished now.

CHORUS.

Yes, it is past!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Past, 'tis a stupid word.
Why past?
Past and pure nothingness are one, I trow.
Of what avail creation's ceaseless play?
Created things forthwith to sweep away?
"There, now 'tis past."—'Tis past, what may it mean?
It is as good as if it ne'er had been,

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And yet as if it Being did possess,
Still in a circle it doth ceaseless press:
I should prefer the Eternal—Emptiness.

(*BURIAL.*)

LEMUR (*solo*).

Who hath the house so badly built,
With shovel and with spade?

LEMURES (*in chorus*).

For thee, sad guest, in hempen vest,
'Tis all too deftly made.

LEMUR (*solo*).

Who furnished hath so ill the place?
Chair, table, where are they?

LEMURES (*in chorus*).

Short was the let; there came apace
New claimants, day by day.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There lies the body, would the spirit flee,
I'd show him speedily the blood-sign'd scroll—
Yet they've so many methods, woe is me,
To cheat the devil now of many a soul!
On the old way one is not sure;
Upon the new we're not commended;
Else had I done it unattended,
Assistants must I now procure.
In all things we're in evil plight!
Transmitted usage, ancient right—
In these the time for confidence is past.
With the last breath once sped the soul away;
And like the nimblest mouse, I watched my prey;
Snap! Locked within my claws I held it fast;
Now she delays, nor will the dismal cell,
The loathsome body, leave, though reft of life,
The elements, in ceaseless strife,
Her, in the end, disgracefully expel.
For days and hours I've plagued myself ere now;—
Abides the sorry question;—when? where? how?

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Old death has lost his power, once swift and strong;
If dead or no? in doubt we tarry long;
On rigid members oft I've lustful gazed;
'Twas but a feint, it stirred, once more itself upraised!

(*Fantastic gestures of conjuration.*)

Come swiftly on! Double your speed; no pause!
Lords of the straight, lords of the crooked horn!
Chips of the ancient block, true devils born,
Hither bring ye forthwith Hell's murky jaws.
Hell, to be sure, full many jaws may claim;
Which gape as rank enjoins, and dignity;
But we however in this final game,
Not so particular henceforth will be.

(*The ghastly jaws of Hell open on the left.*)

Clatter the corner-teeth; the fire-stream whirling,
The vault's abyss doth overflow,
And through the background-smoke up-curling
The town of flame I see in endless glow;
Up to the very teeth the ruddy billow dashes;
The damned, salvation hoping, swim amain,
Them in his jaws the huge hyæna crashes,
Then they retrace their path of fiery pain.
In nooks fresh horrors lurk to scare the sight,
In narrowest space supremest agony:
Full well ye do, thus sinners to affright,
They hold it but for dream, deceit and lie.

(*To the stout devils, with short straight horns.*)

Now, paunchy slaves, with cheeks that hotly burn,
On hellish brimstone richly fed, ye glow,
Clumsy and short, with necks that never turn—
For gleam like phosphor-light, watch here below:
It is the soul, Psyche, with soaring wing;
The wings pluck off, so 'tis a sorry worm.
First with my seal I'll stamp the ugly thing,
Then off with it to fiery-whirling-storm!

Mark ye the lower regions duly,
Ye bladders! 'tis your duty so!
If there she likes to harbour,—truly,
We cannot accurately know;

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She in the navel loves to bide:
Take heed, lest from you thence away she glide!

(*To the lean devils, with long crooked horns.*)

Buffoons, ye fuglemen, a giant crew,
Grasp in the air, still clutch without repose,
With out-stretched arms, claws sharp and pliant too,
The fluttering, fleeing creature to enclose!
In her old home she rests uneasily,
Genius aspires, it fain would soar on high.

(*Glory from above, on the right.*)

THE HEAVENLY HOST.

Follow, ye envoys blest,
Leave, brood of heaven, your rest,
Earthward to steer:
Sinners do ye forgive,
Dust cause ye now to live!
Floating on out-spread wing
Through nature's sphere,
Kindliest traces bring
Of your career!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Discordant tones I hear, an odious noise
Comes with unwelcome daylight from above:
A maukish whimper, fit for girls and boys,
Such as a canting taste doth still approve.
Ye know how we, in hours with curses fraught,
Planned the destruction of the human race:
The most atrocious product of our thought
In their devotion finds a fitting place.

They come, the fools, in hypocritic guise!
Full many a soul from us they've snatch'd away—
With our own weapons warring 'gainst us, they
Are devils also, only in disguise.
Here your defeat eternal shame would bring;
On to the grave, and to the margin cling!

CHORUS OF ANGELS (*scattering roses*).

Roses, with dazzling sheen,
Balsam out-pouring!

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Float heaven and earth between,
Sweet life restoring!
Branchlets with plumy wing,
Buds softly opening
Hasten to blow!
Burst into verdure, Spring,
Purple and green!
To him who sleeps below,
Paradise bring!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the Satans*).

Why duck and shrink? Is this hell's wonted way?
Stand firm, and let them scatter to and fro.
Back to his place each fool! Imagine they,
Forsooth, with such a pretty flowery show,
To cover the hot devils, as with snow?
They'll shrink and shrivel where your breathings play.

Blow now, ye Blowers! Hold! not quite so fast!
Pales the whole bevy 'neath your fiery blast.
Not quite so fiercely! Mouth and nostril close!
Your breathing now too strongly blows.
O that ye never the just mean will learn!
That shrivels not alone, 'twill scorch and burn.

Floating they come, with poisonous flames and clear;
Stand firm against them, press together here!—

Force is extinguished, courage all is spent;
A strange alluring glow the devils scent.

ANGELS.

Blossoms, with rapture crown'd,
Flames fraught with gladness,
Love they diffuse around,
Banishing sadness,
As the heart may:
Words, blessed truth that tell,
Give, by their potent spell,
Spirits eterne to dwell
In endless day!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A curse upon the idiot band!
Upon their heads the Satans stand!

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Tail-foremost down the hellward path
Plunge round and round the clumsy host.
Enjoy your well-earned fiery bath!
But for my part, I'll keep my post.
(*Striking aside the hovering roses.*)
Off, will o' the wisp! How bright soe'er thy ray,
Captured, thou'rt but an odious, pulpy thing;
Why flutterest? Wilt vanish, straight away!—
Like pitch and brimstone to my neck dost cling?

ANGEL (*chorus*).

Doth aught thy nature mar?
Cease to endure it;
If 'gainst thy soul it war,
Must ye abjure it;
If to press in it try,
Quell it right valiantly!
'Tis love the loving-one
Leadeth on high.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm all aflame, head, heart, and liver burn—
An over-devilish element,
Than hellish fire more sharp by far!
Hence ye so mightily lament,
Unhappy lovers, who, when scorned ye are,
After your sweethearts still your necks must turn.
Thus too with me, what draws my head aside?
Them have I not to deadly war defied?
My fiercest hate their aspect waked of yore;
Hath something alien pierced me through and through?
These gracious youths, them am I fain to view!—
What now restrains me that I curse no more?
And if befooled I now should be,
Who may henceforth "the fool" be styled?—
The rascals, whom I hate, for me
Too lovely are, I fairly am beguiled!
Sweet children, tell me, to the race
Belong ye not of Lucifer?
So fair ye seem, you I would fain embrace!

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At the right moment ye appear;
So pleasant 'tis, so natural, as though
I you had seen a thousand times before,
So lustfully alluring now ye show.
With every look your beauty charms me more!
O nearer come! O grant me but one glance!

ANGEL.

We come, why dost thou shrink as we advance?
So, if thou canst, abide; go not away.
(*The angels hover round, and occupy the entire space.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES
(*who is pressed into the proscenium*).

As spirits damned we're blamed by you—
Yourselves are yet the sorcerers true,
For man and maid ye lead astray.—
A curs'd adventure this I trow!
Is this love's element? My frame
In fire is plunged, I scarcely now
Feel on my neck the scorching flame!—

Ye hover to and fro; with pinions furl'd
Float downward, after fashion of the world
Move your sweet limbs; in sooth that earnest style
Becomes you, yet, for once, I fain would see you smile;
That were for me a rapture unsurpassed,—
A glance, I mean, like that which lovers cast:
A slight turn of the mouth, so is it done.—
Thee, tall and stately youth, most dearly thee I prize;
But ill beseemeth thee that priestly guise,
Give me one loving glance, I crave but one!
Ye might, with decency, less clothed appear,
O'er modest in such lengthened drapery.—
They wheel around, to see them in the rear!
All too enticing are the rogues for me!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Love now with lustrous ray
Thy fires reveal!
Those to remorse a prey
Truth's power can heal;

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No longer evil's thrall,
Joyful and blest,
One with the All-in-all,
Henceforth they rest!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*collecting himself*).

How is't with me? The man entire, like Job,
Must loathe himself, cleft through with boil on boil,—
Yet triumphs too, after the first recoil,
If he his inward nature fairly probe,
And in himself confides and in his kin:
Saved are the noble devil parts within.
This love attack he casts upon the skin,—
Burnt out already are the cursed flames,
And, one and all, I curse you, as the occasion claims!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Whom ye with hallow'd glow,
Pure fires, o'erbrood,
Blest in love's overflow,
Lives with the good.
Singing with voices clear,
Soar from beneath;
Pure is the atmosphere,
Breathe, spirit, breathe!

(*They rise, bearing with them the immortal part of* FAUST.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*looking around*).

How is it? Whither are they gone?
Me have ye cozen'd, young things though ye be!
They with their booty now are heavenward flown.
Therefore they nibbled at this grave! From me
A great rare prize they've captured: the high soul,
That pledged itself to me with written scroll,—
This have they filch'd away, right cunningly!
From whom shall I now seek redress?
Who can secure my well-earned right?
In thine old days thou'rt cheated! Yet confess,
Thou hast deserved it, art in sorry plight;
Mismanaged have I in disgraceful sort,
Vast outlay shamefully away have thrown;

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The devil's sense, though season'd well, the sport
Of common lust!—a love absurd I own.
And if the shrewd old devil chose
Himself to busy with this childish freak,
Not small the foolishness, the truth to speak,
Which him hath thus o'er-master'd at the close.

Mountain defiles, Forest, Rock, Wilderness.
Holy Anchorites, dispersed up the hill, stationed among the clefts.

CHORUS *and* ECHO.

Forests are waving here,
Rocks their huge fronts uprear,
Roots round each other coil,
Stems thickly crowd the soil;
Wave gusheth after wave,
Shelter yields deepest cave;
Lions, in silence round
Tamely that rove,
Honour the hallow'd ground,
Refuge of love.

PATER ECSTATICUS
(*floating up and down*).

Joy's everlasting fire,
Love's glow of pure desire,
Pang of the seething breast,
Rapture, a hallow'd guest!
Darts, pierce me through and through,
Lances, my flesh subdue,
Clubs, me to atoms dash,
Lightnings, athwart me flash,
That all the worthless may
Pass like a cloud away,
While shineth from afar,
Love's germ, a deathless star.

PATER PROFUNDUS.
(*Lower region.*)

As the rock-chasm, sheer descending,
On chasm resteth more profound,
As thousand sparkling streamlets blending,
Foam in the torrent's headlong bound;

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As soars, the realm of air invading,
The stem, impelled by inward strain;
So love, almighty, all-pervading,
Doth all things mould, doth all sustain.

A roaring that the heart appalleth
Sounds as if shook the wood-crown'd steep;
Yet, lovely in its plashing, falleth
The wealth of water to the deep,
Refreshment to the valley bearing;
The atmosphere, with poison fraught,
The lightning cleareth, wildly flaring,
Whose deadly flash dire ruin brought—
Love's heralds these, His purpose telling
Who, ever-working, us surrounds.
Come holy fire, within me dwelling,
Where, tortured in the senses' bounds,
Fetters of pain my soul enclosing,
Hold it immured in rayless gloom!
O God, my troubled thoughts composing,
My needy heart do thou illume!

PATER SERAPHINUS.

(*Middle region.*)

Through the pine-trees' waving tresses,
What bright cloud floats high and higher?
What it shrouds my spirit guesses!
Soars from earth and youthful choir.

CHORUS OF BLESSED BOYS.

Whither, father, are we hieing?
Tell us, kind one, who are we?
Happy are we, upward flying;
Unto all 'tis bliss to be!

FATHER SERAPHINUS.

Boys, ere soul or sense could waken,
Ye were born at midnight hour;
From your parents straightway taken,
For the angels a sweet dower.
You a loving one embraces,
This ye feel · then hither fare!

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But of earth's rude paths no traces,
Blessed ones, your spirits bear.
In the organ now descending
Of my worldly, earth-born, eyes;
Use them, thus thy need befriending—
View the sphere that round you lies:

(*He takes them into himself*).

There are trees; there rocks up-soaring;
Headlong there the flood doth leap;
Cleaves the torrent, loudly roaring,
Shorter passage to the deep.

BLESSED BOYS (*from within*).

Grand the scene, but fear awaking:—
Desolate the spot and drear,
Us with dread and horror shaking.
Hold us not, kind father, here!

PATER SERAPHICUS.

Rise to higher spheres, and higher!
Unobserved your growth, yet sure,
As God's presence doth inspire
Strength, by laws eternal, pure.
This the spirit's nurture, stealing
Through the ether's depths profound:
Love eternal, self-revealing,
Sheds beatitude around.

CHORUS OF BLESSED BOYS

(*circling round the highest summit*).

Through ether winging,
Hands now entwine,
Joyfully singing
With feelings divine!
Taught by the Deity,
Trust in His grace;
Whom ye adore shall ye
See face to face!

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ANGELS

(hovering in the higher atmosphere, bearing the immortal part of FAUST*).*

Saved is this noble soul from ill,
Our spirit-peer. Who ever
Strives forward with unswerving will,—
Him can we aye deliver;
And if with him celestial love
Hath taken part,—to meet him
Come down the angels from above;
With cordial hail they greet him.

THE YOUNGER ANGELS.

Roses, from fair hands descending,
Holy, penitent and pure,
Our high mission gladly ending,
Helped our conquest to secure,
Making ours this spirit-treasure.
Demons shrank, in sore displeasure,
Devils fled, as we assailed them,
Hell's accustomed torture failed them,
They by pangs of love were riven;
The old Satan-master even,
Piercèd was by sharp annoyance.
Conquered have we! shout with joyance!

THE MORE PERFECT ANGELS.

Sad 'tis for us to bear
Spirit earth-encumbered;
Though of asbest he were,
Yet is he numbered
Not with the pure. For where
Worketh strong spirit-force,
Elements blending,
No angel may divorce
Natures thus tending
Of twain to form but one;
Parts them God's love, alone,
Their union ending.

THE YOUNGER ANGELS.

Mistlike, with movement rife,
Rock-summits veiling,

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Near us a spirit-life
Upwards is sailing;
Now grow the vapours clear;
Yonder blest boys appear,
In chorus blending;
They from earth's pressure free
Circle united;
Still upward tending,
In the new spring with glee
Bathe they delighted:
Here let him then begin,
Yet fuller life to win,
With these united.

BLESSED BOYS.

Him as a chrysalis
Joyful receive we:
Pledge of angelic bliss
In him achieve we.
Loosen the flakes of earth
That still enfold him!
Great through the heavenly birth,
And fair, now behold him.

DOCTOR MARIANUS (*in the highest, purest cell*).

Here is the prospect free,
The soul subliming.
Yonder fair forms I see,
Heavenward they're climbing;
In starry wreath is seen,
Lofty and tender,
Midmost the heavenly Queen,
Known by her splendour.
(*Enraptured.*)
In thy tent of azure hue,
Queen supremely reigning,
Let me now thy secret view,
Vision high obtaining!
With the holy joy of love,
In man's breast, whatever
Lifts the soul to thee above,
Kind one, foster ever!

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All invincible we feel,
If our arm thou claimest;
Suddenly assuaged our zeal
If our breast thou tamest.
Virgin, pure from taint of earth,
Mother, we adore thee,
With the Godhead one by birth,
Queen, we bow before thee!

Cloudlets are pressing
Gently around her;
Her knee caressing
Cloudlets surround her;—
Penitents are they;
Ether inhaling,
Their sins bewailing.

Passionless and pure, from thee
Hath it not been taken,
That poor frail ones may to thee
Come, with trust unshaken.
In their weakness snatched away,
Hard it is to save them;
By their own strength rend who may
Fetters that enslave them?
Glide on slippery ground the fee
Swiftly downward sailing!
Whom befool not glances sweet,
Flattery's breath inhaling?

(MATER GLORIOSA *soars forward.*)

CHORUS OF FEMALE PENITENTS.

To realms eternal
Upward art soaring;
Peerless, supernal,
Hear our imploring,
Thy grace adoring.
(*St. Luke* vii. 36).

MAGNA PECCATRIX.

By the love, warm tears out-pouring,
Laving as with balsam sweet,

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Pharisaic sneers ignoring,
Of thy godlike Son the feet;
By the vase, rich odour breathing,
Lavishing its costly store;
By the locks, that gently wreathing,
Dried his holy feet once more—

MULIER SAMARITANA (*St. John* iv.)

By the well, whereto were driven
Abram's flocks in ancient days;
By the cooling draught thence given,
Which the Saviour's thirst allays;
By the fountain, still out-sending
Thence its waters, far and wide,
Over-flowing, never-ending,
Through all worlds it pours its tide—

MARIA AEGYPTIACA (*Acta Sanctorum*).

By the hallowed grave, whose portal
Closed upon the Lord of yore;
By the arm, unseen by mortal,
Back which thrust me from the door;
By my penance, slowly fleeting,
Forty years amid the waste;
By the blessèd farewell greeting,
Which upon the sand I traced—

THE THREE.

Thou, unto the greatly sinning,
Access who dost not deny,
By sincere repentance winning
Bliss throughout eternity,
So from this good soul, thy blessing,
Who but once itself forgot,
Sin who knew not, while transgressing,
Gracious One, withhold thou not!

UNA PŒNITENTIUM
(*formerly named* GRETCHEN, *pressing towards her.*)

Incline, oh incline,
All others excelling,
In glory aye dwelling,
Unto my bliss thy glance benign!

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The loved one, ascending,
His long trouble ending,
Comes back, he is mine!

BLESSED BOYS.

(*They approach, hovering in a circle.*)

Mighty of limb, he towers
E'en now, above us,
He for this care of ours
Richly will love us.
Dying, ere we could reach
Earth's pain or pleasure;
What he hath learned he'll teach
In ample measure.

A PENITENT
(*formerly named* GRETCHEN.)

Encircled by the choirs of heaven,
Scarcely himself the stranger knows;
Scarce feels the existence newly given,
So like the heavenly host he grows.
See, how he every band hath riven!
From earth's old vesture freed at length,
Now clothed upon by garb of heaven,
Shines forth his pristine youthful strength,
To guide him, be it given to me;
Still dazzles, him the new-born day.

MATER GLORIOSA.

Ascend, thine influence feeleth he,
He'll follow on thine upward way.

DOCTOR MARIANUS
(*adoring, prostrate on his face*).

Penitents, her Saviour-glance
Gratefully beholding
To beatitude advance,
Still new powers unfolding!
Thine each better thought shall be,
To thy service given!
Holy Virgin, gracious be,
Mother, Queen of Heaven!

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CHORUS MYSTICUS.

All of mere transient date
As symbol showeth;
Here, the inadequate
To fulness groweth;
Here the ineffable
Wrought is in love;
The ever-womanly
Draws us above.

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ANNOTATIONS

TO THE

SECOND PART OF FAUST.

On the first appearance of the 'Helena,' Goethe declared, with reference to the completion of 'Faust,' that in the second part the hero must be introduced into a higher sphere, and be brought into social relations of a more elevated character. This purpose is manifest in each act of the second part. It may be well, however, before entering upon the study of the poem, to bear in mind that Goethe repudiated the notion that "the rich, varied, and highly diversified life which he has brought to view in 'Faust,' is strung upon the slender thread of one pervading idea." His utterance with reference to the 'Helena' is, in a certain degree, applicable to the other scenes of the drama; "it forms," he says, "an independent little world, and is only connected with the whole by a slight reference to what precedes and follows;" "the only matter of importance in such compositions," he adds, "is, that the single masses should be clear and significant, while the whole remains incommensurable; and even on that account, like an unsolved problem, constantly lures mankind to study it again and again."*

Act I.

A Pleasing Landscape.

Faust's remorseful agony and his resolve to venture his life for the deliverance of Gretchen, as pourtrayed in the concluding scene of the first part, indicate that the voice of conscience is not stifled in his soul. In the opening scene of the second part he is represented as coming under the healing influences of time and of nature, typified by Ariel and the Elfin choir. They allay the anguish of remorse; soothe and tranquillize the troubled spirit; summon him to cast aside the shell of

* 'Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann' (Bohn Trans., p. 507).

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sleep, and to return to the active duties of life. The break of day, heralded by the rising sun, symbolizes the new life-career upon which he is about to enter, inspired by the high resolve.

"Aye to press on to being's sovereign height."

The Imperial Court.

The visit of Mephistopheles to the imperial court, suggested by the old Faust-book, affords Goethe the opportunity of exhibiting, in the reckless expenditure which there prevails, while the people perish for lack of food and of justice, the evils which threaten the fall of an empire, together with their cause.

"In the Emperor," he said, "I have endeavoured to represent a prince who has all the necessary qualities for losing his land, and at last succeeds in so doing. He does not concern himself about the welfare of his kingdom and his subjects; he only thinks of himself and how he can amuse himself from day to day. The land is without law and justice; the judge himself is on the side of the criminals; the most atrocious crimes are committed without check and with impunity. The army is without pay and without discipline. . . . . The state treasury is without money. . . . . In the Emperor's own household things are no better. . . . . The councillor of state wishes to remonstrate with his majesty upon all these evils, and advises as to their remedy; but the gracious sovereign is unwilling to lend his sublime ear to anything so disagreeable; he prefers amusing himself. Here now is the true element of Mephisto, who quickly supplants the former fool, and is at once at the side of the Emperor as new fool and counsellor." * The greatest embarrassment is caused by the want of money, which Mephistopheles promises to provide. This theme continues through the masquerade.

The Carnival Masquerade.

In this scene a series of groups is introduced, representing manifold aspects of human society, and intended possibly to exhibit the progress of civilization, together with the agencies by which it is retarded or advanced. It also serves to introduce the paper-money device, which forms the subject of the following scene.

The first groups bring before the eye some features of the golden age, when the human race, free from selfishness and greed, lived together in joyous liberty; the peace and plenty, the richness of imagination and of love, which characterized that idyllic period, are aptly symbolized by

* 'Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann.

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the Olive-branch, the Wheatsheaf, the Fancy-nosegay, and the Budding Roses, in the hands of the Florentine Garden-girls.

In the succeeding group of the Mother and Daughter, this picture of primeval simplicity is contrasted with life under a more conventional aspect. As civilization advances the fruits of the field no longer suffice for human nourishment. Fishermen and Bird-catchers are introduced, and the Wood-cutters appear as representatives of manual toil. It is not difficult to discern the social classes represented by the Pulcinelli and the Parasites, while the Drunken Man exhibits the debasing influence of sensual indulgence.

The figures of Grecian mythology, which next appear, represent those spiritual forces and qualities which permanently manifest themselves in civilized society, under all its various aspects. The Graces, through the courteous interchange of kindly aid, restore to life its freedom and its charm. The Fates are the representatives of law, of just measure and established order; while the Furies, appearing not as the avengers but as the authors of crime, under the guise of evil passions, calumny, and slander, are the destroyers alike of public and domestic peace.

In order to bridle these unruly elements firm Authority is needed, and accordingly one of the most significant groups is next introduced. A living Colossus symbolizes the State, guided by Prudence, while delusive Hope, and desponding Fear, two of the most potent disturbers of public tranquillity, walk chained on either side; Victoria, queen of all activities, is enthroned upon the summit.

The accompanying figure of Zoilo-Thersites (a combination formed from the Thersites of the Iliad and Zoilus, a grammarian of the third century before Christ, known as the defamer of Homer) represents the spirit of envious detraction, manifested more especially in public life.

Drawn by dragons and guided by the Boy-Charioteer, Faust appears as the god of wealth, spiritual as well as material, while Mephistopheles is introduced, seated upon the chariot, as Avarice. By means of a magic lantern the picture of the dragon-team has passed in rapid flight over and through the crowd.

Düntzer sees in Faust the symbol of prosperity as the result of well-directed activity in the state, while art, which is closely connected with it, which reconciles the useful and the beautiful, and is itself a source of national wealth, is typified by the Boy-Charioteer; as the spirit of poetry, he is the first appearance of the genius subsequently embodied in Euphorion. Of the latter Goethe is reported to have said, "he is not a human but an allegorical being. In him is personified Poetry, which is bound to neither time, place, nor person. The same spirit who afterwards chooses to be Euphorion, appears here as the Boy-

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Charioteer, and is so far like a spectre, that he can be present everywhere and at all times."

Poetry and art, which prepare for life its richest embellishments, must seek their inspiration far from the bustle of resort; the Boy-Charioteer is accordingly dismissed by Plutus, that "in solitude he may create his own world;" thither, to the realm of The Mothers, he will soon be followed by Faust himself. The relation between Goethe and Karl August, the Grand Duke of Weimar, are supposed to be represented in those between the Boy-Charioteer and Plutus. The interpretation of the allegory in its details must be left to the penetration of the reader; suffice it to say that therein is pourtrayed the vulgar crowd, who, incapable of appreciating the beautiful and the true, mistake appearance for reality, and are unable to reach the idea which underlies it. By them gold is prized as the means of purchasing the frivolous enjoyments of sense, and thus, instead of raising the national life to a higher level, it becomes a source of immorality and corruption. In the final group the Emperor appears in the mask of Pan, "the All of the world," reminding us of Louis XIVth's celebrated exclamation: "The state, it is I." The Fauns, Satyrs, Gnomes and Giants, supposed by some commentators to symbolize the privileged classes attendant upon royalty, are represented by his courtiers. The Emperor is conducted to the fount of gold; the fiery catastrophe may be regarded as a delusive magic show, which has its counterparts in the old Faust-book. It probably symbolizes the revolution caused by misgovernment, and may have been designed by Faust as a warning to the pleasure-loving Emperor. The moral of the show is embodied in the words of the Herald.

"O youth, O youth, and wilt thou never
To joy assign its fitting bound?
O Majesty, with reason never
Will thy omnipotence be crowned?"

The Pleasure Garden.

The paper-money device, the subject of this scene, shows that a corrupt society is stimulated by the acquisition of wealth, not to the accomplishment of noble deeds, but to idleness and self-indulgence. The sudden influx of riches, instead of being employed in making available, through labour and skill, the undeveloped resources of the country, tends to relax the energies of the nation, and thus prepares the way for the dangers which threaten it, as represented in the fourth act.

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Dark Gallery. (*The Mothers.*)

Goethe, when asked by Eckermann for an explanation of this scene, replied, "I can only reveal that I found it mentioned in Plutarch, that in Grecian antiquity certain goddesses were revered under the name of 'The Mothers.'" These Mothers were old Pelasgian Nature-deities, who were superseded by the great goddesses, Demeter and Persephone.

Of special significance in this connection is the following passage from Plutarch ('De Defect.,' chap. 22). "There are 183 worlds; they were arranged in the figure of a triangle, and every side contained sixty worlds, the remaining three occupy the corners; in this order they gently touch each other, and ceaselessly revolve as in a dance. The space within the triangle is to be regarded as a common hearth for all, and is called the field of Truth. Within lie, motionless, the causes, forms, and original images of all things, which have been and which shall be. Eternity surrounds them, from which Time, as an effluence, flows over the worlds. Human souls of transcendent excellence obtain permission, every thousand years, to contemplate the spectacle, and the most glorious mysteries on earth are simply dreams of such contemplation."

The realm of "The Mothers" is that field of Truth; they are its imaginary guardians; the conceptions, causes, energies of all created things repose in its mysterious depths, issue thence, and are developed in time and space; it is the realm of the infinite as opposed to the finite; of the ideal as opposed to the real.

As in everything which receives new life on earth, the female principle is most in operation; these creating divinities are rightly thought of as female, and the august title of "The Mothers" may be given to them not without reason.

Faust is required to invoke Helena and Paris, in whom he recognises the ideal impersonation of womanly and manly beauty, whose forms had been embodied in Grecian art. In order to reproduce them he must forget the region of actuality, and enter that of the Infinite and the Eternal; he must, moreover, realize in the depths of his spiritual consciousness the sentiments and ideas from which they originally sprang. This can only be accomplished by an intense effort of mental abstraction, combined with the patient study of classical antiquity. It is given to creative genius alone to unlock with its glowing key the treasury of the past, to summon thence the spirits of a bygone age, and to breathe into them the breath of life. This intellectual process is typified by Faust's descent to "The Mothers." At first he shrinks back appalled from the effort; having, however, at length entered the realm

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of the invisible, the contemplation of the divine ideal is for him a spiritual new-birth. The tripod appears to have a double signification, and to symbolize at the same time the original creative energy subsisting at the heart of things, and also the inspiration of genius, which is alone the source of ideal impersonation.

The Brilliantly-lighted Hall.

This and the following scene exhibit the contrast between the frivolous impulses of the courtly throng and Faust's earnest devotion to his ideal aim. Genuine art is regarded by them simply as an amusement, and their contemplation of its masterworks is accompanied by the shallowest remarks.

Hall of the Knights.

What to the audience is merely a charming spectacle is to Faust a profound experience. His ideal, conceived in the innermost depths of his spirit, meets his enraptured gaze; with that passionate desire, which is characterised by Plato as a divine madness, he seeks to grasp it, to retain it as an enduring possession. Without this fiery enthusiasm nothing great is accomplished either in life or in art; it is, however, the beginning, not the end; perfection can be achieved only by long and patient labour; to him who thinks to hold the ideal with a sudden grasp, it vanishes in mist. Faust falls prostrate to the ground as, in the first act, at the appearance of the Earth-spirit. Now, however, he will follow the star which has arisen within him; he will prepare "the two-fold realm;" the spirit-realm of antiquity, which has vanished from his consciousness, will again arise within him, and will combine with the actual to form an ideal world, over which beauty and order shall reign supreme, as symbolically pourtrayed in the picture of Arcadia, in the 'Helena.'

Act II.

Faust's Study.

Faust has seen his ideal; paralysed by the vision he is borne sleeping by Mephistopheles to the study from which he had escaped in bygone years, and from which, lighted by Homunculus, he is speedily to issue forth in quest of Helena. The poet here symbolizes his own experience; like Faust, he drew his ideals from the depth of his inner consciousness. How earnestly he devoted himself to the study of nature, art, and antiquity, as the necessary condition for their realization, is revealed by the whole course of his biography.

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During Faust's absence his chamber has remained undisturbed, and amidst its dust and mould are generated the whims and crotchets typified by the chorus of insects. Mephisto assumes Faust's furry gown; that he first shakes thence the chafers and other insects is not without significance. When the contemner of ancient authority, the Voltaire of the age, occupies the professor's chair, a revolution is at hand; the bell sounds which announces the advent of a new epoch; the walls tremble, the doors spring open, giving access to the fresh air of independent thought.

Genuine knowledge requires that careful observation and reverence for the past shall be combined with freedom from prejudice, and perfect liberty of thought; these elements are here disjoined, the former having their representatives in Wagner and his Famulus, the latter in the character of the Baccalaureus, in whom is personified, as Goethe himself said, the arrogance peculiar to youth. The conversation between him and Mephisto is a satirical comment upon the philosophy of Fichte, whose extravagant idealism found no favour with Goethe.

The Laboratory.

Antiquity was acquainted with certain small waxen figures, in the human shape, called Homunculi, which were employed by dealers in magical arts. The name also occurs in the writings of Paracelsus, which contain a curious receipt for the "*generatio homunculorum.*" The passage is quoted by Düntzer, who adds that through the lectures of the philosopher, John Jacob Wagner, who maintained that all organisms were developed metals, the assertion was disseminated throughout Germany that chemistry could succeed in producing organized bodies, and in creating men through crystallization. The name of this philosopher may have suggested to Goethe to ascribe the attempt to his Wagner. Through the co-operation of Mephistopheles he succeeds: Homunculus appears like a small human form in the phial; being a product of the understanding, without any physical attributes, he may fairly be represented as desiring incorporation. With regard to the signification of the Homunculus various interpretations have been suggested. He has been supposed to symbolize the truth that reflection and study, of which he is the product, must be associated with inspiration and genius for the accomplishment of any great master-work. By Düntzer he is regarded as the type of thoughtful, self-conscious striving after the ideal, which cannot be conquered by storm, but can be won only by sustained and patient effort. Hermann Küntzel gives a wider application to the symbol. After alluding to the Darwinian theory, that all organized

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beings have their origin in a primal cell, so Homunculus, he says, may be regarded as the spiritual protoplasma of the anticipated new epoch.

"As a being to whom the present is perfectly clear and transparent, the Homunculus sees into the soul of the sleeping Faust, who, enraptured by a lovely dream, beholds Leda visited by swans while she is bathing in a pleasant spot." With reference to this dream, Eckermann remarked to Goethe, "It is wonderful to me how the several parts of such a work bear upon, perfect, and sustain one another! By this dream of Leda, 'Helena' gains its proper foundation." Goethe acquiesced, and said in reply: "Thus you will see that in these earlier acts the chords of the classic and romantic are constantly struck, so that, as on a rising ground, where both forms of poetry are brought out, and in some sort balance one another, we may ascend to 'Helena.'*

The Classical Walpurgis-Night.

The scene is laid in the Pharsalian field where, 48 B.C., the triumph of Cæsar over Pompey put an end to the Roman republic and inaugurated a new epoch in the history of the world. It represents Faust's passionate striving after the realization of his ideal, together with the transition from lower to higher forms of being, as manifested more especially in the history of Grecian art. With these motives are associated two others; namely, the search of Mephistopheles for an appropriate form, which brings out the repulsive elements in classical mythology, where supreme ugliness, in contrast with ideal beauty, has its type in the Phorkyads; and also the striving of Homunculus after organic existence.

We are presented at the opening of the scene with figures from the East, which were adopted and developed by the Greeks, the Assyrian Griffin and the Egyptian Sphinx, together with the Arimaspians who were of Scythian origin. To these strange beings Mephistopheles introduces himself as the Old Iniquity; he is, however, soon recognised by the Sphinxes, who tell him that he himself is the greatest riddle. While Mephistopheles feels not quite at home among these antique forms, Faust awakens to new life upon the classic soil. He inquires from the Sphinxes the way to Helena, and is referred by them to Cheiron, the Centaur, the teacher of Æsculapius, who carries him to the prophetess Manto. This venerable sybil sympathizes with his striving to win the apparently impossible; she suffers him to descend through the temple of Apollo to the depths of Olympus, where Persephone sits enthroned,

* 'Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann.'

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queen of the dead. With reference to this scene Goethe is reported by Eckermann to have spoken as follows: "Then only think what is to be said on that mad night! Faust's speech to Proserpine when he would move her to give him Helena, what a speech that should be, when Proserpine herself is moved to tears!" We cannot but regret that the poet was never inspired to embody his conception, but has left its realization to the imagination of the reader.

Faust here withdraws from the scene, in order to prepare for the consummation in the following act, when, through the union between classical and mediæval culture, a new epoch is to be inaugurated.

The idea of Being and Development is now transferred to the history of the earth; in geological phenomena Goethe preferred the theory which refers to water as the chief agency in modifying the surface of the globe; alike in the moral and the material world he was opposed to everything violent and explosive; hence, when he wished to picture a period of transition under the image of a struggle between the elements, he would naturally give the victory to water and to air.

While the Sirens sing the praise of water, the soil is upheaved by an earthquake, personified by the giant Seismos. Rafael, in a picture of the imprisonment of St. Paul, has similarly represented an earthquake under the form of a powerful giant, who, with his broad shoulders presses upwards through the earth. The process of transition from lower to higher forms of being, alike in nature and in history, is accompanied not unfrequently by seasons of revolution and disruption; such a period seems to be indicated by the Seismos episode, with the Pigmies and Dactyles, the slaughter of the Herons, and the subsequent attack of the avenging Cranes; it would be beyond the scope of these notes to attempt any elaborate interpretation of the scene. It is regarded by Hermann Küntzel as typifying a political insurrection; and to his work I must refer for a fuller exposition of his views. I will accordingly pass on to the moonlit bay, where the festival prepared by the Nereids indicates the transition from a period of anarchy and confusion to one of happiness and peace.

They hasten to Samothrace to bring thence the venerable Cabiri, which they carry upon the giant shield of Chelone (the ancient shell of the turtle covered with hieroglyphics). The Cabiri, according to Hermann Küntzel, indicate the religious element; they are mentioned by Strabo as primeval Palasgian divinities, who sat in council with the greater gods; they were the mediators between the gods and men, and as such it is striking that Goethe should have introduced them as symbols of the great religions of the world; their likenesses are found only on coins and pottery; they also appeared as figures on the bow-

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sprits of Phœnician vessels, and were supposed by the mariners to insure protection against shipwreck.

Three only of the Cabiri are brought by the Nereids and Tritons upon their hieroglyphic-covered shield; the ancient Indian, the Egyptian, and the Grecian Mythus are probably indicated. The fourth god, who was not willing to come, must be regarded as the Mosaic Monotheistic religion, which in its abhorrence of symbols, would fain keep aloof from the mythological festivity of the Walpurgis-night.

The Cabiri were regarded as seven in number, which, with the introduction of the Egyptian god, was increased to eight. Four have been accounted for; the Sirens inquire "Where are the other three?" They are yet concealed in Olympus; the Buddhist, Mohammedan, and Christian religions belong to the future; they are not yet ready; and there in Olympus abides the eighth god, of whom as yet no one thinks. Goethe may be supposed to refer to his own religious conceptions, which combined the idea of a self-acting nature pervaded by the deity, with belief in a personal God who could be apprehended by thought, and who comes into direct relation with the individual soul. How strongly was Goethe possessed by the idea of the Divine love appears from the following dialogue between Eckermann and himself; the former struck with admiration at seeing a bird which had been set free return through the window to feed its young, remarked, "Such parental love, superior to danger and imprisonment, moved me deeply, and I expressed my surprise to Goethe."

"Foolish man!" he replied, with a meaning smile; "if you believed in God, you would not wonder. Did not God inspire the bird with this all-powerful love for its young, and did not similar impulses pervade all animate nature, the world could not subsist. But thus is the Divine energy everywhere diffused, and Divine love everywhere active."

To return, however, to the Ægean sea. The religious element having been introduced by the arrival of the Cabiri the peaceful festival proceeds, heralded by the Telchines of Rhodes, the mythological fire-workers, who forged the trident of Neptune.

Proteus transforms himself into a dolphin, in order to carry Homunculus to the sea; the words which follow are of interest, as bearing upon the Darwinian theory. Thales commends the praiseworthy desire to commence creation at the beginning, and assures Homunculus that he shall progress, by eternal laws, through a thousand and still a thousand forms towards his goal, in order eventually to become a man. Thales, the materialistic philosopher, is in error. He regards Homunculus as an organic, whereas he is a spiritual protoplasma. Proteus

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takes a juster view of the matter, and assures him that if he once becomes a man there will be an end of him. The true destination of ideas is their diffusion, not their incorporation, in individual forms, where they are liable to perish. Meanwhile appear new messengers of peace, the love-enkindled doves sent by Paphos, the island of Galatea.

Should ought of danger threaten, in water or on land, the Pselli and Marsè, the serpent-destroyers, draw near, to establish security and to purify the way for the approach of Galatea. The female element is represented by the Nereids and the Dorides, both daughters of Nereus; the former strong and sturdy, resembling their father, the latter graceful and tender, like their mother Doris. Galatea now draws near, advancing with her innumerable host, in extended chain-circles, symbolizing the path of culture and of progress; such spiral lines were before indicated as described by the Paphian doves, who, in wonderful flight learned in olden time, accompanied the chariot of the goddess. Thus with a revolving yet ever-advancing motion comes Galatea, as pourtrayed in Rafael's beautiful fresco on the walls of the Farnesina Palace at Rome. The lovely sea nymph, being the successor of Aphrodite, the queen of beauty, her apparition forms a fitting prelude to the Helena.

Fain would she stay to greet her aged father; in vain; time's onward movement knows no pause; her innumerable attendants, the representatives of the new epoch, festively follow in her train. Meanwhile the glass of Homunculus gives forth a beautiful sound, and glitters like a flame. He feels the presence of Eros, the primeval god, the origin of all things; he feels the constraining power of an infinite longing; he renounces his self-existence; his glass is shattered against the throne of Galatea, and the ideas which constituted his essence are far and wide diffused over the waves. It is interesting to compare the concluding chorus, which celebrates the praise of Eros, with the final chorus of the poem, where Divine love, symbolized as the Mater Gloriosa, is represented as the pervading, all-inspiring principle of the universe.

Act III.

The marriage of Faust with Helena, forming as it does, a prominent feature of the mediæval legend, belongs to the oldest of Goethe's conceptions, a sketch of it having been brought with him to Weimar in 1775. After his Italian journey, the thought occurred to him that this element of the old legend might be employed to symbolize the union between classical and romantic poetry. In 1825 Byron's individuality and tragic fate having supplied him with the long-sought motive for his Euphorion, the child of Helena and Faust, the type of modern

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poetic genius, he applied himself to the completion of the work. Goethe himself directs attention to the fundamental idea which underlies it; 'It is time," he says, "that the passionate conflict between the classic and the romantic should at last be reconciled"; and adds, "the delivery of the human mind from the monkish barbarism of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was largely due to the extended survey then obtained over Greek and Roman literature." We are, moreover, justified, by the poet's own words, in saying that his own inward experience is embodied in this poem; that it symbolizes the union of his own spirit with classical antiquity, together with the refining of his poetic genius, the perfection of artistic form, and the spiritual new birth to which it conducted him.

Thus Helena and Faust represent the culture of two distinct world-epochs, from whose union was to spring a new form of spiritual development, wherein the depth and intensity of sentiment and other characteristics of Mediævalism were to be associated with the harmony, the moderation, the plastic clearness of conception, which formed the chief elements of Grecian art, a spirit which was to exert an enlightening and emancipating influence, not only over poetry but over life.

This thought finds expression in the description of Arcadia, the imaginary realm over which Faust and Helena are to exercise their united sway. The state of things here described forms a striking contrast to the lawlessness and disorder pourtrayed in the scene at the Emperor's court, and exhibits the purifying and regenerating influences of ideal beauty, when regarded as the crowning glory of the reign of law.

Act IV.

A Mountain-ridge.

Helena's veil has wafted Faust from the imaginary realm of Arcadia and set him down on German soil; how great has been the distance thus traversed is symbolized by the seven-league boots, employed by Mephistopheles to overtake him. The veil dissolves into a cloud, which, mirroring the affections of his soul, take the forms of Helena and Gretchen; art and early love are thus recognised as the ideal powers which raise the spirit above the vulgar and the mean.

Through the contemplation of ideal beauty, Faust has won for his guidance in actual life, the conception of moderation and self-restraint; an aimless activity, the alternate reeling from desire to enjoyment, these have become repulsive to him; this idea underlies the word wherein he gives expression to Goethe's idea of creation, as a process of

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orderly development, as opposed to the Plutonic theory, symbolized by the action of Moloch and other Satanic agencies described by Mephistopheles.

Faust strives no longer after the vague and the undefined; he desires a distinct, practical aim for his activity. Mephistopheles endeavours to divert him from his purpose by the prospect of sensual enjoyment and the lure of fame; Faust, however, does not swerve from his ideal; not art, but life, is the true aim of life; to realize man's highest welfare is the problem of humanity. The sea-waves, breaking with unfettered violence upon the strand, barren themselves, and causing barrenness, are the symbols of the ungoverned impulses of his early life; both shall now be restrained, and a region recovered from the lawless elements where a free people may dwell upon a free soil. Faust is no longer the type of isolated genius; he has learned the great lesson that "man is made for man," and that all efforts must be glorified by consecration to the service of humanity.

Upon the Headland.

Here the masquerade of the first act is realized in actual life; the Emperor, made apparently rich by the influx of paper-money, has, in accordance with the character there attributed to him, let things take their course, till the insurrection, symbolized by the magical conflagration, has actually broken out. Faust helps to suppress it, that he may thus obtain the privilege of reclaiming a tract of land from the sea. In his description of the battle and its accompaniments, Goethe directs his irony against the admirers of Mediævalism, with its party hatreds, gross popular superstitions, and strange military paraphernalia. The three mighty men represent the more brutal aspects of war.

The Rival Emperor's Tent.

In the hour of victory the Emperor speaks proud words, and tells how he had turned his gaze inward, and has learnt through the experience of years the value of the moment. Nevertheless in this crisis of his affairs, instead of applying himself to the establishment of good government he forthwith augments the power of the princes and, that they may give lustre to his court, he allows them to oppress the people by the arbitrary imposition of taxes. Goethe here exhibits the Golden Bull, by which the emperor, Charles VI., in the Reichtag at Mainz, 1356, defined the hereditary offices of the Kurfursts. Hollow pomp and artificial ceremonialism take the place of genuine political activity.

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The insurrection had been promoted by the clergy, whose bigotry and rapacity are strikingly exhibited in the person of the Archbishop. We have here a picture of the political state of Germany from the days of Faust to the days of Goethe. Such a state of things offered no sphere for the high and earnest purpose of Faust, which, for its realization, must create for itself a new and appropriate sphere.

Act V.

Open Country.

The names of Philemon and Baucis recall the ancient pair whose piety is celebrated by Ovid. "These names," said Eckermann to Goethe, "transport me to the Phrygian coast, and remind me of the famous couple of antiquity. But our scene belongs to modern days, and a Christian landscape."

"My Philemon and Baucis," said Goethe, "have nothing to do with that renowned ancient couple, and the tradition connected with them. I gave this couple the names merely to elevate the characters."

The return of the wanderer to the scene of his shipwreck in bygone years shows us the magnitude of the work accomplished by Faust, in reclaiming from the now distant sea a vast area of fertile and thickly-peopled land.

The Palace.

"Faust," said Goethe to Eckermann, "when he appears in the fifth act, should, according to my design, be exactly a hundred years old; and I rather think it would be well expressly to say so in some passage." His desire to appropriate the cottage of the aged pair exemplifies the familiar experience that new desires are awakened by the consciousness of success; that the lust for power is too often generated by the possession of power. Thus Faust grows weary of being just; he cannot brook opposition. The aged pair are to be deprived of their inheritance, and to receive in compensation a new estate.

Deep Night.

Such unrestrained self-will is however sinful egotism, and its exercise is often attended by consequences more disastrous than were anticipated. The cottage, the chapel, and the linden-trees perish in the flames. Faust vainly laments the impatient deed, still hoping that the aged couple, in the enjoyment of their new estate, will forgive the

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destruction of their property; he has to learn, however, that the arrow when it has left the bow, is no longer under the control of the archer. On hearing from Mephistopheles that the aged pair, together with their guest, have perished in the flames, he curses the savage execution of his command. He cannot, however, prevent that the smoke of the murderous conflagration shall shape itself into vague shadowy figures, tormenting spirits, that hover round him, presageful of approaching death.

Midnight.

Faust now recognises that he has not yet attained true freedom, perfect self-control; that imperious interference with the established order, expressed by magic, has become habitual to him; he would now fain stand face to face with the world in simple humanity, and with that very patience which had been the object of his special curse. Nevertheless he manfully fights with Care, which now seeks to embitter his last hours; he abides by his resolve to speak no magic word, no longer through self-will forcefully to interrupt the established order; and thus, though the outward power of vision is extinguished, a spiritual light arises within his soul. The fact that he does not murmur against his calamity, that he patiently bears it and elevates himself above it, in the joy of beneficent activity, reveals that his reconciliation with the moral order has been achieved.

Fore-court of the Palace.

Faust recognises in his dying speech that genuine freedom is no external possession; that it is the permanent enfranchisement of the human spirit, which can only be achieved and maintained through constantly repeated effort. He hopes to stand with a free people upon a free soil; he recognises that he has laboured for the highest welfare of humanity, and inspired by such thoughts he can address to the moment the fateful words, "Linger awhile, so fair thou art!" In accordance with his compact this should be his death-hour; there is here a direct allusion to his curse in the first part, "The clock stands still, the index falls"—as there indicated, his earthly career is ended.

We must now inquire into the significance of the compact, one condition of which is thus fulfilled. As the wager between the Lord and Mephistopheles had preceded the compact, Faust could not unconditionally sign away his soul. Mephistopheles was to be Faust's servant here, and in return Faust was to be surrendered to him when they met

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in the world beyond. Would this come to pass? That is the question. The answer depends upon whether Mephistopheles has succeeded in dragging Faust upon the downward way, or whether the higher elements of Faust's nature have eventually triumphed over the lower. The moment which he would fain arrest finds him possessed not by sinful egoistic desires, but by aspirations in harmony with the highest moral order.

In speaking of the conclusion of 'Faust,' Goethe directed Eckermann's attention to the following passage:—

> "Saved is this noble soul from ill,
> Our spirit peer. Who ever
> Strives forward with unswerving will,
> Him can we aye deliver;
> And if with him celestial love
> Hath taken part,—to meet him
> Come down the angels from above;
> With cordial hail they greet him."

"In these lines," said he, "is contained the key to Faust's salvation. In Faust himself there is an activity which becomes constantly higher and purer to the end, and from above there is eternal love coming to his aid. This harmonizes perfectly with our religious views, according to which we cannot obtain heavenly bliss through our own strength alone, but with the assistance of Divine grace."

Goethe recognised that the human spirit is an imperishable essence, an ever-unfolding energy, which, like the sun, appears only to the bodily eye to set, but in reality shines on without intermission; he maintained, that the best proof of our immortality is that we cannot do without it. So Kant also named it a postulate of the practical reason, a necessary condition of our moral self-consciousness. The traditional conceptions of heaven and hell, of devil and angels, are accepted by him as mythical symbols of ideal truth; as he himself said, "amid such supersensual matters, I might easily have lost myself in the vague, if I had not, by means of sharply-drawn figures and images from the Christian church, given my poetical design a desirable form and substance."

The contest between devils and angels for the soul of the dying, as pourtrayed in mediæval pictures and wood-carvings, formed the kernel of the "Moralities." In the letter of Judas, verse 9, it is mentioned that the archangel Michael quarrelled with the devil over the soul of Moses; a legend to which Goethe alludes in the 'Xenien.'

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Hell yawns below, heaven opens above, and angels descend to awaken life, to bring aid and salvation to the sinner, and to manifest to all natures the riches of the Divine grace.

How often in pictures angels are represented scattering roses, which however become burning flames to the devils; just as in the depraved soul, which has lost the capacity for ideal enjoyment, the vision of pure beauty awakens only the torment of ungratified desire. This is experienced by Mephistopheles.

The form of the mediæval Latin hymns is reproduced in the angels' songs, which intentionally echo those of the Easter morning of the first part.

Between the musical harp-like tones of the angels' songs are heard in wonderful contrast, the discordant utterances of Mephistopheles, as he now exhorts the devils to pluck off the Psyche-wings of Faust's soul, now recognises and deplores his own lustful and futile cravings. Thus he retires, like the stupid devil in the popular religious plays, self-deceived, rather than deceived by others.

In Goethe's treatment of the subject, as in the mediæval dramas, the humorous element is associated with the earnest conception of the struggle between heaven and hell; the poet has ventured to blend together the sublime and the burlesque, heavenly peace and demoniacal desire, and he has succeeded.

Mountain-gorge, Woods, Rocks, and Desert-place.

The song of the angels who bear aloft the immortal part of Faust contains, according to Goethe's own confession to Eckermann (ii. 350), the key to his deliverance: the providence of God, guiding men from error and perplexity to freedom and light, corresponds to the innate tendency to goodness and truth implanted in the human soul. This thought embodied in the Prologue in Heaven, finds expression also in the Epilogue.

As the Prologue in Heaven was suggested to Goethe by the Book of Job, so the Epilogue reminds us of Dante. If the poet desired to bring the supersensual sphere before the spiritual gaze, and at the same time poetically to represent the blessed immortality of the human soul, his object was most effectually accomplished by freely employing the conceptions wherewith Christianity, from the earliest times, had endeavoured to symbolize the infinite and unseen, and which no one has set forth with greater nobleness than Dante. As the Florentine bard is conducted by Beatrice, the beloved of his youth, so Faust is led to higher spheres by Gretchen. Both symbolize the glorified spirit, a ray

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of the everlasting truth and love. As in the vision of Dante, the mountain of purification rises from earth to heaven, from the summit of which the purified spirits soar aloft, while angels descend from the celestial spheres, so Goethe transports us to an eminence, where anchorites and hermits, hovered round by glorified spirits, dedicate themselves to the worship of the Divine. The mountain of Montserrat, near Barcelona, with its hermitages, nestling amid the loftiest and most rugged summits, of which William von Humboldt had sent the poet a masterly description, doubtless hovered before his mental eye.

Pater Ecstaticus, lifted above the earth by the heavenward *impulse* of his soul, as is related of St. Theresa and Philip Neri, together with expressions of sorrow for sin and heavenly rapture, blends the passionate longing to be redeemed from everything transient, and purified from all earthly dross.

Pater Profundus (who recalls Bernhard of Clairvaux or Thomas of Bradwardyne), in strains which harmonize with the song of the Archangels in the Prologue, gives expression to the hope that the Eternal Love, all-embracing, all-sustaining, ever actively beneficent, may deliver him from the earthly limitations which imprison his spirit as with bonds of pain, and lead him to freedom and to light.

Pater Seraphicus (the representative, perchance, of Francis of Assisi, or Bonaventura) offers his eyes as organs of sense to the blessed boys, early deceased, that they may thus acquire some knowledge of the earth, which they were obliged to forsake before they had attained to perfect consciousness. He intimates that God's presence, pervading all things, is the eternal source of strength, and that to recognise the revelation of His love, whose goal is the blessedness of His creatures, is the spirit's true nourishment.

Emanuel Swedenborg imagined himself to be in communication with spirits, who entered into him, in order, through his senses, to obtain the perception and knowledge of earthly things.

Faust's association with the blessed boys recalls the words of Jesus, that we must become as little children, in order to enter into the kingdom of heaven; while their desire to learn from him, and the rapidity with which he outgrows them, indicate the significance which attaches to our earthly existence, with its intellectual and moral striving, for all futurity.

The soul of Faust is not yet free from the dross of earth, and it is intimated by the more perfect angels that God's eternal love is alone able to purify the spirit from the lower elements with which it has been associated, and to bring it into harmony with the eternal goodness. Faust is at length freed from the old coil of earthly bondage, and

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Gretchen can exclaim with joy, that his first truthful strength shines forth, full and beautiful, from its ethereal robes.

It is the privilege of poetry thus to give expression to the deepest yearning of the human heart. Doctor Marianus, like the scholastic doctor, Duns Scotus, derives his name from the worship of the Virgin Mary. The womanly element, impersonating Love, as an essential principle in the divine nature, has manifested itself in all ancient religions. Goethe has here followed the symbolism of mediæval art. The Mater Gloriosa is introduced as the manifestation of the Divine mercy, which, with saving power, is near to all those who confidingly seek it.

Three pardoned sinners implore that Gretchen, who has sinned without evil intention, may be received into eternal blessedness; Mary Magdalene and the woman of Samaria are known to us from the Gospels; the story of the Egyptian Mary (Maria Ægyptiaca) is related in the legend of the saints.

Gretchen's rapturous words, intentionally on the part of the poet, recalls the prayer of anguish addressed by her to the Mater Dolorosa, in the first part. The whole image is bathed in light. The Mystical Chorus (Chorus Mysticus) reminds us that all things visible and transient are only types of the unseen and eternal; only symbolically can the world beyond be represented. There will be perfected what on earth is fragmentary or incomplete. The ever-womanly, type of pure, self-sacrificing love, the innermost core of woman's nature, makes us one with God.

THE END.

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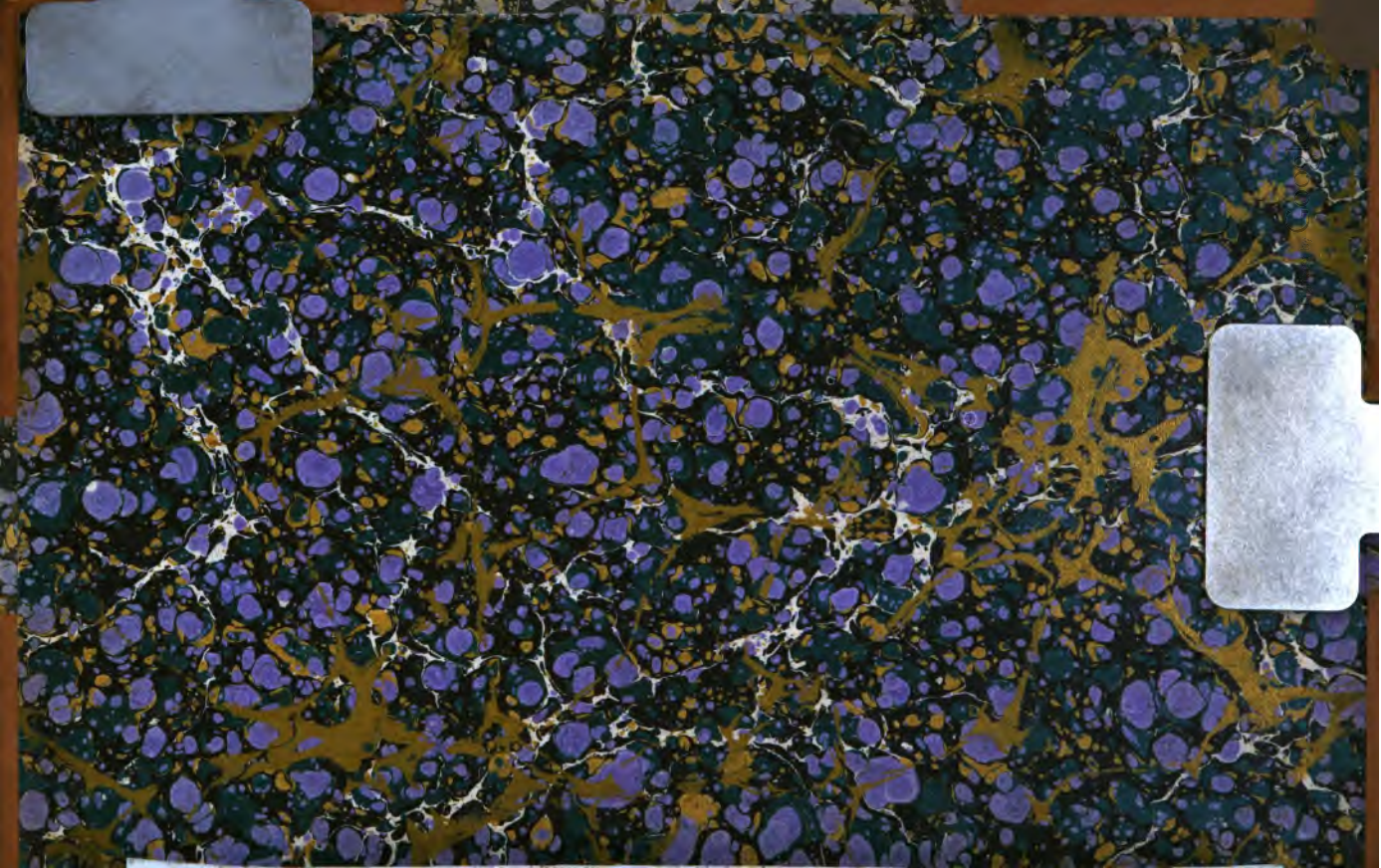

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